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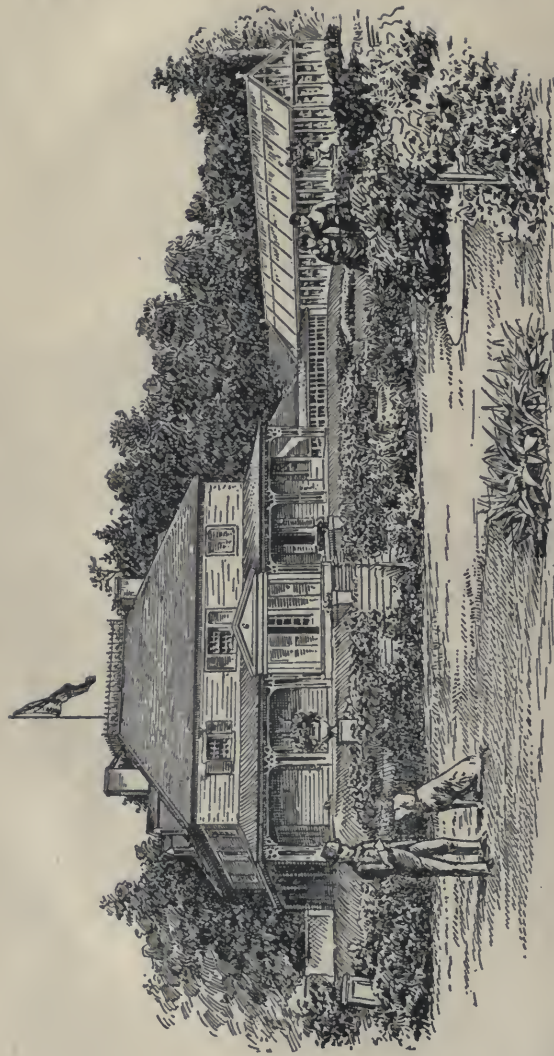
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SPENCER GRANGE, SILLERY.

The residence of J. M. LeMoine.

J. M. LeMoine

THE
EXPLORATIONS
OF
JONATHAN OLDBUCK, F. G. S. Q.
IN
EASTERN LATITUDES

CANADIAN HISTORY—LEGENDS—SCENERY—SPORT

BY

J. M. LeMOINE

Past President, of Royal Society of Canada, 1st section.
“ “ of Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.
Cor. M. Massachusetts Historical Society.
Cor. M. New England Historical Genealogical Society.
Cor. M. Historical Society of Wisconsin.
Membre de la Société américaine de France.
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(Copy right.)

QUEBEC :
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1889

Entered according to Act of Parliament, in 1889, by J. M.
LEMOINE, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture
Ottawa

To

G. M. FAIRCHILD, Jr.,

of NEW-YORK,

For several years the Vice-President of the CANADIAN CLUB OF NEW-YORK and its enthusiastic supporter ; whose able pen and influence have ever been used to make better known his native Province, Quebec among the citizens of the Great Republic.

SPENCER GRANGE,

15th July, 1889.

J. M. LEMOINE.

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SCOTT

To

A. M. FAIRBANKS, Esq.,

New York.

The enclosed from the Vice President of
the American Association of New York and its
affiliated societies; and also the two and
a half pages from the report of the
Committee on the Great Republic.

Very respectfully,

J. M. LEMMON.

J. M. LEMMON.

INTRODUCTION.

Thirty years ago, in accordance with a plan conceived at a gathering of friends, I undertook what then was to me, and what has been so, ever since—a labor of love : placing in a light form, before a candid public the brightest as well as the darkest, pages in Canadian annals with their various accompaniments.

Thus originated, the four series of the volumes, known under the emblematic title of *MAPLE LEAVES*.

The favor with which my first effusions were received, led me to delve deeper in the mine of Canadian history—musty old letters—illegible M. S. accumulated on my library shelves. There indeed, I found ample occupation for many long, but pleasant winter evenings, forgetting the hours whilst the northern blast was howling, amidst my leafless oaks and old pines.

Indulgent readers have followed me, through the unfrequented paths of Canadian history, archeology, legends, varied by short sketches of Canadian scenery, flowers, birds, fishes, &c.

I now lay before them, with all its short comings, a familiar itinerary of travel, by sea and by land, covering a score of years, over the most picturesque portion of the province, to complete the chain of works originally projected.

May it meet with the same cordial support extended to its predecessors.

J. M. LEMOINE.

SPENCER GRANGE,
Dominion Day, 1889.

QUEBEC TO MONTMORENCI.

I

*Beauport — Its history — Scenery — Warlike Chronicles ;
Its Cataract.*

I can recall a very pleasant hour, on a mellow September afternoon, in 1886 — spent under the hospitable roof of Herbert Molesworth Price, at *Montmorenci Cottage*. Our antiquarian friend had gathered there some well known Quebecers. I can remember the following : Owen Murphy, Esq., ex-mayor of Quebec, the Hon. John Hearn, L. C. and one or two others, to meet a distinguished son of the Emerald Isle, on a visit to Quebec : Justin McCarthy, Member of the Imperial Parliament, the brilliant historian of "OUR OWN TIMES."

It was a pleasure to recapitulate to this eminent *littérateur*, the historical incidents of the past which had marked the *locale* of the seven miles' drive from the ancient capital, to the renowned waterfall.

An excellent turnpike road leads past the Dorchester bridge, (erected by Asa Porter, in 1789, and called after Lord Dorchester, then Governor-General of Canada) — through a double row of neat cottages and white farm houses, to the foaming cataract of Montmorenci.

Previous to 1789, the St. Charles was crossed by a scow ; and, at low water, by a ford, and, by a ferry, at high tide. An incident of the blockade of Quebec, in 1775, connects this

ferry with the "first oblation of blood made upon the altar of Liberty at Quebec" says Judge Henry, one of the annalists of the war : (1)

"On the afternoon of Nov. 16th, "the guard was relieved. Lieut. Simpson commanded it. His guard was composed of two and twenty fine fellows of our company. When the relief guard came, a Frenchman of most villainous appearance both as to person and visage, came to our Lieutenant, with a written order from Colonel Arnold, commanding him to accompany the bearer, who would be our guide across the river St. Charles to obtain some cattle feeding beyond it, on the account of Government. The order in the first instance, on account of its preposterousness, was doubted, but upon a little reflection, obeyed. The call "come on lads" was uttered. We ran with speed from the guard-house some hundreds of yards over the plain to the mouth of the St. Charles where the ferry is. Near the ferry was a large wind-mill and near it stood a small house resembling a cooper's shop. Two carts of a large size were passing the ferry heavily laden with the household stuff, and women and children of the townsmen flying from the suburbs of St. Roque, contiguous to Palace Gate, to avoid the terrible and fatal effects of war. The carts were already in a large scow or flat-bottomed boat, and the ferrymen, seeing us coming, were tugging hard at the ferry-rope to get off the boat, which was aground, before we should arrive. It was no small matter, in exertion, to outdo people of our agility. Simpson, with his usual good humour, urged the race, from a hope that the garrison would not fire upon us, when in the boat with their flying townsmen. The weight of our bodies and arms put the boat aground in good earnest, Simpson vociferously urging the men to lift the boat, directing them to place their goods in my arms, standing on the bow. He ordered me to watch the flashes of the cannon of the city near Palace Gate. Jumping into the

(1) "An accurate and interesting account of the hardships and sufferings of that band of heroes who traversed the wilderness in the campaign against Quebec, 1775," by John Joseph Henry, Esq., late President of the Second Judicial District of Pennsylvania—Lancaster, printed by William Greer, 1812."

Henry, according to the preface written to his daughter, was born

water mid-deep, all but Sergeant Dixon and myself, they were pushing, pulling and with handspikes attempting to float the scow. One of the carts stood between Dixon and myself; he was tugging at the ferry-rope. Presently "a shot" was called; it went wide of the boat, its mark. The exertions of the party were redoubled, keeping an eye upon the town, the sun about setting in a clear sky, the view was beautiful indeed, but somewhat terrific. Battlements like these had been unknown to me. Our boat lay like a rock in the water, and was a target at point blank shot about three-quarters of a mile from Palace Gate, which issues into St. Roque. I would have adored all the saints in the kalendar if honor and their worships would have permitted the transportation of my person a few perches from the spot where it then stood, by the austere command of duty." The result of the firing was that Dixon had a leg shot off, and died of tetanus the next day, while the vile Frenchman, aghast and horror-stricken, fled from us to the city. He turned out to be a spy purposely sent by Government to decoy and entrap us, and he succeeded but too easily with the vigilant Arnold. The blood of Dixon was the first oblation made upon the altar of Liberty at Quebec.

One of the most conspicuous landmarks in this neighborhood towards the shore, at *La Canardière* (1), in a line with Hedleyville, is MAIZERETS; a long two story farm house, belonging to the Quebec Seminary, where their blue-coated boys, each Thursday, spend their weekly holiday, since time immemorial, walking back to the city with the descending shades of evening and awakening the echoes of the Beauport shore with their jolly old French songs: *La Claire Fontaine,—Par derrière chez mon Père,—En roulant, ma Boule roulant*, &c.; the usher in charge, with his long black cassock flowing to the night wind, merrily joining in the chorus.

Nov. 4th, 1758, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In the fall of 1775—being then 17 years of age, he joined a regiment of men raised in Lancaster Co., for the purpose of joining Arnold, who at that time was stationed in Boston.

(1) Would *La Canardière* have taken its name from being, in former days, the resort of innumerable *canards*?

In 1778, the historic old mansion was rebuilt, after having been ruthlessly burnt to the ground by Col. Benedict Arnold's rude followers, in the fall of 1775.

In 1850, it was enlarged to its present size ; a diminutive island, christened in July, 1852. *St. Hyacinthe* (1) — was added in the centre of the sheet of water in rear of the house, and communicating, at high tide, with the St. Lawrence. It is provided with row boats, canoes, &c.

This long, narrow pond, served in 1759, in lieu of a ditch, to one of General Montcalm's redoubts ; for a succession of years, in summer, it has been the source of unspeakable delight, on every weekly holiday, to the Seminary scholars—*Crede experto*.

On the 7th March, 1850, the pupils, in solemn conclave, and after exhaustive discussion of several names proposed — among which that of Montigny (after the great Bishop Laval, Abbé de Montigny, founder of the *Petit Séminaire* in 1668) came prominently to the front — decided that their pleasant trysting place should be known to succeeding generations as Maizerets.

Maizerets is the name of the venerable Superior of the Quebec Seminary, during whose protracted tenure of office, this valuable property was acquired by this educational institution. Revd Louis Ango des Maizerets closed his career, on the 22nd April, 1721, at the ripe age of 85 years, loved and regretted.

The main road, overhung by wide-spreading elms, leads past the lofty, turreted dome, extensive buildings and pleasure grounds of the *Provincial Lunatic Asylum*, founded in 1845 ; first, in Col. Gugy's roomy stone stables, (2) adjoin-

(1) To commemorate the presence of the St. Hyacinthe College boys, then on a visit to the Quebec Seminary scholars.

(2) This commodious receptacle of Col. Gugy's stud was taken down in 1887.

ing the Duchesnay Manor, by three of the leading physicians of Quebec, Doctors James Douglas, Joseph Morrin and Joseph Frémont, and then transferred to the present location. The east wing, occupied by the females, stands on the site of the old *Château de Bonne*, where Judge de Bonne, an active politician in his day, and also a learned jurist, resided for years, in the early part of the century. No more suitable, nor healthy locality, could have been selected as a home for the 1,000 unfortunates, bereft of reason, and over whom the Provincial Government is expected to watch. The streamlet, known as the *Rivière des Taupières*, winds through the leafy seclusion and flows under the rustic, iron, suspension bridge of Glenalla, now Villa Mastai.

During our war with the United States, in 1812-14, this diminutive, though deep brook was assigned as the western limit of the paroled American prisoners—some 40 odd, officers and privates—taken at Detroit, &c. ; among them, Generals Hull, Winchester and Chandler ; they were at first located in the *Château de Bonne*. Capt. Mathew Bell's cavalry escorted them to Quebec in the winter of 1813, and they were placed in the house, No. 81, St Louis street—in which the historian Hon. Wm. Smith expired, on 17th December, 1847—now the residence of Sheriff Chs. Alleyn. Their fellow prisoner, taken at Queenston, Col. (afterwards Genl. Winfield Scott), had the run of the city on parole. Col. Scott won laurels in the Mexican war, and acquired, on account of his bustling activity and love of display, the well remembered *sobriquet* of *old Fuss and Feathers*. The stately, athletic Colonel, however lived under *parole* with Colonel (afterwards Major General) Glasgow, the Commander of the Quebec Garrison, in 1813. In 1817, we shall find him again, within our walls, an honored guest, under the hospitable roof, at Marchmont, *Grande Allée*, of Sir John Harvey, who subsequently became Governor of one of the British Colonies.

The eastern *parole* limit of the unhappy (1) warriors was the second stream occurring on the road to the falls : *le ruisseau de l'ours*, Bear Creek, whose waters yet furnish motive power to mills in the second range of Beauport, and, until a few years back, to an extensive grist mill, now in ruins, formerly owned by the late William Brown. In 1759, this stream had, at this spot, steep banks, since solidly bridged over, as portion of the public highway. The hollow formerly existing was then designated, and frequently appears in Chevalier Johnstone's and Capt. John Knox's diaries of the siege, as the "ravine at Beauport." What lively scenes Benedict Arnold's myrmidons enacted in this locality during the crucial winter of 1775-6?

Col. Jos. Bouchette mentions the erection here of a distillery, about 1790, by the Hon. John Young.

A year or two later, Prince Edward—Her Majesty's father—then a jolly Colonel of Fusiliers, twenty-four years of age, might have been met, on bright summer mornings, trotting his pair of Norman ponies over the Beauport road, from Haldimand House to the city, with the fascinating Madame de Saint Laurent at his side.

Half a century later, in 1841, the *Curé de Beauport*, the Revd. Abbé C. Chiniquy, the idol of the Beauport teatellers, was raising the Temperance pillar which now, on the north side of the road, attracts the attention of tourists.

Let us hie back to this historic *ruisseau de l'ours*.

What gave it its sporting name?

I have a faint remembrance of a bear story, more than two hundred years old, in which the local Nimrod, Seigneur

(1) The *Quebec Mercury* of 9th November, 1813, advertises for the capture of Abraham Walter, pilot, native of Grandfield, aged 24 years who had deserted from Beauport on the 6th November, 1813. Captain Kempt, the agent for the prisoners of war, offers for his apprehension one guinea reward over and above the Provincial reward allowed in such cases.

Giffard, whilst lying *perdu* for wild geese—one spring—on the sedgy banks of this river, is stated to have spied a huge bear roaming in the neighborhood, mayhap in quest of the signiorial mutton. Gaunt, tired, possibly unconscious of evil intent, Bruin was lapping the crystal draught of the *ruisseau*. To substitute in his long duck gun, slugs, for goose-shot, was the affair of an instant for the sporting Laird, and lo ! Bruin's brave spirit was wafted to where all good bears go !

Let us cross Bear Creek close to the front door of the Beauport Manor and ask about the Seigneur. " Who was the first Seigneur of this flourishing village ? " I hear you say—

Here is what we read in history :

Seigneur Robert Giffart or Giffard, *Sieur de Beauport*, a native of Perche, left old for New France, in 1627. Later on, we find him an English prisoner of war. Taken on board of Rocmont's fleet, he it was who gave the parish its name, and, as its first Seigneur, watched over its feeble beginnings. We shall find him a practising surgeon at Quebec, in 1634 : the calling at that distant time must have been a bit of a sinecure.

He applied for and was granted by the Company of New France, the Seigniory of Beauport, on the 14th January, 1634, according to a Parliamentary return printed in 1852 ; on the 31st December, 1635, says Colonel Bouchette. Giffard had several sons and daughters ; two of the latter married the brothers Juchereau, the sires of the warlike clan of Duchesnays who occupied the Beauport manor for nearly two centuries.

Robert Giffard, a man of importance in his day, was elected Church Warden, at Quebec, in 1646. It is recorded that the Jesuit Fathers selected his house, at Beauport, to celebrate their first mass. The lettered and sporting Escu-

lapius died on the 14th April, 1668, and was buried in the cemetery at Beauport.

Let us now knock at the chief entrance of the Manor !

Had we, with us, Jean Guion, we might possibly have a chance of meeting his worthy contemporary, François Boullé, Seignior Giffard's faithful farmer of the 14th March, 1634. Alas ! Both are enjoying their long rest, for the last two hundred and fifty years, in yonder rustic necropolis.

But I was forgetting that of the venerable Duchesnay Manor some disjointed ruins are all that now remain, of a residence endeared to Canadians for having been the headquarters of the chivalrous Marquis of Montcalm during the thrilling summer of 1759. The circumstance of the sojourn of the French General, at that Manor, had so aroused the cupidity of the Quebec treasure-seekers after the hurried departure of the Gallic legions, that cellars and outer-courts were more than once dug up for gold and silver, supposed to have been concealed and forgotten there, prior to their hurried retreat. These Doustirswivels might have saved themselves much labor, many midnight vigils, suffumigations and incantations, under suitable planetary influence for searches,—with or without “a hand of glory, by the light of a taper, manufactured from the fat of an executed murderer, — when the clock strikes twelve at midnight ”— had they chosen to bear in mind, that during the drooping, closing years of French rule, the chief circulating medium at Quebec was card money, supplemented with Bigot's Bills on the French treasury — destined to be dishonored.

Some time after the destruction by fire of the old Manor, in 1879, a mysterious inscription was unearthed from the ruins. Mrs. Gogy, the owner of the property kindly forwarded it to the President of the *Literary and Historical Society* for examination. It gave rise to a very lively discussion in the English and French press, in which the leading

Quebec antiquaries took part :—Rev. abbé Verreau, Count D'Orsonnens and others :

THE SEIGNIORIAL MANOR OF THE FIRST
SEIGNEUR OF BEAUPOT, 1634.

(*To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.*)

DEAR SIR,—“ I have pleasure in laying, with your permission, before the members of the Literary and Historical Society, through your columns, the enclosed communication received this day, with the plate and inscription to which it relates, from the widow of the late Col. B. C. A. Guky, of Darnoc, Beauport. It sets forth the recovery, from the Beauport Manor House, of a lead plate, affording a written record of the laying of the foundation stone, on the 25th July, 1634, of the historical homestead of the fighting *Seigneurs* of Beauport,—the Giffard, the Juchereau and the Duchesnays. The *fac simile* and description of the inscription, on comparing with the lead plate itself, forwarded for examination by Mrs. Guky, are so accurate, that they leave little for me to say. Nay, I should be inclined to detect here the hand of an antiquarian, had I not strong suspicions that Mrs. Guky's amanuensis in this case, is her clever daughter, Miss Guky.

“ The massive old pile alleged to have been the headquarters of the Marquis of Montcalm, during the siege of Quebec, in 1759, and in which many generations of Duchesnays and some of Col. Guky's children were born, became the prey of flames in 1879, 'tis said, by the act of a vandal, an incendiary; thus perished the most ancient stronghold of the proud feudal Lairds of Beauport—the stone manor of Surgeon Robert Giffard—the safe retreat against the Iroquois of the warlike Juchereau Duchesnays, one of whose ancestors, in 1645, had married Marie Gifart or Giffard, a daughter of the bellicose Esculapius from Perche, France,—Surgeon Robert Giffard. Grim and defiant the antique manor, with its high-peaked gables, stood in front of the dwelling Col. Guky had erected, at Darnoc, in

1865 : it rather intercepted the view to be had from this spot, of Quebec. One of the memorable landmarks of the past, it has furnished a subject for the pencil of Col. Benson J. Lossing, author of the "American Revolution," and "Life of Washington," who, during his visit to Quebec, in July, 1858, sketched it with others, for *Harper's Magazine*, where it appeared, over the heading "Montcalm's Headquarters, Beauport," in the January number, 1859, page 180.

"Whilst the deciphering of some of the letters I.H.S.—M.I.A. at the top of the inscription are likely to exercise the ingenuity of our Oldbucks and Monkbarns, to whose intelligent care I shall leave them, the plate itself and its inscription will furnish to the student of history an indefeasible proof of the exact spot, and of the date, when and where stood the oldest of our seigniorial manors,—that of Robert Giffard, on the margin of the *ruisseau de l'ours*, at Beauport, in 1634.

J. M. LEMOINE,

President.

Literary and Historical Society's Rooms, 5th April, 1881.

N. B.—Mrs. Gagy has kindly consented to leave on our table, during the week, for the inspection of the curious, this suggestive old plate.

J. M. LeMoine, Esquire, President Literary and Historical Society, Quebec :

BEAUPORT, 26th March, 1881.

"The tablet found in the Manor House of Beauport by some workmen, last summer, and only recently restored to the proprietors, is a circular plate of lead or pewter much injured by the fire which consumed the building.

"Owing to the unwillingness of the men concerned to give any information, it is difficult to learn much as to the whereabouts in the building it was found, nor what other articles may have accompanied it, but as far as can be ascertained

this oval plate (about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in thickness) was rolled up and contained a few coins and some document ; the first cannot be traced and are spoken of as “quelques sous;” the latter, they say, crumbled into dust at once.

“The inscription as well as can be deciphered, is as follows :—

I.H.S. M.I.A,
LAN 1634 LE

NTE

25 IVILET.IE.ETE-PLA
PREMIERE P. C. GIFART
SEIGNEVR.DE.CE.LIEV

“This is rudely but deeply cut into the plate, and underneath may be seen in patches traces of a fainter etching, part of which may be a coat of arms, but this is uncertain ; underneath can be seen a heart *reversed*, with flames springing from it upwards. All these are enclosed in a larger heart, point downwards.

“The enclosed rough simile may give an idea of the lettering at the top of the circle, the plate itself being about nine inches in diameter.

(With Mrs. Guky's compliments.)

“Darnoc, 26th March, 1881.

THE BEAUPORT MANOR INSCRIPTION.

(To the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.)

“Whilst regretting the loss of the coins and dry-as-dust document accompanying the inscription of the Beauport Manor, on account of the light it might have thrown on this remote incident of Canadian history, let us examine the case as it stands.

" This rude inscription of 25th July, 1634, gives priority as to date to the Beauport Manor over any ancient structure extant in Canada this day. The erection of the Manor would seem to have preceded by three years the foundation of the Jesuits' Sillery residence, now owned by Messrs. Dobell and Beckett, which dates of July, 1637. Who prepared the inscription? Who engraved the letters? Who cut on the lead, the figure of the "flaming heart?" The stars? Are they heraldic? What did they typify? Did the plate come out, ready prepared from France? Had the *Académie des inscriptions*, etc., or any other *académie*, any hand in the business? No for obvious reasons.

" The lead-plate was imbedded in solid masonry. It is too rude to be the work of an engraver. Could it have been designed by Surgeon Giffard, the Laird of Beauport, and cut on the lead-plate by the scribe and *savant* of the settlement, Jean Guion (Dion?) whose penmanship in the wording of two marriage contracts, dating from 1636, has been brought to light by an indefatigable searcher of the past—the Abbé Ferland? probably.

" But if the lettered Beauport stone mason, who never became a Hugh Miller, whatever were his abilities, did utilize his talents in 1634 to produce a durable record, in order to perpetuate the date of foundation of this manor, he subsequently got at loggerheads with his worthy seignior, probably owing to the litigious tastes which his native Perche had installed in him. Perche, we all know, is not very distant from Normandy, the hot-bed of feuds and litigation, and might have caught the infection from this neighborhood.

" Governor Montmagny, in the space of eight short years, had been called on to adjudicate on six controversies which had arisen between Giffard and his vassals, touching boundaries and seigniorial rights, though the learned historian Ferland, has failed to particularize, whether among those controverted rights, was included the *Droit de chapons* and *Droit du seigneur*; could the latter unchaste, but cherished right of some Scotch and German feudal lords, by a misapprehension of our law, in the dark days of the colony, have been claimed by such an exacting seignior as M. de Giffard? One hopes not.

" Be that as it may, the stone mason and *savant*, Jean Guion had refused to do feudal homage to "Monsieur de Beauport," and on the 30th July, 1640, six years after the date

of the inscription, under sentence rendered by Governor de Montmagny, he was made to do so.

"Francis Parkman, on the authority of the historian Ferland, will tell us how Jean Guion, vassal of Giffard, Seigneur of Beauport, on that memorable 30th July, 1640, performed the stately ceremony of *Foi et hommage*, at this very manor to which the inscription refers :

"In the presence of a notary, Guion presented himself at the principal door of the Manor House of Beauport. Having knocked, one Boullé, farmer of Giffard opened the door, and in reply to Guion's questions if the seignor was at home, replied that he was not, but that he, Boullé, was empowered to receive acknowledgments of faith and homage from the vassals in his name. "After the which reply" proceeds the act, "the said Guion, being at the principal door, placed himself on his knees on the ground, with head bare, and without sword or spurs, and said three times these words : "Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, "Monsieur de Beauport, I bring you the faith and homage "which I am bound to bring you on account of my fief Du "Buisson, which I hold as a man of faith of your Seigniority "of Beauport, declaring that I offer to pay my seigniorial "and feudal dues in this season, and demanding of you to "accept me in faith and homage as aforesaid." (*Old Regime*, p. 246-7.)

"Who will decipher the I.H.S.—M.I.A letters at the top of the plate? Is there no descendant of the haughty Seigneur of Beauport, Rob. Giffard, to give us his biography, and tell of his sporting days ; of the black and grey ducks, brant, widgeon, teal, snipe, and curlew, &c., which infested the marshy banks of the stream on the *Ruisseau de l'Ours*, on which he had located, first his shooting box, and afterwards his little fort or block-house, against Iroquois aggression? Dr Giffard was a keen sportsman, tradition repeats. Did the locality get the name of *Canardière* on account of the *Canards*, the ducks, he had bagged in his day? Who will enlighten us on all these points?"

J. O.

Quebec, 8th April, 1881.

QUERY.—Would I.H.S. stand for *Jesus Hominum Salvator*! and M.I.A. for *Maria-Josephus-Anna*!—the Holy Family—asks Dr. W. Marsden.

The Beauport strand was privileged, by its proximity to Quebec to play a conspicuous part in the numerous sieges which have beset the old city.

There, in 1690, 1759, 1760, 1775, the invader left in marks of blood, his foot-prints. Some of Canada's most noble sons found there a glorious death, others a no less glorious record of services rendered to their country.

During the occupation by the English of Quebec by the Kirkes, 1628-33, Beauport, with the exception of the *Ferme des Anges*, had little to do with these unauthorised conquerors, as peace had been proclaimed between England and France, when the Kirkes took Quebec. It was very different in 1690—*Mère Juchereau*, *Monseignat*, *Walley* and *Davis*, have each a stirring tale to tell. Admiral Sir William Phips' abortive attempt to capture the old rock, on the 16th October, 1690, whilst his second in command, Major John Walley, landed and headed a detachment on the Beauport flats, has brought out creditably the successful and stout resistance offered by Count de Frontenac, "speaking from the mouth of his cannon," and whilst his lieutenants, *Prevost*, *Longueuil*, de *Ste. Hélène*, at the head, of his regulars and *Beaupré* and *Lorette* volunteers, met and routed Major Walley's Puritan Boston host.

What an exciting discovery it must have been for the sentinels on the Sault-au-Matelot batteries, when they, at day break, on the 16th October, 1690—spied the slowly moving lights of the Massachusetts fleet, thirty-four armed vessels, gliding past the Point of Orleans, and casting anchor in view of Quebec, thronged with soldiery,—in their French eyes, merciless heretics, who, "it had been reported, meant to kill them all, after cutting off their ears to make necklaces"?

A grand spectacle awaited Admiral Phips' entrance in our port. As Parkman well remarks: "One of the grandest scenes on the western continent opened upon his sight. The

wide expanse of waters, the lofty promontory beyond, and the opposing heights of Levi, the cataract of Montmorenci, the distant range of the Laurentian Mountains, the warlike rock with its diadem of walls and towers, the roofs of the Lower Town clustering on the strand beneath, the *Château St. Louis* perched at the brink of the cliff, and over it the white banner spangled with *fleurs-de-lis*, flaunting defiance in the clear autumn air. ”

The dramatic account of Admiral Phips' repulse has been too often given and too well, for me to attempt to repeat it here. I shall confine myself to a bare mention of a few incidents which happened during the week of alarm, which marked the operations of Major Walley, on the Beauport beaches, in his vain attempt to cross the St. Charles at the ford and assail the city in reverse. Walley's van, though brave levies of Massachusetts fishermen and farmers, had no mean enemy to contend with. In one of the engagements, Frontenac in person sallied forth at the head of 1000 soldiers — Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec men — to wait on the south side of the St. Charles, near the ford, for the appearance of the invaders, whilst Baron de Longueuil and his chivalrons brother, LeMoyne de Ste. Hélène, headed the Canadian Militia. Both were wounded, Ste. Hélène fatally. He was buried on the 4th December, 1690, in the *Hôtel-Dieu* cemetery, at Quebec. His two other brothers, LeMoyne de Bienville and LeMoyne de Maricour, won laurels in this memorable campaign, whilst the sturdy Seigneur of Beauport, Juchereau de Saint Denis, more than sixty-four years of age, in the act of leading his armed peasants, lost an arm. For his bravery, the French Monarch awarded him a patent of nobility. He was more fortunate than his companion-in-arms, the Chevalier de Clermont, an officer of distinction, who was killed.

The Boston invaders, on re-embarking, had been compelled to leave behind 5 cannons, 100 lbs. gunpowder, and

40 or 55 cannon balls. A detachment of armed peasants from Beauport and the adjoining parishes, aided by 40 scholars from the St. Joachim Seminary, led by *le Sieur Carré*, a fighting inhabitant, of *Ste. Anne du Petit Cap*, seized and held the guns, in spite of the detachment sent from the fleet to recapture them. Governor de Frontenac was so well pleased with their spirited conduct, that he presented one of the captured guns to the Seminary scholars and another to the *Sieur Carré*. (1)

The little Church, in process of construction in the Lower Town Market Place, since 1688, and still in existence, was named, in commemoration of Phip's defeat. "*Notre-Dame-de-la-Victoire*," and King Louis XIV ordered a handsome medal to be struck, in memory of it—the well-known *Kebeka Liberata* Medal.

The occupation of Beauport and adjoining parishes round Quebec, by Arnold and Montgomery's New Englanders, in 1775-6, gave rise in this locality to many strange incidents, unrecorded by the general historian. The following, I gather, from an account recently furnished me :—

"SEIGNIOR DUCHESNAY, at Beauport, in 1775—His farmer, Vincent Giroux; current prices of horses, cows, sheep, chickens, turkeys, geese, that fall. Jeremiah Duggan, the hair-dresser: the part he played in the blockade of Quebec.

"The following document occurs among the family records of the late Henry F. Duchesnay, Esq, M. P., for Beauce. Mr. Duchesnay was a lineal descendant of that fighting seignior of Beauport, Juchereau Duchesnay, who lost his arm, in 1690, whilst repelling the invasion of Phips and who received from the French King, letters of *noblesse* for his meritorious conduct.

It purports to be a true copy of a claim made by Seignior Duchesnay, in the fall of 1776, on the Government for

(1) (*Cours d'Histoire du Canada*. FERLAND.)

indemnity for losses suffered whilst upholding the King's authority. The losses are on farm produce, &c. The claim is sworn to before Hon. Thomas Dunn, a loyal official of the period. The Caldwells, Allsops and others had preferred similar claims for which His Excellency, Guy Carleton, had them indemnified. The document is curious as indicating the current rate of prices of several objects still in general use. A rapacious Irish hair-dresser, rejoicing in the name of Jeremiah Duggan, was a leading figure in this raid on the Tories, as the Loyalists were then styled.

"The Duchesnay stone manor, the head-quarters of General de Montcalm during the siege of 1759, after being the family seat of the Duchesnays for nearly two centuries, became about 1845 the property of the late Colonel B. C. A. Gagy.

Statement of the losses to Mr. Duchesnay by the American invasion, in 1775.

"Vincent Giroux, farmer, residing in a house belonging to Mr. Duchesnay, Seigneur of Beauport, declares under oath that at the end of November, 1775, there came to Mr. Duchesnay's residence at Beauport, a band of about fifty armed rebels, commanded, as they asserted, by one Jeremiah Duggan, also present.

"That the said Duggan, who was well known to deponent, entered the house, asked for eatables and told deponent that he (Duggan) knew that deponent had fattened a cow—that he had killed pigs; and that, at the instant, Duggan declared himself master of the house.

"That on this day Duggan and comrades seized all articles of furniture—removed them to the garret of the house, locked the door of the garret and took the key away.

"That the said Duggan visited other farm houses, leaving other rebels in charge of M. Duchesnay's house, forbidding them to interfere with the garret, where the furniture was.

"That this guard remained at this house—but that other parties of rebels succeeding one another, broke into the garret and carried away the furniture stored there, a few days before Christmas.

"That from date of entry of the rebels, in the said house—that is from the end of November, 1775, to the

beginning of May last, (1776), they took the live stock, house furniture, grain, hay and other objects belonging to the said Mr. Duchesnay."

CONDENSED LIST.

1.—A gray horse, six-year-old, with a cushioned cariole, worth at least \$52, Mr. Duchesnay having instructed deponent not to let the horse alone sell under \$40.....	313	livres.
2.—Another black horse, for which Mr. Duchesnay wanted \$30.....	180	"
3.—An old cariole and harness.....	30	"
4.—Eight oxen worth at least \$20 each...	960	"
5.—Four milch cows worth at least \$8 each.	192	"
6.—Fifteen sheep worth at least \$1.50 each.	135	"
9.—Three young pigs worth at least \$1.50 each.....	27	"
10.—About 230 lbs. fresh pork, worth about 10 sous per lb.....	115	"
11.—100 boards and deals.....	40	"
12.—1,000 cedar pickets for fencing.....	24	"
12½.—Two fowling pieces.....	14	"
12.—One trunk with lock and key worth...	36	"
13½.—A box locked (<i>contents unknown</i>)....	9	"
14.—A roasting apparatus, new.....	24	"
15.—A stove pipe.....	18	"
16.—A woollen tapistry (<i>tapisserie</i>) damaged, &c.....	150	"
17.—A green serge curtain.....	12	"
18.—Nine easy cane chairs worth \$1.50 each.	65	"
19.—Twelve straw seated chairs, new.....	18	"
20.—Twelve straw seated chairs, old.....	12	"
21.—Six wooden chairs.....	9	"
22.—Two small tables with drawers and a large one with its cover.....	9	"
23.—A bed cover of green serge, ornamented with velvet	18	"
24.—A piece of coarse Canadian linen, about 20 ells, worth 30 sols per ell.....	30	"

25.—A copper pan.....	6	livres.
26.—A gridiron.....	2.8	"
27.—Two kitchen andirons.....	4.10	"
28.—A skewer for roasting.....	1.4	"
29.—An iron stove shovel.....	1.10	"
30.—Twenty tumblers.....	12	"
31.—Eight dishes of fine delf.....	30	"
32.—Three dozen tureens.....	7.4	"
33.—Four turkeys, 16.10 — four geese, 6 livres	22.10	"
34.—Seven <i>poulets</i> , 7 livres—15 pairs of pigeons, 18 livres.....	25	"
35.—A new bed matrass, on which Mr. Duchesnay slept.....	48	"
36.—Twenty panes of glass broken, 12 livres —22 bags, 40 livres.....	52	"
37.—About 80 bundles of oats—4 to the minot—to 20 minots of oats, 30 sols..	30	"
38.—600 bundles of Timothy hay, for which \$8 per hundred had been offered....	288	"
Total.....	2,858.2	livres.

The old record very clearly discloses the worth, in 1775, of numerous house utensils, cattle and farm produce, some of which have not apparently much increased in value after a hundred years. Hay does not, each fall, fetch more than \$8 per hundred bundles at Beauport; horses seem higher in value. Turkeys and geese are a trifle more in price. The 15 couple of domestic pigeons "lifted" by Jeremiah Duggan's pals, from the manor, recall by their presence, the old feudal privilege of the seigneur, to keep pigeons — *le droit de colombier* — as Lord of the Manor; in this case might have been added, *Sic vos, non vobis*. The Beauport andirons may yet, possibly, be doing duty in some antique New England home, with the picture of the "Mayflower" over the mantlepiece. Jeremiah and his hungry gang of raiders, bent on having their fat goose for Christmas, 1775, with great foresight inspected, and with success, the seigniorial larder; carrying away the kitchen

utensils ; a roasting apparatus, a skewer, a gridiron (without even asking for " the loan " of it) and a goodly supply of cedar pickets, to do the cooking and broil the steak.

On the 6th May following, the English frigate " Lowestoff," rounding Pointe Levi, was the signal for the hasty departure of the unlucky Sons of Independance and the occasion for loud English cheers, when the standard of Britain was run up the flagstaff on Cape Diamond. Hurrah !

A central figure in the parish of Beauport, in full view of the city and of the green Isle of Orleans, stands out : the Roman Catholic temple of worship. The diminutive structure of 1759, has been replaced by the large and handsome edifice of our own day.

Who could tell of the fervent orisons and daily prayers sent up to Heaven, during the ever memorable summer of 1759, in the cherished fane, to avert the war of extermination, of which the colony was threatened ? It adjoined Montcalm's headquarters ; its steeple, on the 28th June, 1759, was selected by Governor de Vaudreuil as a safe and suitable observatory from which he could feast his eyes on the sure destruction of the English fleet, then lying, since the 23rd June, at anchor near the Island of Orleans. Monsieur Deslouches, a French naval officer, had designed and equipped at great cost, several " infernal engines " to wit : five fire-ships and two large rafts, which he had sent down at ten o'clock that night from the Lower Town, with the ebb, to wipe out the British squadron of 60 ships ?

Capt. John Knox, of the 43rd, an eye witness and an accurate observer, in his *Journal of the Siege*, pronounces the display the grandest fire works, conceivable. Though, according to Montcalm, who had no faith in them, they had cost " a million, " they turned out worse than a failure. Some having been set on fire too soon, grounded before reaching the fleet ; others, were courageously taken in tow by the fearless British tars, in their boats, and run ashore, where

their rigging and hulls blazed away until the morning "with no other harm, says Parkman, than burning alive one of their own captains and six or seven of his sailors who failed to escape in their boats." Knox relates how the "air and adjacent woods reverberated with sonorous shouts and frequent repetitions of *alls well*, from our gallant seamen on the water."

The whole of that night scene evidently was one of dismal and appalling grandeur.

What would you give for the prospects of promotion in the French Navy, of Deslouches, the originator of this costly and primitive torpedo experiment?

Governor de Vaudreuil, dejected and crestfallen, hurried back to his doomed city.

Parkman vividly recalls this incident:

"There was an English outpost at the Point of Orleans; and about eleven o'clock the sentries descried through the gloom the ghostly outlines of the approaching ships. As they gazed, these mysterious strangers began to dart tongues of flame; fire ran like lightning up their masts and sails, and then they burst out like volcanoes. Filled as they were with pitch, tar and every manner of combustible, mixed with fireworks, bombs, grenades, and old cannon, swivels and muskets loaded to the throat, the effect was terrific. The troops at the Point, amazed at the sudden eruption, the din of the explosions and the showers of grape shot, that rattled among the trees, lost their wits and fled.

"The blazing dragons hissed and roared, spouted sheets of fire, vomited smoke in black, pitchy volumes and vast illumined clouds, and shed their infernal glare on the distant city, the tents of Montcalm, and the long red lines of the British army, drawn up in array of battle, lest the French should cross from their encampments to attack them in the confusion." (*Montcalm and Wolfe*, vol. II, p. 211.)

The Montmorenci falls are still known to old French peasants as *La Vache* (the Cow) on account of the resemblance of their foaming waters to milk, though others have attributed the name to the noise, like the bellowing of a

cow, which is made by the roaring torrent pending the prevalence of certain winds. They present, when swollen by spring floods or by autumnal rains, a most imposing spectacle. The volume of water, though much less than that of Niagara, falls from a much greater height, viz : 275 feet. When the sun lights up its brilliant, prismatic colors, the undulating mass of foam, rainbow-tinted, assumes hues of marvellous brightness. Beauport's wondrous cataract may be seen under various attractive aspects.

I have ridden back from it to the storied city, at sunset, watching entranced, the departing orb of day, shedding its golden rays on the quaint, old metal-sheathed roofs of Quebec, and the city windows looking westward ; the whole panorama, a realm of fairy land lit up with the quivering sheen of diamonds.

I also remember, on a bright, starry night amid-winter, contemplating in dreamy, rapt silence, a novel spectacle, seldom vouchsafed to Quebecers. The icy peak or cone at the foot of the cataract, had been scooped out by an enterprising city *restaurateur*, to represent a vast, glittering palace, provided with icy couches, seats, &c., a cold, bright, but fitting throne for the Frost King, illumined by weird Chinese lamps, reminding one of Cowper's glowing description of imperial Catherine's Russian ice palace of 1787 :

Silently as a dream, the fabric rose,
Ice upon ice, the well adjusted parts
.....
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side.....
So stood the bright prodigy.....
.....
Convivial table and commodious seat.....
.....
A scene of evanescent glory, once a stream
And soon to glide into a stream again

About a mile and a half from the bridge, occurs the geological curiosities, denominated the *Natural Steps*, adjacent to cascades of three or four yards in depth.

“The Rocks are so-called because they exhibit,” says, Lossing, “a series of rectangular gradations resembling stairs. They are composed of shaly limestone and supposed by some, to have been formed by the abrasion of the waters, and by others, to be original in their shapes. For an eighth of a mile the river rushes in irregular cascades among these rocks, in a very narrow and tortuous channel, its surface white with foam, and here and there sending up fleeces of spray. On the bold, rocky bank we sat, watching the rushing waters, and made an early dinner of sandwiches.”

Sweetser adds that fine specimens of trilobites have been found in the vicinity.

Over the strand at the foot of the fall, adjoining the vast saw mills of the Messrs. Hall & Price, a muddy beach of more than a mile broad extends at low tide. You can now at this spot hear the whistle of the *Quebec, Montmorenci and Charlevoix Railway* conveying its myriads of halt and rheumatic pilgrims to *La Bonne Sainte Anne*, a cherished shrine, fourteen miles lower down. Very different scenes greeted here the eye on a sultry July afternoon (the 31st in 1759); a deadly encounter between Britton and Gaul. Read the oft, told tale in Garneau and Parkman. Wolfe paid dearly for his ill-timed and rash assault, from an unprotected position on the beach: attempting to scale the wet, perpendicular heights flanked with earth works, protected by woods, bristling with cannon and crowned by expert French-Canadian marksmen. He lost nearly 500 men, in killed and wounded, including those scalped by the Hurons and other savages. The dauntless English leader and his rash grenadiers made a grave mistake and the heroic Frenchman Montcalm failed to make the most

of a victory which the tide and elements brought to an unsatisfactory close. (1)

Apart from the historic interest, the Beauport heights and beaches are calculated to awaken, as being the arena of the great struggle between Wolfe and Montcalm, during the whole summer of 1759, it is a locality (2) noted for its grand river views and striking scenery. As early as 1782, they have attracted the attention of distinguished strangers. That year we find General Frederic Haldimand, the Governor-General of Canada, located there, and extending the hospitality of his pretty lodge to the beautiful (3) Baroness Riedesel, the wife of the Brunswick General who had come over, in 1776, to fight under General Burgoyne, the rebellious New Englanders.

(1) A full account of the siege of Quebec and battle of Beauport Flats, appears in the *Maple Leaves*, for 1864, and in *Quebec, Past and Present*.

(2) The Montmorenci Falls—whose extreme height is 275 feet—supply the motive power to the electric works, which light up the city of Quebec, seven miles distant. This stupendous water power is also being made available for the working of a new and extensive cotton factory, in process of construction at the foot of the cataract, at a cost of \$25,000—It will give employment to 1000 operatives: its chief promoters are: A. F. Gault, B. Whitehead, Morrice, of Montreal, and H. M. Price, of Quebec.

(3) Frederica von Massow, afterwards Baroness de Riedesel, was born in Germany, in 1746.

Her father, Herr von Massow, held under Frederick II, a high military command and was the parent of several children.

At the age of sixteen, in 1762, the lovely "blue-eyed maiden" as described in the *Memoirs*, married Baron de Riedesel, a dashing captain in a regiment of Foot,—subsequently placed, in 1776, at the head of the contingent of 4,000 Brunswickers, forming part of the 16,900 furnished to England, out of 20,000 promised, by treaty, on behalf of the smaller German States—to serve in the impending conflict between Great Britain and her North American provinces; which ended in the Declaration of Independence, in 1783, by the inauguration of the *Model* republic.

On the 8th June, 1776, the Baron landed at Quebec, with his Brunswickers, from on board H. M.'s frigate *Pallas*; his wife and

This brave, pure and beautiful woman thus describes her visit to Montmorenci Falls :—" During the summer of 1782, we passed several weeks very pleasantly at Quebec. Gen. Haldimand had built himself a house upon the hill, which he called Montmorency, after the great and famous waterfall of that name. He took us (Baron Riedesel and the Baroness) over to his house. It was his pet and certainly nothing could equal its situation. This celebrated cataract of the Montmorency plunges down from a height of one hundred and sixty-three feet (Bouchette says 251 feet) with a frightful din, through a cleft between two mountains.

While the General was pointing out to us this magnificent spectacle, I accidentally let fall the remark, that it must be splendid to have a little house directly over the cataract. Three weeks after he again guided us to the fall. We made our way up the steep path and over pieces of rock that were united by little bridges after the manner of Chinese gardens. When we at last reached the top, he gave me his hand to assist me into a little building which hung directly over the fall itself. He was amazed at my courage, when, without a moment's hesitation, I immediately entered it. But I assured

three children, being allowed to follow him, and reaching our shores—not as the Baron had fondly hoped in the following autumn, but merely and much to his and her regret, on the 11th June, 1777, in the frigate *Blonde*.

Madame Riedesel, seems to have united in an eminent degree the devotion of a true woman, to the courage of a heroine, during the incredible hardships—dangers and hair-breath escapes, of the field of battle—in captivity—on sea—on land; which marked this protracted and bloody campaign : her sweet manner—graces of person—her fortitude, apparently lent her a charmed life, amidst scenes of slaughter, disease and death.

It is that portion of the adventurous career of this singularly gifted lady, during her sojourn at Quebec, in 1777, and again on her return in 1782, as disclosed in her *Letters and Journal*, translated from the German, by the American historian William L. Stone, author of the "Life of Sir William Johnston," that now engages our attention.

him that I was not in the least afraid, when accompanied by such a careful man as himself. He showed us how the house was fastened in such a situation. The manner of it was this : he had caused eight strong rafters to be extended from the bank, some distance over the chasm, through which the cataract plunged down. There, beams rested for a third of their length upon the rocks, and upon them the house stood. It was a frightful but majestic sight, nor could one remain in the house long, for the din was horrible. Above this fall they catch very fine trout, which, however, once cost an English officer his life. He was springing from one rock to another, in order to catch them, when his foot slipped from under him, and he was carried away by the strength of the current ; nothing was ever found of him afterwards but a few mangled limbs.

“ We were also at this fall once in the winter, on which occasion the various and strange figures made by the ice, afforded a magnificent spectacle.”—(*Memoirs of Baroness Riedesel*, pages 203-4.)

A portion of the lodge incorporated in the more modern mansion exists to this day. It is mentioned and advertised for sale in the old *Quebec Gazette*, on the 1st December, 1791, as “ the elegant villa of the late Sir Frederic Haldimand, K. B., delightfully situated near the Falls of Montmorency, with the farm house, &c., ” and so it is.

His Royal Highness, Edward, Augustus, fourth son of George III, and father of our beloved Sovereign, subsequently Field Marshal, the Duke of Kent, had landed at Quebec on the 8th August, 1791, from H. M. S. ships “ Ulysses ” and “ Resistance, ” from Gibraltar, in command of the 7th or Royal Regiment of Fusiliers. The cottage *orné* at Montmorenci took his fancy to that degree, that he made it his summer retreat and passed the winter months in a large dwelling still bearing the name of Kent House, facing the new Court House on St Louis street ; 1791-3

brings back to us the memory of some of the darkest times for old France, when the hatred of England was at its height. On what footing was then the social intercourse between the descendants of France and England, in the former seat of French power in Quebec? It were difficult to give this question a very full answer. Downing street had just given the colony a new constitution, the constitution of 1791, but our Parliament had not met, and the English and French were waiting events. The Royal Duke, with his fine regiment had landed in the Lower town, on the 11th August. It befitted the authorities, clerical, civil and military, together with the gentry, to organize a grand *levee*, to pay homage to the Sovereign's son. But who did call at the Chateau St. Louis where the *levee* was held? No court journal to tell us; and social events were very meagrely reported, in Neilson's repository of news: the old *Gazette*. Nothing much to guide us but an entry in the *Quebec Gazette* of the 18th August, 1791, of the names of those who signed the address. Can we not then re-people the little world of Quebec of 1791, and recall some of the chief actors in the pageant at Government House?

Let us walk in with the "nobility and gentry" and make our best bow to the scion of royalty. There, in full uniform stands His Excellency, Lord Dorchester, the Governor-General, one of our most popular administrators. Next to him, that tall, athletic military man, is the Deputy Governor, Sir Alured Clark; his chief is to set sail in a few days for England; he looks eager to seize the reins of office. Round him, there is a bevy of judges and Executive Councillors, high state officials, all done up to kill, *à l'ancienne mode*, by Monsieur Jean Laforme, court hair-dresser, with powdered periwigs, ruffles, *jabots* and formidable pigtails. Here is Judge Mabane, grave and thoughtful as usual, Secretary Pownall, Hon. Messrs. Finlay, Dunn, Harrison, Samuel Holland, the Surveyor-General; Collins, Col. Caldwell,

Fraser, Adam Lymburner, Messrs. Lester, Young, W. Smith, jr., close to his learned father the Hon. Chief Justice Smith.

There is a separate but no less brilliant group, in which you may perchance recognize the bearers of old historic names : Messrs. de Longueuil, Baby, de Bonne, Duchesnay, Duniere, Gueroult, de Lotbiniere, de St. Ours, Dambourgès, de Rocheblave, de Rouville, de Boucherville, Lecompte Dupré, Bellestre, Taschereau, de Tonnancour, Panet, de Salaberry and a host of others.

But I hear you ask : “ Were all these grandees present ” ?

Most assuredly, if they happened to be in the city at that time. It was a point of *convenances*.

The big, burly colonel of the 7th Fusileers, Prince Edward, aged 25, courteous and dignified, gives each of his father's lieges a hearty shake of the hand and seems hesitating whether he will not deliver right off, the pretty little speech which however, history tells us, was uttered some time after at the hustings of the Charlesbourg election, where stump orators seemed inclined to stir up a war of races.

“ Away ” exclaimed the Prince to the excited voters, “ with those hated distinctions of English and Canadians ; “ you are all my august fathers's beloved subjects. ”

The main portion of Haldimand House, at Montmorenci, is just as Prince Edward left it. The room in which he used to write (the collection of the Duke's letters, published by the late Dr. W. J. Anderson, shows what a voluminous correspondent, what a thoughtful patron and protector he proved himself to Canadian youth) is yet in existence ; a table and a chair—part of the furniture—are to this day religiously preserved, pleasing souvenirs of other days. Haldimand House is now the residence of Patterson Hall, Esq., the co-proprietor of the extensive saw mills at the foot of the falls.

LA BONNE SAINTE-ANNE.

II

Its miracles. BAIE ST. PAUL — *Kalm's mining explorations, in 1749—Earthquakes and Siege anecdotes.*

W.-H.-H. Murray describes as follows :

CANADA'S HOLY SHRINE :

“ On the north shore opposite the lower end of Orleans Island stands the church known over the world as *La bonne Ste. Anne*. It is the Canadian Loretto ; the shrine of holy pilgrimage, and to it thousand and tens of thousands flock each year. They come, not singly, but in whole parishes, headed by their *curé*. A motley crowd ; the aged and the young ; the white-haired grandma and the toddling child ; the strong and weak : the sick and well ; the rich and poor ; the man with perfect body and the cripple wretched in his deformity ; all throng to this shrine close by the St. Lawrence tide at the base of the Laurentian Hills. Why do they come, these thousands ? What charm is in this place potent enough to draw so vast a multitude ? What good or gain do they obtain by coming ? Fair questions and fair shall be the answer. They come because they claim they get great good to soul and body both. Some come because they are heartsick and would say their prayers in some holy spot, and seek help of God through the interceding of a pure soul long gone, who stands as one of the Saints before Him, and hence has favor in asking. But others come because they are sick in body, and tormented with physical pain, and are pressed dire with mortal ailments, so that the bright days are full of misery and the long hours of dark night with groaning, and these—the man with the stout staff to aid him hobble on, the cripple with his needed crutch, and others yet who may not walk, are borne on

litters and mattress—all these come to seek help of the all healing God, through his sweet Saint, and deliverance from their dreadful maladies and the mortal ills that sorely beset them.

GREAT MIRACLES

and they do say—I question not the truth of it, for I have asked to the end of answering years ago, and beyond it, and to-day only note what I do see in wandering, and let the answer go undebated—they say that on this spot, under the Laurentian Hills on the St Lawrence river, in the year of our Lord, 1887, great miracles are wrought, even as of old times, and that the sick are healed, the blind are made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk with ease, and those nigh unto death have strength and vigor come back to them ; and that, too, suddenly, and through the intercession of that once good woman and now pure soul, the good Ste. Anne. Nor is proof lacking of the truth of this, for you see the crutches that cripples who hobbled to the altar on them with such effort, threw from them on the instant, that they prayed ; and staffs and stout sticks numberless ; and bandages too, such as open sores have over them ; and splints and many ingenious contrivances to strengthen structural weakness and lessen human pain. Lo ! are they not all here in heaps where they have been thrown from the hands of the recovered and healed ; as with great joy and a happiness indescribable, they dashed the hateful things away, as prisoners might dash their chains down on the dungeon floor when after long waiting, they were suddenly freed of them. ”

The following quotation occurs in the *Maple Leaves*, for 1863 :

“ Steaming down the channel north of Orleans, the first object of interest that strikes the eye after the beautiful and varied scenery of the parishes of L’Ange-Gardien and Chateau-Richer, presenting every diversity of hill and dale, wild, rocky promontory, and advancing and receding mountain and forest views, is the pretty church of Ste. Anne, nestling under the brow of a steep hill, with its tall spire glistening in the rays of the morning sun. Standing on a gentle undulation sweeping up from the river, the church

of Ste. Anne, or *La Bonne Ste. Anne*, as it is more frequently called, forms one of the most attractive features in the landscape. Hither annually repair the blind, the lame, the halt, the rheumatic, and those afflicted with every species of bodily ailment, who come to invoke the interposition of the saint to make them whole. Crowds of persons thus afflicted, with their friends or relatives, are then to be seen on the roads with the above object, to pray, or return thanks. That cures, either partial or whole, have been effected by these annual devout pilgrimages, there can be little doubt, as several have been attested by eye witnesses. A number of crutches left behind by persons cured, were formerly hung up in the church, but within late years they have been removed to the sacristy. On entering, the eye is struck with the neatness of the interior and the beauty of the decorations.

“ The walls are adorned with strange paintings, of a primitive nature, with singular explanations.

“ One is a wreck scene, with Ste. Anne represented as descending from heaven to the aid of a fleet during a storm, with the following curious inscription, copied *verbatim et litteratim* :—

EX. VOTO. LE. NAVJRE. LE. ST. FRANÇOIS. DE. CANADA. DEMATTE. DETOVS.
LES. MATS. LE. 29BRE. 1732: COMMANDE. PAR. PIERRE. D'ASTRARITZ. ARME.
PAR. M. LAMORILLE. LE. JEVNE.

“ Another painting on the wall immediately opposite represents the landing of emigrants sometime before the year 1717 ; another not far distant, a squadron of three war vessels, bearing a tri-colored flag of red, white and green.”

* *

“ Over the main altar, may be seen Lebrun's painting of Ste. Anne, presented by the vice-roy de Tracy. The two paintings over the two smaller altars were executed by Father Luc Lefrançois, a friar who died in 1685 — a present from Bishop Laval. Here follow the paintings in the nave of the Church from the left :

1st A picture of St. Louis — King of France.

2nd A small painting representing the French King's ship *Le Héros*, just when escaping imminent danger

3rd An ex-voto, depicting Father Peter and the crew of the ship *Le Saint-Esprit*, in the act of making a vow to Saint Anne.

4th A canvass, representing the vessel *Le Royer*, caught in the ice and miraculously saved by the intercession of Saint Anne.

It is hard to forbear a smile, on viewing at the top of this canvass, Saint Anne quietly teaching the Holy Virgin to read without her apparently realizing the scene of danger enacted at her feet.

Really, nearly all these pictures have no other merit, except as recalling the grateful souvenir of gratitude which they commemorate. Some are caricatures.

5th An ex-voto of Louis Cypret saved from shipwreck, in 1706.

6th Another shipwreck scene, exhibiting a ship's crew, making a vow to Saint Anne and Saint Antoine of Padua.

7th Over the side door, a small painting portrays roughly a forest and a man crushed under a tree ; in the foreground is seen a small dog, which looks as if he was carrying something away. An old Legend, relates that a Canadian named Dorval, while at work, alone in the woods near Tadoussac, was crushed under a tree he had hewn down, and had his leg broken. Pinioned under the fallen trunk, and without hopes of help in this wilderness, he uttered a prayer to Saint Anne, who immediately inspired a means of deliverance.

He took a piece of bark, soaked it in his blood and gave it to his dog, telling him to go and seek help, at the neighboring dwellings ? The faithful animal, divining the thoughts of his master, ran to Tadoussac, his restless movements and the piece of bloody bark, which he placed at the feet of those he met, awakening attention. Some followed the animal, who brought them to his imprisoned

master. Thus delivered, Dorval hastened to accomplish his vow and to deposit an ex-voto, as a token of his gratitude.

8th On the right side, at the entrance of the stairs, leading to the gallery, there is a small picture on wood, representing a shipwreck on the St. Lawrence, between the two churches of Beauport and Levis : a fearful caricature.

9th Shipwreck of Mr. Gaulin's ship.

10th Marine view, copied by Mr. Plamondon, artist from an ancient ex-voto. The ship of Mr. Juing, a Quebec merchant, chased by three Dutch men-of-war, escapes miraculously, through the intercession of Saint Anne. Just at the eve of capture, a cloud hid the ship from the view of the enemy, affording it time to seek a refuge at the mouth of the Saguenay.

11th Saint Anne and the Holy Virgin, at whose feet, kneels Mademoiselle de Bécancour, of Three Rivers, later on, a nun, in the Ursuline Nunnery of Quebec, under the name of *Holy Trinity*.

12th A miniature representing a Madame Riverin, of Quebec, in the act of kneeling with her four children, at the foot of the altar of Saint Anne."

(From *La Fête de la Bonne Sainte Anne*, abbé H. R. CASGRAIN.)

*
* *

ST. PAUL'S BAY

Baie St. Paul, at the base of the Laurentides, sixty miles lower down than Quebec, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, was a *terra incognita*, which for years I had longed to explore. Its mineral deposits, sulphur springs, the fantastic upheavings of its soil, its hidden volcanos and their deep mutterings, had ever invested it in my youthful eyes, with weird attractions ; strange indeed are its chronicles. Among

other marvellous occurrences, the Jesuit Jerome Lallemant relates how a small mountain, on the shore, in 1663, a quarter of a league in area "had toppled over into the lap of the St. Lawrence, and as with a rebound from its watery bed, had risen to the surface, a diminutive island, presenting a welcome haven against storms"; one would be apt to fancy that this eccentric diver, is none else than Ile-aux-Coudres, had one not the precise testimony of Jacques Cartier, who, on his ascent of the St. Lawrence, in September, 1535, found the green isle moored in its present location; this was, be it remembered, long before the phenomenal earthquake of 1663, was supposed to have played its pranks.

I shall have occasion hereafter to expatiate on these terrific convulsions of nature, in 1663, 1791, 1870, &c.

In verity this is *par excellence*, the land of earthquakes. Baie St. Paul was famous long ago for its mines also; as early as 1739, the French Intendant Hocquart, had prevailed on his sovereign, to detail two able German mining experts from France, Forster, senior, and Forster, junior, whose mission was to enquire about the mineral wealth of the locality, and who reported six rich silver and lead mines at Baie St. Paul.

Ten years later, a distinguished *savant*, Kalm, the friend and disciple of the great Linnaeus, was to rip open the bowels of the earth, with pick and hammer, in this classic land of the north.

One follows with lively interest Professor Kalm, in his mining explorations, at Baie St. Paul, during the summer of 1749.

The learned man, accompanied by his *Fidus Achates*, Lars Yungstroem—who came over to America with him in the *Mary Gally*, in the triple capacity of courier, gardener, florist, on the invitation of the Governor-General, joined a party of distinguished French gentlemen, who left Quebec

in a rowboat, on the 29th August, 1749, for Baie St. Paul, to explore its mines. The Swedish botanist had been provided with an excellent *cicerone*, Dr. Gaultier, the King's surgeon in the colony, and also a good botanist ; the party was composed of the Governor-General, the Marquis de la Jonquiere, who had just succeeded to the noble and brave Comte de la Galissonniere, and the latter, also accompanied Kalm and several sporting friends, who, well provided with fire-arms, no doubt cared more for game than for mineral deposits, except when converted into the coin of the realm.

It was during harvest time ; the pinnacle seems to have taken the north channel, between Orleans and Ange-Gardien ; as at present, it was considered too narrow and too intricate, on account of its shoals, to admit of the safe passage of large ships.

Kalm, speaks with rapture of the grand view presented from Montmorenci, by the city "with the vast powder magazine, crowning its summit—a building by its size dwarfing the others." It seems to have stood on the summit of Cape Diamond ; this is the first formal mention I have yet met of this imposing structure. The fertile Isle of Orleans with its sedgy beach, emerald meadows, golden wheat fields, vine-clad heights is there noted down, as well as the *Grande Rivière*, lower down than La Bonne Sainte-Anne ; the Seminary Lyceum, farms, &c., at St. Joachim, are all taken in by the keen observer, who must have had ample time to write up his diary, as the wind compelled the party to take shelter for the night, at St. Joachim.

Next day, the canadian "Argo," after a stormy passage under the frowning Cape Tourment and skirting the rocky, abrupt, pine-clad cliffs of the Laurentides, crossed the entrance of *La Petite Rivière*, and landed at 5 p. m., at Baie St. Paul, on 30th August ; the parish priest hurried to receive, under his hospitable roof, the distinguished explorers. Nothing seems to have escaped the prying eye

of the Swedish savant ; the trees, flowers, sand of the shore, the soil and its weird convulsions, the dialect of the Indians he met, the birds, the frogs, even that ubiquitous pest of an American forest in summer, the sanguinary mosquito, are noted ; the latter is discussed, compared with his sanguinary Swedish cousin.

“ The houses, he says, are lit with porpoise oil, and when it is possible to get it, with seal oil ” ; no gas, nor electric light in those primitive days, be it remembered. *Sept. 1st*, finds the jolly mariners at *Terre d'éboulement*: thus named from the convulsive upheavings of the soil, by earthquakes, a wild but fertile land. At twelve o'clock noon, they reached the airy *Cap-aux-Oies*, (Goose Cape), but no game could the philosopher discover, except a solitary raven, and nothing here to gladden his scientific Swedish heart, except that the greatest number of the plants, were the same, here, as in Sweden.

On their way back to Baie St. Paul, the Nimrods of the party spied a grey seal gambling in the wake of the pinnace, but beyond gun-shot, the wise creature !

September 2nd, the explorers wended their steps to the mountain, a little to the south of the Priest's Mill where veins of silver and lead were said to exist ; the mountain, a conglomerate of granite, whitish lime stone, redish quartz and black mica . . .

Lead occurs here in the shape of protuberances, of the size of a pea — and more rarely in *laminæ* or small sheets, one inch square . . .

“ The mine, he says, is not sufficiently rich to pay for its working. The sulphur spring in the vicinity yields water of a bad taste, which is worse, on the approach of rain. It is used by the inhabitants as a cure against itch.”

“ The same day (2nd September, 1749) the explorers visited another vein, said to contain silver, near *Cap-au-Corbeau*. Then follows a very scientific disquisition on

mineral deposits and their formations; but I cannot find any explicit statement on this silver mine, or its probable yield et *pour cause*? Kalm then mentions an industry apparently flourishing at Baie St. Paul, in 1749, but extinct under that name at present, the manufacture of tar (*goudron*) from red pine. Could it be our Canadian balsam? After noticing the valuable eel fisheries all along the north shore of the St. Lawrence, I must bid adieu to the Marquis de la Galissonniere's sympathetic friend and admirer, and resume my short notice of Baie St. Paul and its earthquakes.

"The lofty promontary, east of St. Paul's Bay, opposite to Isle aux Coudres, is known as *Cap-au-Corbeau*." This cape has something of the majestic and of the mournful. At a short distance it might be taken for one of the immense tombs erected in the middle of the Egyptian desert by the vanity of some puny mortal. A cloud of birds, children of storm, wheel continually about its fir-crowned brow and seem by their sinister croaking to intone the funeral of some dying man."—(*Sweetser*.)

Between St. Paul's Bay and the Isle-aux-Coudres, is the whirl pool, called *Le Gouffre*, where the water suddenly attains a depth of 30 fathoms, and at ebb-tide, the outer currents are repelled from Coudre Island to *Cap-au-Corbeau* in impetuous eddies. Before the Gouffre began to fill with sand, schooners caught in these eddies, described a series of spiral curves, the last of which landed them on the rocks of *Pointe à la Prairie*, an object of dread to mariners, entailing loss of life; the Gouffre has lost its terrors in the present day.

* * *

The history of *Baie St Paul*, humorously remarks its annalist,(1) seems to take one back to prehistoric times.

Pierre Boucher, Governor of Three Rivers, wrote on the 8th October, 1663 to Colbert, Louis XIV's famous intend-

(1) "T. C." in *L'Abeille*, for Nov. and Dec., 1859.

ant, "that there was not yet a living soul at Baie St Paul." How fortunate, adds the genial historiographer ! else had any mortal been located there during the appalling throes of nature, caused by the great earthquake of 1663, when the mountains took to moving round, like frisking lambkins, *sicut agni ovium*, he must have died of fright !

Twenty years later, in 1683, we are told that three families composing 31 souls, were settled there, and that the public roads were both difficult and dangerous. This seems more than likely, seeing that until 1812, there was no other mode of access to this mountainous district in summer than by water conveyance, or by trusting to a favorable state of the tide and travelling on foot or on horseback, along the beach under the stupendous, overhanging cliffs, at low water, until the anxious wayfarer, bound for Quebec, reached St Joachim. As an instance of the perils of the route, we read of the melancholy end of one of the first pastors of St Anne, Revd. Mr. Filion, who careless of the turn of the tide, had ventured over this rough road and was drowned, on the 6th July 1679 (1). His body, discovered on the beach at *La Petite Rivière*, was towed by a young girl, behind her canoe, to St. Anne *du Petit Cap* and buried there, in the church, says an old memoir, with the handsome gold cross, which he wore, at the time of his death.

The present highway, among the lofty capes, was cut through the bush, by the Government, in 1812, and rendered quite practicable by further repairs in 1818, through the parliamentary influence of Hon. P. De Salles Laterrière, though the absence of human habitations, except at intervals of six or nine miles, renders this route undesirable during January storms, especially at night. I can speak from experience.

(1) Another version says he was drowned out of a canoe.

The violent earthquake of 1663, which, Father Jérôme Lallemant says, “ extended over a surface of twenty thousand leagues,” seemingly changed the surface of the whole valley of the St. Lawrence below Quebec, “ altering the beds of smaller streams, producing hollows and elevations in various places, and throwing down hills in the valleys.”

It left nowhere deeper traces than in the vicinity of *Baie St. Paul* and *Eboulements*.

“ In the vicinity of *Pointe aux Alouettes* (Lark Point, at the entrance of the Saguenay), an extensive wood was detached from *terra firma*, slid over the rocks in the river, where it remained, some time with the trees covered with green foliage, amidst the seething waters. ”

(LALLEMANT).

Mère de l'Incarnation, the annalist of the Ursulines Convent at Quebec, furnishes a thrilling account of this terrible Easter Monday, — 5th February, 1663, — when it began. Globes of fire and brilliant meteors had already been seen at Quebec, on the 7th January, and, on the 14th, two mock moons, each surmounted by a crown of vaporous matter, brilliantly illuminated, had startled Quebecers ; let us hear this eye-witness describe the convulsions and horrors which lasted until the 5th August following : “ The first shock of earthquake took place on February 5th, 1663, about half past five in the evening. The weather was calm and serene, when we heard a terrible noise and humming sound, like that of a great number of heavy carriages rolling over a paved floor swiftly. After this, we heard both above and below the earth and on all sides, as it were a confused mingling of waves and billows, which caused sensations of horror. Sounds were heard as of stones falling upon the roofs in the garrets and chambers ; a thick dust spread around ; doors opened and shut of themselves. The bells of all our churches and clocks sounded of themselves ; the

steeple as well as the houses swayed to and fro, like trees in a great wind. And all this in the midst of a horrible confusion of furniture turned over, stones falling, boards breaking, walls cracking, and the cries of domestic animals, of which some entered the houses and some went out ; in a word, it seemed to be the eve of the day of judgment, whose signs were witnessed. Very different impressions were made on us. Some went forth for fear of being buried in the ruins of our house, which was seen to jog as if made of cards ; others prostrated themselves at the foot of the altar as if to die there. One good lay sister was so terrified that her body trembled for an hour without ability to stop the agitation. When the second shock came, at eight o'clock the same evening, we were all ranged in our stalls at the choir. It was very violent, and we all expected death every moment, and to be engulfed in the ruins of the building.... No person was killed." — (*History of the Ursulines of Quebec*, vol. I p. 243-4).

War as well as the elements has bequeathed to *Baie St. Paul*, a memory of sorrow. Among others, the fierce commander of Wolfe's Rangers, Capt. Gorham, left his footprints on this distant strand. One reads of his reporting on the 15th August, 1579, to his commander, the results of his devastations on the homes of the *Baie St. Paul* peasantry, where he had landed on the 4th from his ships, with his detachment of 300 men, one-half of whom were Rangers — the remainder, Highlanders. The settlement, consisting of about 50 farm houses and barns, was given to the flames by him. He says he lost but one man, though the Baie St. Paul peasants, before retiring with their valuables to the woods, had opened, with their long duck guns, a brisk fire on the ruthless invaders. He further reported that he had ravaged by fire and sword the next settlement — Mal Bay — thirty miles lower down, inflicting similar treatment on the porpoise fishers and bittern eaters of Isle-aux-Coudres, and

from thence, crossing over to the south shore, he had burnt the dwellings at St. Anne and St. Roch, after carrying away as many sheep and as much farm produce as his ships could stow.

They also captured two prisoners, one Tremblay, of Eboulements, and J. - B. Grenon, a Hercules, it would appear, whose athletic feats, if tradition is to be credited — ultimately saved his life, whilst his comrade was unhumanely hoisted in the air and flung on a board from the ship three times before he was quite dead !!! The same experiment was tried, it is said on Grenon, but main force failed to make him bend to the fatal instrument of torture ; Captain Gorman, struck, with such extraordinary muscular power, had him pinioned and brought him a prisoner with him to Montmorenci, in order to save his life. Thus secured, tradition adds, that a British tar took a brutal pleasure in taunting him and cuffing his face — when he begged, from the captain, as a favor to have for a few minutes the use of his fists to protect himself, and on a repetition of the unworthy treatment, Grenon, with the back of his hand, hit the sailor, who fell and expired in a few minutes. Grenon's strength became quite proverbial ; to this day, one hears "*Fort comme Grenon.*" (1)

I must bring to a close this pleasant gossip of other days and from the dizzy height of Cap-au-Corbeau, give a parting glance to the grand panorama spread at my feet. There meanders many hundred yards below, the boisterous Remy, and the erratic *Rivière des Mares*, ever ready after spring freshets to change its course and seek new channels on the sandy shore, unearthing trunks of trees of an unknown era ;

(1) I am indebted to a writer in *L'Abeille*, for November and December, 1859, signing T. C., for a large portion of the information summarised in this sketch ; on his authority these traditions of the siege of 1759, rest.

—there winds the roaring *Bras*, at the foot of the St. Antoine hills, and the sweet, murmuring St. Michel streamlet, and there cluster, beyond the valley, the white cottages of St. Antoine, Perou, St. Jerome, St. Jean, St. Joseph and St. Flavien, cosily nestling in the green Laurentian gorges, whilst to the south, slumber in their perennial majesty, the glad waters of the grand old St. Lawrence.

I am not in possession of the particulars of the memorable earthquake of 1791, but the press has furnished ample details of the last catastrophe.

An eye-witness, the Revd. J. B. Plamondon, the Parish Priest, gives, in the *Journal de Québec*, of the 22nd October, 1870, a graphic account of the phenomenon which had so startled the inhabitants of Baie St Paul, on the 20th of that month. "About half-past seven a. m.," says he, "a fearful clap of thunder struck terror among the residents. The soil began not merely to quake, but to boil and surge, so as to produce giddiness in persons indoors and outdoors. The dwellings seemed to be on a volcano; the crust of the earth was rent asunder at five or six different places and ejected in the air columns of water, six, eight and even, fifteen feet high, mixed with sand, which spread itself on the surface. Scarcely six chimneys remained standing in the whole village. The walls of houses were thrown to the ground; stoves, cooking and other utensils were capsized. Our Convent is uninhabitable; three chimneys and the ceiling of the attics are down; three of the pupils and a maid servant have been struck, but none seriously, by the falling *débris*.

The church has seriously suffered; a portion of its front fell, with a piece of the arched roof; the walls are so cracked that it is doubtful if they can be repaired. The alarm was so great that for three or four minutes, we thought it was all up with us. We are still in a state of dread, as from time to

time other shocks occur, but less violent. Every one fears the approaching night, doubtful where he may be to-morrow. Had the catastrophe happened at night time a great loss of life would have ensued. Not a house escaped intact, in a radius of four leagues. At the very moment I write the earth is quaking ; who can tell me whether I will be spared." A month later the soil continued to shake, and on the 22nd November, a Stygian darkness followed a new upheaval of the earth, attended with a violent wind and murky weather with brilliant aurora borealis at night. The residents were worn out by these incessant alarms and in utter despair." Such are some of the exciting experiences of the denizens of this volcanic region—Baie St. Paul.

Thus holds forth history. Let us see the embellishments tradition supplies to the melancholy record. " When the English fleet ascended the St. Lawrence, it came to anchor at Isle-aux-Coudres, on the eve of Ascension day, in June, and spread such terror among the islanders that the majority of the women were sent across to Baie St Paul and sought refuge with the families of that parish—not quite one hundred in number—in the forest. The French authorities had ordered that Isle-aux-Coudres and the Island of Orleans should be evacuated at the approach of the English. These families remained thus concealed all summer until September, under Revd. Mr. Chaumont's charge. The male portion of the fugitives emerged from their hiding place—generally at night—to look after their farms or to build on the shore, sand redoubts to shield them from the enemy. The remains of those earth works, styled *canons*, are visible to this day. Capt. Gorham acknowledges but one casualty among his men, but tradition points out that he lost several, and that, when despatched, the Islanders threw their bodies in a pond near the chapel, close to a spot memorable for an engagement known as Pointe D'Aulac.

Two Islanders met their death at the hands of the English. One of them, Charles DeMeules, as appears by the church register, was scalped !

Yatching, on the St. Lawrence, at Tadoussac, so attractive in our day, amid summer, had serious drawbacks, in 1663. Such at least was the experience of *Sieur de Lespinay*, who was taking in his yawl, the Governor's secretary, M. de Mazé, from Gaspé to Quebec.

“ Opposite to Tadoussac, the river rose and fell with the waves, with a tremulous and unusual motion, causing much alarm among the passengers. Casting at the same moment their eyes towards land, they saw a mountain moving and tumbling over in the river, so that its summit was level with surrounding land. Scared, they steered from the shore, lest some fragments should reach the boat. A short time after a large ship, at the spot, felt a similar shock : the terror stricken sailors prepared for death : the billows were agitated and lashed in every direction, without any apparent and known cause (1).

It was my pleasant task to relate elsewhere (*Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*, pages 244-45,) on the authority of Revd abbé H. Raymond Casgrain, the pious legend, current at Isle-aux-Coudres, respecting the death of a devoted missionary, Father Labrosse, in 1782, at Tadoussac, and the supernatural circumstances attending it ; how father Labrosse after prophesying the hour of his death was found at twelve o'clock at midnight, dead, with his head resting on his hands on the first step of his chapel.

(1) *Cours d'Histoire du Canada*—FERLAND, Vol. 1, p. 488.

A Prince Edward Island poet thus holds forth :

THE BELL OF DEATH.

A LEGEND OF THE ISLE AUX COUDRES AND TADOUSSAC.

Fierce blew the strong southeastern gale,
The sea in mountains rolled,
A starless sky hung wildly tossed.
The midnight hour had tolled.

Is that a sea—is this an hour—
With sky so wildly black,
To launch a barque so frail as that,
Ye men of Tadoussac?

Strong though your arms, brave though your hearts,
As arms and hearts can be,
That tiny skiff can never live
In such a storm-swept sea.

Where Saguenay's dark waters roll
To swell St. Lawrence tide,
Down to the beach that stormy night
Four stalwart fishers stride.

On through the surf the frail boat speeds,
And see—before her prow—
The giant waves shrink down and crouch.
As if in homage low.

Calm as the surface of a lake
Sunk deep mid wooded hills,
The track spreads out before the boat,—
The sail a fair breeze fills;

While all around the angry waves
Rear high their foamy scalps,
And frowning hang like toppling crags,
O'er passes through the Alps.

Who stilled the waves on Gallilée,
Makes smooth that narrow track,—
'Tis faith that makes your heart so bold,
Ye men of Tadoussac!

* * * * *

Fierce blows the strong southeastern gale
Around the lowly pile,
Where dwells the lonely missionary
Of Coudre's grassy isle.

His psalms are read—his beads are said,—
And by the lamp's pale beam,
He studious culls from sainted page
Sweet flowers on which to dream.

But see he starts! strange accents come
Forth from the flying rack—
“Funeral rites await your care—
Haste on to Tadoussac!”

And from the church's lowly spire
Tolled forth the passing bell,
And far upon the tempest's wing
Was borne the funeral knell.

That night along St. Lawrence tide,
From every church's tower,
The bells rung forth a requiem
Swung by some unseen power.

* * * * *

The storm has lulled and morning's light
Pierces the shifting mists,
That hang like shattered regiments
Around the mountain crests.

From brief repose, the anxious priest
Forth on his mission speeds,
O'er pathless plain, by hazel brake
Where the lone bittern breeds.

At length upon the Eastern shore
Ended his weary track ;
Where wait the hardy fishermen—
The men from Tadoussac.

“ Heaven bless you,” cried the holy man,
I know your high behest,
God's friend, and yours, and mine has gone
To claim his well-won rest.”

“ Unmoor the boat—spread out the sail,”
And o'er a peaceful track,
Again in eager flight, the boat
Shoots home to Tadoussac.

Before the altar, where so oft
He broke the holy bread,
Clasping the well-worn crucifix
The priest of God lay dead.

O'twas a solemn sight, they say,
To see that calm cold face,
Upturned, beneath the sanctuary light,
Within that holy place.

Happy La Brosse ! to find for judge
Him, whom from realms above
Thy voice had called to dwell with men—
A prisoner of love !

JOHN CAVEN.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., March, 1835.

DUFFERIN TERRACE.

III

The CHATEAU promenade as seen by the Swedish savant Kalm, in August, 1749. DUFFERIN TERRACE described by Adirondack Murray, in August, 1887.

Our sturdy old fortress abounds with such striking viewpoints — is replete with so many quaint and picturesque nooks and corners, that one can easily realize the gifted Henry Ward Beecher's feelings, when writing to the *New York Ledger*, from Quebec, he said " We rode about as if we were in a picture-book, turning over a new leaf at every street such indeed is our " old curiosity shop. "

Some spots in fact seem in the eyes of the reflective, cultured tourist as if haunted by the ghostly presence of the illustrious dead, once moving instinct of life, in these romantic purlieus.

Conspicuous for its scenic beauty and historic memories may be reckoned the new and superb boulevard, began by the Earl of Durham, our Vice-roy, in 1838, at an elevation of 182 feet over the level of the St. Lawrence — on the foundations of the old *Château St. Louis*, destroyed by fire, four years previously, on 23rd January, 1834 : it had then in length, perhaps, 200 feet and sixty feet in breadth. It was prolonged under the Dufferin plans to 1,420 feet in length.

This terrace unique in the world, for its commanding position, was, on the 9th June, 1879, solemnly opened out to the public, by Their Excellencies, the Marquis of Lorne

and H. R. H. the Princess Louise, and at the special request of the Mayor, and the city council and in presence of a great concourse of persons, officially named the Dufferin Terrace, after its public spirited originator, the Earl of Dufferin, our previous Governor-General.

From 1620 to 1834, the Castle St. Louis was the official residence of the representative of royalty, under French and under English rule. Several of these vice-roys, proud Dukes, distinguished Earls, martial Counts and Barons, occasionally held there their court, in quasi regal, style, in order to keep up the prestige of France's *Grand Monarque* (Louis XIV) and thereby impress, the surrounding indian tribes with his' might ; or as worthy representatives of the British crown in the new world : Champlain, de Montmagny, Dailleboust, Lauzon, D'Argenson, de Mésy, de Courcelles, stern old Count de Frontenac, La Barre, Callières, de Vaudreuil, de Ramsay, de Longueuil, de Beauharnois, de la Galissonnière, de la Jonquière, Duquesne ; General Murray, Sir Guy Carleton, Sir F. Haldimand, Lord Dorchester, General Prescott, Sir James H. Craig, Sir George Prevost, Sir James Kempt, Sir John Coal Sherbrooke, the Duke of Richmond, Earl Dalhousie, Lord Aylmer.

A curicus glimpse of this famous promenade and of its promenaders, in August, 1749, appears in Professor Kalm's *Travels in America*, in 1747-51.

Let me introduce to the reader the Swedish savant, in the words used in my inaugural address, as president of the *Literary and Historical Society*, of Quebec, on 3rd December, 1879 :

" On the 5th August, 1749, a distinguished traveller, recommended by royalty (1) —, accredited by academics and universities—Professor Kalm, the friend of Linnæus, landed in the Lower Town. His approach had not been unherald-

(1) The Kings of France and of Sweden.

ed, nor unexpected ; advices from Versailles having previously reached the Governor of Canada. On stepping on shore from the "canopied" *bateau*, provided for him by the Baron of Longueuil, Governor of Montreal, Major de Sermonville, the officer to whose care he had been committed, led him forthwith to the palace of the Count de La Galissonnière, the Governor-General of Canada, who, he says, received him with "extraordinary kindness." His Excellency at that time, the recognised patron of literature and the arts, in New France, in anticipation of the Professor's arrival, had ordered apartments to be got ready for the illustrious stranger, who was introduced to an intelligent guide, Dr. Gauthier, royal physician, and also an able botanist. Kalm, henceforth, will be an honored, nay, a familiar guest at the Château St. Louis, yonder, during his stay in Quebec, and, a nightly promenader on the Chateau gallery overlooking the St. Lawrence.

The Professor tells how cheerfully he paid to the crew, comprised of six rowers, the usual fee or *pour-boire* to escape the traditional "ducking" to which all travellers (without excepting the Governor-General) were otherwise subjected to, on their first visit to Quebec or to Montreal.

A man of mark was the Swedish botanist and philosopher, not only by his position among European *savants*, but also as being the special (1) envoy of the Royal Academy

(1) Baron Sten Charles Bielke, of Finland, had proposed to the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Stockholm, to send an able man to the Northern ports of Siberia and Iceland, as localities which are partly under the same latitude with Sweden; and to make there such observations, and collections of seeds and plants, as would improve the Swedish husbandry, gardening, manufactures, arts and sciences. Professor Linnæus thought that a journey through North America would be yet of a more extensive utility, the plants of America being then but little known. Kalm's mission to America, however, was due to the initiative of Count Tessin, a nobleman of merit, on his becoming President of the Royal Academy; to the learned botanist Linnæus; and to the influence of the Prince Royal, subsequently King of Sweden, and then Chaucellor of the University of Upsala.

of Sciences, at Stockholm, and as the representative of the three Universities of Abo, Lund and Upsala, who had supplied the greater portion of the funds necessary to carry out his scientific mission, which lasted nearly four years. Provided with passports and recommendations to the Swedish Ministers at the Courts of London, Paris, Madrid, the Hague, we find Peter Kalm sailing from Upsala on the 16th October, 1747, accompanied by Lars Yungstræm — an assistant, skilful as a botanist, a gardener and an artist.

The disciple of Linnæus, after having successively visited Norway, came to England ; and after spending some time there, he crossed the Atlantic, viewing New York and Pennsylvania, and finally Canada, noting down, day by day in his journal, countries — men — manners — animals — trees — plants — ores — minerals, &c., with accuracy and in detail. His travels are the subject-matter of two large volumes, illustrated with plates, maps, &c., and translated into English, in London, in 1771.

Here is what he has to say of the vice-regal residence and its gallery or veranda.

“ The Palace (Château Saint-Louis) is situated on the west or steepest side of the mountain, just above the lower city. It is not properly a palace, but a large building of stone, two stories high, extending north and south. On the west side of it is a court-yard, surrounded partly with a wall, and partly with houses. On the east side, or towards the river, is a gallery as long as the whole building, and about two fathoms broad, paved with smooth flags, and included on the outsides by iron rails, from whence the city and the river exhibit a charming prospect. This *gallery* serves as a very agreeable walk after dinner, and those who come to speak with the governor-general wait here till he is at leisure. The palace is the lodging of the governor-general of Canada, and a number of soldiers mount the guard before it, both at

the gate and in the court-yard ; and when the governor, or the bishop, comes in or goes out, they must all appear in arms and beat the drum. The governor-general has his own chapel where he hears prayers ; however, he often goes to Mass at the church of the *Récollets*, which is very near the palace,”

What a charming picture Herr Kalm draws of the Governor-General of New France—the Comte de LaGalisssonnière. This nobleman, by his “surprising knowledge in all branches of science,” has quite captivated the philosopher. “Never,” says Kalm, “has natural history had a greater promoter in this country, and it is even doubtful whether it will ever have his equal here.” A statesman, an orator, a great sea-captain, a mathematician, a botanist, a traveller, a naturalist : such, the Count. He knew about “trees, plants, earths, stones, ores, animals, geography, agriculture, &c., writing down all the accounts he has received : a perfect encyclopedia of knowledge. What scientific discussions must have taken place between the illustrious promenaders—about ships, colonies, commerce : a dozen and more french vessels were lying at anchor at their feet, says Kalm. Nearly a century later, we can recollect a splendid display of English vessels : in May, 1838, in the days of the pompous Earl of Durham.

Line-of-battle ships—stately frigates, twelve in number : the *Malabar*—*Hastings*—*Cornwallis*—*Inconstant*—*Hercules*—*Pique*—*Charybdis*—*Pearl*—*Vestal*—*Medea*—*Dee*—and *Andromache*, a fitting escort to our shores of the able, humane, unlucky Vice-Roy and High Commissioner, with his clever advisers—Turton, Buller, Wakefield, Hansome, Derbyshire, Dunkin, *cum multis aliis*.

The French had built ships at Quebec nearly a century before Kalm's visit. Colbert had authorized Intendant Talon to offer bounties ; a ship was on the stocks in 1667. Doubtless, when Kalm left Quebec in the fall of

1749, the shipwrights were actively engaged on the hull of the King's ship "L'Original," (1) which, in October of 1750, broke her back on being launched at Diamond Harbor. Shipbuilding, however, was doubtless checked by the instructions sent out by the french court, and seems to have had but a precarious existence under British rule, until 1800. When Kalm visited Quebec, in 1749, it was the seaport of all Canada : " There were thirteen great and small vessels in the harbour, and they expected more. " In our day, we have seen thirteen hundred square-rigged vessels registered as the arrivals of the year !

Let us bid adieu to the genial and learned Stockholm *savant*, the inmate of the adjoining *Château* for forty days, in the summer of 1747, and greet a gifted son of Boston, the marvellous and sympathetic word-painter Murray, in August, 1887, when his yacht, the *Champlain* was moored under Quebec's frowning battlements.

ADIRONDACK MURRAY LISTENS TO THE BAND ON THE
TERRACE.

Mr. W.-H.-H. Murray, in his letter from Quebec to the Boston *Herald*, says :—

" Last night this great promenade was thronged with a gay multitude. The moon was at the half, and the St.

(1) The *Abeille*, a small literary journal published within the walls of the Seminary of Quebec, under date of 19th January, 1878, contains extracts from the 3rd Volume of the *Journal des Jésuites*. One of these extracts runsthus: " October, 1750, King's ship " L'Original," built at Quebec, was lost in launching at Cape Diamond."

We likewise read in the first Volume of Smith's *History of Canada*, page 224 : " Oct. (1750). This year, a ship of the line, a seventy-four, was built at Quebec, but was lost, having broken her back in getting off the stocks at Cape Diamond."

The last timbers of this old wreck were removed from the river channel in November, 1879, by Captain Giguère's (Government) Lifting Barge. Many fragments have been converted into walking sticks and toys of various designs. A selection of these well preserved Canadian oak planks has been presented to, and accepted by H. R. H. Princess Louise, to pannel a room in her English home.

Lawrence, far below, flowed silver white. The white sails of ships hanging in their brails and all their yards and ropes gleamed like pale glass. Quebec's best band was playing, and the well modulated music flowed out upon the air, and swelled and sunk in melodious waves along the sloped glacis of the great fortress and across the whitely flowing river. The white-haired man and the golden-headed child, the brunette and the blonde, the black-coated priest, the students of Laval and young graduates of Harvard and Yale, were mingled in the throng. In the pauses of the music of the band, a Spanish student, dressed in the habit of Cordova, was playing light Spanish airs and love songs that have been sung a thousand years under the listening windows of Saville, with dark, amorous eyes gazing down approvingly upon the serenader. Anon the "Marseillaise" swells up its sudden and fierce clash of sound, as a turbulent sea sends up its crests ragingly, and over all the vast space filled with the moving throng, a hum of many voices rose, vague, indistinct, suggestive.

"It was a lovers's night in truth, and many a vow was whispered and exchanged, I warrant, and many a loving glance was given and returned, I know, for lovers were plenty all around me as I strolled along, and we old fellows, who have done with love-making ourselves, still have an eye to see and a heart to enjoy, thank God, the lovemaking and the mating going on around us, as we stroll down the way which leads us gently, as our old hearts trust, to the lovers and the loving, whose arms were once so warm and lips so sweet, as we were held and kissed by them in the old, sweet days so sadly gone. It is near sunset with us now white-headed confreres of mine, and some of us are glad of it, as weary men, afield, are glad of gloaming. But they who should know—for they talk confidently—tell us that beyond the sunset we shall come to another sunrise, all dewy and fragrant, as the first one was, only sweeter, and all our fresh young life, yea, all the warmth and loving of it, and all the joy and gladness, along with those who made it so sweet to live and be, shall be ours again. If we were sure that it were so, then were it well if we did hurry on out of the gloaming and stand face to face with that far sunrise speedily. Again the music rises and swells out above the river. It is the hymn of parting—"God Save the Queen"—and

farewells are being spoken by many, and many a hand is being pressed and many a loving glance exchanged. Soon the vast throng are gone and I am left alone. The great promenade is tenantless, silent, lonely. A few sounds come up from the lower town—the barking of a dog, a babe's cry, a captain's hail to his ship, the strong, robust call mellowed by distance—and the white moonlight lying softly on wharves and rivers, on silent parapet and chiming steeple. The silence of the place grows weird, the glamour of the old past is on me and I see uncanny sights. Men and women long, long dead—dead these hundreds of years—pass me. Is not that man, the man in that angle there, Champlain? Surely it is he, the very same the man who crossed the ocean 20 times, who shot the Iroquois chief near Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain, who founded this city 250 years ago, and whose dust is under the altar there in the great basilica? And who are these coming this way? Surely this is he, the brave old Lord de Frontenac, the old bluff savior of Canada. My lord, I greet you! This city belongs to you and Champlain. See, there goes Laval, ambitious priest, and better scholar, who founded the great university yonder before John Harvard left his gift to letters in Massachusetts. See how old Frontenac frowns at him. And who is he in the angle of the promenade gazing southward? La Salle? Incredible! Why, his body sleeps beneath the flowers of a Texan prairie. Montcalm and Wolfe arm in arm! Brave captains, you fight no more. Look! look! Those two in the deep shadow of that old elm, that girl and young English midddy there. By heavens, that is Nelson, my Lord of Trafalgar, flirting with the lovely Mary Simpson! My God, this ground is haunted, and the dead of new and old France alike are here. I'll get me to the yacht and say my prayers. Beshrew me, this is a ghostly spot in truth!"

QUEBEC TO FORT JACQUES-CARTIER.

IV

Montcalm before the battle—The retreat—Fort Jacques Cartier—Its relics.

Nothing is more pleasant on a mellow September afternoon than a sail up the St. Lawrence, or a ride over the Queen's highway to the commanding site, where of yore frowned Fort Jacques Cartier, at the confluence of the raging Jacques Cartier stream with the St. Lawrence. The distance is inconsiderable : twenty-seven miles at most.

Fort Jacques Cartier played an important part in the fallen fortunes of France, in Canada, directly after the rout of the French host, on the Plains of Abraham. Two days after the overwhelming defeat, it afforded a much needed refuge to the demoralized French squadrons. It served also as a useful store house and arsenal, for the supplies and siege implements, brought from Montreal on sledges during the winter of 1760, to storm Québec in the spring. In Sept. 1760, it was forced to capitulate, though commanded by a brave soldier, the Marquis d'Albergotti ; Gen. Murray took possession of it, when, it was dismantled ; barely a foundation now remains to tell of its former strength.

Courteous reader, let us unveil the past and follow on foot de Levi's jaded warriors, over this road, then pretty miry from the showers of the 13th September 1759 ; we shall have in his A. D. C. Chevalier Johnstone, a well informed military cicerone, but ere we leave the soldiers' white tents in rear of the site on which now stands Ringfield—the country seat of George Holmes Parke, Esq., on the Charlebourg

road—let us recapitulate some of the thrilling episodes of that eventful Thursday. At 5 a. m. we shall meet the intrepid Montcalm at Beauport. Johnstone who was with him, tells how anxiously he had spent the preceding night with his leader and Col. Poularier, the commander of the Royal Roussillon regiment, walking from the army's headquarters (the Duchesnay Manor) to the ravine, at Beauport, close to the *ruisseau de l'ours*, until 1 o'clock in the morning. Montcalm, it seems, was much agitated, from the uneasiness he felt, as to the fate of the boats and provisions, which de Bougainville was to send from Cap Rouge, the army having provisions for two days only. Johnstone considered Montcalm's mental sufferings on that night, as a presage of the cruel fate which awaited him some hours later.

At day break, the French battery at Samos, near Sillery, fired some guns; this indicated an untoward occurrence. Still Montcalm never could bring himself to suspect, that the enemy, were deploying on the heights of Abraham, unknown to him, though de Vaudreuil, encamped much closer to the city, must have known it. However, the September mist having lifted, his A. D. C. (Marcel), bringing no tidings from de Vaudreuil's camp near the bridge of boats, Montcalm sent Johnstone to order to their tents the army which had passed the night in the trenches, and then returned to his lodgings, "after drinking some dishes of tea with Johnstone," quaintly says the latter; a trooper was dispatched to Vaudreuil's camp to enquire the cause of the firing from the Samos battery and between six and seven a. m., Montcalm with Johnstone rode towards the bridge of boats, and to his surprise, on nearing de Vaudreuil's lodging, he was confronted with the spectacle of Wolfe's army upon the heights of Abraham, firing at the Canadians scattered among the bushes. Montcalm exchanged a word with de Vaudreuil, as the latter emerged from his lodging, when, turning to Johnstone, he said,

“ The affair is serious ! run at the top of your horse’s speed to Beauport ; order Poularier to remain there at the ravine with two hundred men, and to send me all the rest of the left to the heights of Abraham with the utmost diligence.” Here there seems to have occurred a misconception, or error, in the orders given, which Johnstone discusses openly asserting that instead of thrusting the French battalions between the town and the English, Montcalm ought to have marched by Lorette (ancient) to Ste. Foye — join de Bougainville’s grenadiers and placed Wolfe’s army between two fires — that of the city guns and that of Montcalm. The Marquis met with another drawback : the disobedience of de Ramsay, the Governor of Quebec, who refused to send him the field-pieces he asked for.

Of the eventful battle and subsequent disorderly rout, mention has been made elsewhere. Let us not tarry at Cap Rouge, reached by the French troops, at 4 a. m. on the 14th September, nor at the pastoral settlement of St. Augustin, proud to this day, of its little lake and its Calvaire (1) erected in 1798. We shall also hurry past Pointe aux Trembles, its orchards and its tobacco plantations, as well as the small parish of *Ecureuilles*. Here we are on the shore of the roaring Jacques Cartier stream, which we shall cross by the bridge and land at the base of the airy site where stood the old Fort. With the exception of the ditch, inhabited by a colony of noisy frogs, and some strange configurations of the land, no vestige scarcely remains of the once proud fortress. It must have covered three or four acres in area and, was inaccessible on three of its abrupt sides, except on its northern face, which overlooks a swamp ; a splendid position for a fort, it must be acknowledged.

(1) A diminutive wooden structure, to shield against rain, a full sized figure of our *Saviour on the cross* : where the peasantry in the evening assemble to pray.

Within this very structure and in the adjoining houses, some 10,000 regulars and militia must have bivouacked that night, [14th September 1759]. Levi on his way from Montreal to take command at Quebec, after fully fortifying it at all points, left there as commander, an experienced French officer, of the name of Dumas; the friar, Father Alexis Dubuiron is said to have acted as almoner to the troops, or at least, to have been an inmate of the Fort.

In April 1760, the Montreal militia and regulars, on their way to re-take Quebec rendez voused there. Fortune, at first, smiled on them; they inflicted a memorable defeat on the 28th April, on General Jas. Murray, who re-entered first Quebec, his long-legged highlanders being swifter of foot, than Levi's warriors, fortunately for him.

Though Murray was censured for quitting his intrenchments to risk a battle at Ste. Foye, against a superior force, Levi's desperate venture, was named *La folie de Lévi*, Levi's folly. A brave deed is recorded, in Sept. 1760, when Murray besieged and took the fort; an inhabitant of the *Bois de l'Ail*, one Joseph Lamotte, rushed out under a withering fire and spiked a cannon, returning safe.

"Not many years back says the *Abeille*, of 5th July, 1850, there stood in the neighborhood, a large pine tree, dead from old age. The owner of the land on hewing down this veteran, was much surprised to find imbedded in its trunk thirty old gun barrels and twelve silver cups; the gun stocks were much corroded by worms; the cups, however, were in a good state of preservation though blackened by time and damp; they were about three inches in height and of the weight of five silver dollars."

Quebec, June 1888.

QUEBEC TO PORTNEUF.

V

Winter Travel in the Olden Time between Quebec and Montreal— Wayside Inns— The Grand Barons of Portneuf and Their Ferocious Dogs—Perrot, the Bald.

To one blessed with a placid, enquiring and observant mind, with good digestive powers superadded, the old style of travel from Quebec to Montreal by easy stages in winter was not without its pleasing episodes. Of course the mode of locomotion, in summer, was by steam, until the close of the season, when on, or about, the 22nd November, the river steamer of those days, the "Accommodation" went into winter quarters. This takes us back to the lively times of Little King Craig, as that charming *raconteur*, De Gaspé, styled sturdy Sir J.-H. Craig, who meant to govern Canada, in the same absolute way he previously commanded his own regiment.

There was then a continuous, though not a large, stream of travel, from western Canada to Quebec. Members of Parliament congregated here, as at present, during the session. Judges and barristers attended Circuit or other courts, business men visited the capital, &c. The wayside inns, carefully licensed by Government flourished. No such fraud as the modern temperance hotel, with its execrable whisky was then in existence; none would have been tolerated; occasionally, then as now, an easterly snow storm blocked up the winter roads; those travelling by the *stage* as it was then called, had to wait until Boreas had spent his fury, beguiling away the time, as best they could, with cards or

books — frequently by paying a flying visit to the parish magnates. First, to the Cure, generally a genial, hospitable, pleasant, white-haired old gentleman ; the village doctor, usually a talkative, ardent *patriote* ; the parish notary, a stiff-necked, quaint official, the legal *fac-totum* of the parish, whose deportment on such occasions became more dignified by the addition of a white choker and black coat.

In these happy days the Canadian peasant, untainted by the present new fangled theories was as a rule, a genial host to meet ; perhaps, in agriculture a trifle behind the times, but justly and truly a fair representative of that nationality, which our late fellow-townsmen, Andrew Stuart, K. C., styled “un peuple gentilhomme.” When other amusements failed, travellers could get both amusement and instruction, by listening to the quaint legends about Indian scalping—thrilling anecdotes bequeathed from father to son, anent the great siege of 1759—narratives of the plundering raids during *la guerre des Bastonnais*, in 1775, related with that charming *bonhomie* which distinguished these village patriarchs.

The Grand Trunk Railway, opened in 1853, killed off the good old stages. Two rival lines, the *Red* line, owned by Michel Gauvin, in Couillard street, the *Blue* line, by S. Hough, ran on alternate days. The charge from Quebec to Montreal, involving, in duration, a trip of two days, was \$10, meals and sleeping quarters extra. Punctually at 6 a. m. every week day (except when a heavy storm interfered) Gauvin's or Hough's long, covered sleigh, provided with curtains and seats for four travellers, and a driver, pulled up, in the dusk of a winter morning, in front of the old Albion Hotel, in Palace street, or of Schlep's Globe Hotel (now the St. Louis Hotel), in St. Louis street. Two stout Canadian horses, tandem style, with strings of heavy *grelots* round their necks, took the stage at a brisk trot to St. Augustin, at Brunet's hotel, where a relay of fresh horses

awaited. The next relay was put on either at Cap Santé, or, at noon, at Marcotte's or Hamelin's hotel, at Deschambault, where a plain but substantial meal awaited the travellers :— pork, chops, sausages, a beefsteak and vegetables. (1) Another stoppage or two occurred before reaching Ostrom's hotel, at Three Rivers, at 9 p. m., when the snow-roads were in good condition. There an ample fare was provided for the numbed travellers, whose first care, on reaching, consisted in asking for the *coup d'appétit*, a glass of West India Shrub — a stimulant much in request in those days — unknown in ours—or a tumbler of *sangree* (mulled wine.) At dinner, some of McCallum's or Molson's prime ale was served in foaming tankards. When the Judge was travelling on circuit with a few members of the Bar, His Honor

(1) At the breaking up of the winter roads in April, travel would by necessity, nearly cease for a week or two : and travellers, being few, the culinary department, at the way side Inn, suffered in a corresponding ratio. Loud were the complaints at this season, of the unlucky travellers. A well remembered Quebecer — that incurable practical joker, Solicitor General Charles Ogden, — having to attend the criminal term in Montreal, in April, — stopped for dinner at—

An ancient shanghai rooster was served, so tough, so forbidding in aspect that, the Solicitor General and *confrère*, instantly ordered, by way of staving off hunger — an *omelette au lard*. " I will yet be even " quietly remarked the Canadian jurist—on leaving the Inn : — *Madame*, never treated me so." The two travellers reached safely Montreal that night.

The Court being over, Solicitor General Ogden and his *confrère* took the Blue line to return to Quebec, stopping, as usual for dinner, at the Inn at—— where the week previous they had fared so poorly, when. Lo ! and behold their dread enemy, the old rooster, made again his appearance on the dinner table. Mr. Ogden, assuming one of his most tragic airs, vowed he could not dine without mustard and asked for the mustard pot— : the mustard pot was hunted for high and low : *Madame* insisting she herself had placed it on the table. The eminent jurist, turning round sharply towards the mistress of the Inn.—said : " I do declare, this is the old cock, served, to us last week, and I can prove what I say." *Madame* became pale with rage or dismay, when Ogden, turning over the inauspicious fowl, inserted his *fork in the inside* and pulled out triumphantly the *corpus delicti*, the missing mustard pot inserted by him, surreptitiously, in the rooster, the week previous ! Tableau !

would occasionally order a beverage easily obtainable then, but difficult to procure at present, a bottle of sound Madeira. A rubber of whist, a cigar and then to bed, in order to start a fresh, in the grey morning, so as reach at 9 p. m., at the end of the remaining 90 miles, Dumaine's livery stables, Montreal, where the tired horses were stabled, after having been changed for fresh ones four times in the course of the day.

The travellers at the end of the journey would separate, sometimes reluctantly, after summing up pleasantly the number of upsets, they had had in snow-drifts, recalling with loud guffaws the energetic and numerous *sacrés*, uttered by the impatient Jehu each time he had to turn his horses in the snow to make a *rencontre* and occasionally to unharness and hitch on again his sturdy roadsters.

Five hours of smart driving with the Red Line of stages, had brought me to the picturesque banks of the river Portneuf, about 40 miles from Quebec. I had crossed the lofty Jacques Cartier bridge, scanned the commanding position, viewed with interest the half-filled ditches of the historic Fort Jacques Cartier, which on the 14th September, 1759, sheltered the panic-stricken, bedraggled French squadrons, in full rout from the conquering foe, then bivouacked on the Plains of Abraham ; here, the brave Marquis of Albemarle took his stand and successfully defied Murray's claymores untill the 1st September of the following year. The site of this old fort is very accurately described in Chevalier Johnstone's *Memoirs of the siege*, re-published by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. It was indeed the best rallying point the French troops could secure, preparatory to the final attack on Quebec, on the 28th April, 1760, a victory which in the end was tantamount to a defeat. On the eastern shore of the Jacques Cartier, there exists still structures and unmistakable traces of the vast mills established there by the wealthy Allsop family as early as 1773.

Fabulous sums seem to have been spent in developing the timber trade in this locality. But let us hie on to a spot rich in ancient lore—once sacred to Baronial pride, and to those multifarious burthens and restrictions in the tenure of land, of which Hon. L.-T. Drummond, by act of Parliament, relieved us in 1854. God be praised !

Here, on the banks of the river Portneuf, flourished two centuries and a half back a whole race of warlike, proud French seigneurs raised to be Barons by Louis XIV ; here, lived Sieur Pierre Robineau, seigneur de Portneuf, as early as 1636, and his noted son, Baron René Robineau, the father of a patriarchal family of children, nine in number, apparently as full of mischief as the boys of our own time. History tells of the wicked tricks they played on their father's *censitaires* by frightening them out of their senses, with the pack of ferocious hounds kept at the Manor, ostensibly to protect its inmates from Iroquois' treachery. The peaceful settlers of Portneuf dare not pass the Manor, and not without reason. The Seigniorial hounds, on one occasion, nearly ate up an unfortunate old squaw. (*Histoire du Cap Santé*, page 34.) Martial tastes ever distinguished the race. Seigneur Pierre Robineau in his youth served in France as an ensign in the great Turenne's regiment. The future Baron returned from France in 1644, after holding a commission in a French regiment of dragoons. His father was a member of the Company of One Hundred Partners, founded by Richelieu in 1627, to whom the French King had ceded Canada. Attracted by the richly wooded country and by the eel, sturgeon and salmon fisheries on the Portneuf, he settled there and made clearings.

The title to the land was signed in 1647 only, and not in his favor, but in favor of Sieur de la Potherie, whose daughter he married on the 7th July, 1671 ; the land was ceded by deed, on behalf of the great monarch of France to René Robineau, the son of Pierre. In 1681, as a reward for meri-

torious services rendered by father and son, the signiory of Portneuf was erected as a Barony ; René Robineau became by Royal letters-patent, Baron de Portneuf.

The Barony, however, was not without its internal trials, social as well as foreign : of course, the main enemy continued to be the ubiquitous Iroquois. Discord and civil strife soon crept in, under guises which would not be considered insuperable to-day. The annals of the adjoining parish of Cap Santé, recently collected in book form by one of its venerable pastors, Rév. M. Gatien, under the supervision of a fellow of the Royal Canadian Society, Abbé Casgrain, disclose among others, an incident which at the time shook the settlement to its base. " In 1709, an inhabitant of Portneuf, publicly taxed one Perrot, who lived at Deschambault, with being a " bald head, " *un pelé*. The chronicler adds that such really was the case ; " like Chicot, mentioned by the historian Faillon, who survived the loss of his scalp, Perrot being pretty tough had survived also the loss of his wig, love locks to boot ; the scalping having been done by those exquisite operators, the Iroquois, with remarkable nicety, one would imagine.

By some curious process of reasoning, the charge was considered by the Deschambault folks, a dire insult to the whole settlement, one which blood alone could wipe off.

Preparations were made for the fray ; the fight to come off on the feast of Pentecoste. Soon the news of the impending struggle reached the ears of the Intendant and Minister of Justice, at Quebec ; Jacques Raudot, was not an official to be trifled with. He forthwith put forth an *ordonnance* which was to be read at the church door, inflicting imprisonment and a fine of six livres against any one mixing himself up with the fray. The *capitaine de la côte* was also instructed to forward to Quebec—in chains possibly—the culprits. War was thus averted and peace at last restored between the belligerents. Intendant Raudot appears to

have had other troubles of less magnitude, which, with a few ordonnances, he succeeded in quelling, such as the order of presenting the *pain béni* (holy bread) on Sundays, &c., &c.

To revert to the Portneuf feudal magnates. Several sons and grandsons of Baron Portneuf took up military service in the colony. A worthy descendant, the Rev. René Robineau, parish priest of St. Joachim, fell during the siege of 1759, on the 23rd August, whilst leading on bravely his parishioners against the invaders of the soil. Another perished in 1761, on the coast of Newfoundland, in the melancholy shipwreck of the ill-fated "Auguste," whilst returning to France. The seigniori of Portneuf, after changing hands several times, was acquired by the Ursuline Nuns of Quebec, in 1744. These ladies held it many years. Later on, it was purchased by the late George Burns Symes, of Quebec. At his death this fine property reverted to his daughter Clara, at present the Marquise de Bassano.

QUEBEC TO DESCHAMBAULT.

VI

The Deschambault Manor — Its Past and Present.

In my last I described a pleasant winter trip to Portneuf, by the old Red and Blue lines of stages, extinct more than thirty years ago.

I have a few words to say respecting a delightful visit I made by railway recently to the old seigniorial manor of Deschambault, in the sunny month of June. Deschambault, Cap Lauzon, as it is styled on old charts, contains a beautiful cape studded with trees. It lies on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, forty-five miles from Quebec. An agricultural district, it was not favored by the profuse expenditure of money, on behalf of Quebec merchants, like Portneuf by Mr. McNider, in 1805, by W.-B. Coltman, a leading St. Peter street merchant, in 1806, and subsequently by the late Hon. E. Hale.

The first seigniors, Jacques Alex. Fleury, seigneur d'Eschambault and Joseph Fleury, seigneur De la Gorgendière, were important personages in New France, in their day, under English rule. Louis-Joseph Deschambault, who had retired to France with his aunt, the Marquise de Vaudreuil, was named Aide-de-Camp. There is little, however, here or elsewhere, to remind one of their doings in feudal times, in Canada. Seigniorial dues having been commuted in 1854, by Act of Parliament, no noisy coops of crowing cocks and hens, *chapons vifs et en plumes*, are driven now by the peasantry to the seigniorial manor, at Michaelmas; as

of old, the eleventh fish caught in the river is not handed to the Lord of the manor.

A peasant can keep tame pigeons without fear of a fine ; he may even grind his corn whenever he likes, cook his bread when, how and where he thinks proper. These memories of a dim, unregretted past are rapidly fading away.

Here and there we may collect from tradition episodes of the great conflict in 1759, between France and England, narratives of the passage of Arnold's ruthless invaders in 1775-6. One thing however, to regret, is the gradual disappearance of the old seigniorial manors ; one so loves the old manors. There are, however, some few exceptions to the rule. It is pleasant to record them, and commend the spirit of the proprietors in endeavoring to preserve the few links that yet connect the past with our own times.

The present possessor of the manor of Deschambault, Mr. G.-M. Fairchild, jr., has the spirit of the antiquarian and an intense love for old traditions and customs ; the manor so long as it remains in his hands will rear its hoary head, undisturbed by the vandalism of modern architects.

One bright, early June morning, when all nature seemed alive with joyous revelry in the warm sunshine of young summer, I stepped from the train at Portneuf Station and was cheerily greeted by my friend S...., who was there with his buckboard, to drive me to Deschambault.

The road from the station is down a tortuous hill along side the noisy, brawling, madly tumbling, foam-covered Portneuf river, entering its final race ere emptying into the St. Lawrence. What a delicious green the fields have taken on ! and how fresh the young verdure of the maple and birch beside the hemlock's deeper tint ! Among the softly murmuring pines and balsams of the higher hillside, I hear my little friend, the white-throated sparrow, uttering in clear tones : *Sow-the wheat ! sow-the wheat !! sow-the wheat !!!* but with his accustomed shyness, keeping well out of sight.

After a glimpse of a mill through the trees, and a short distance further on, we come upon the old grist mill that in years gone by contributed many a sack of flour towards the supply of England, now alas ! doing very little more than grinding up oats for the neighbouring farmers. A dusty meal-covered miller sticks his head out of a window and wishing us a *bonjour* ! returns to his work. A few moments more, and we come to the village of Portneuf cosily nestled under the hill on the bank of the St. Lawrence. A little wheezy market boat is tied to the wharf, and the entire population of the place has turned out to welcome *Josette* or speed *Baptiste*, or bargain and barter for all kinds and sorts of farm produce. We pass the pretty little church, and the presbytery where Abbé Provencher wrote his work "La Flore Canadienne." Did Herr Peter Kalm botanize here in 1749 ? How I should have enjoyed botanizing through the neighboring fields and woods, I thought ! The seigniority of Portneuf was created a barony in 1681. It belonged to Chevalier René Robineau. He is mentioned as being exceedingly prosperous, inasmuch as he thoroughly understood the needs of his people.

Canadian Barons' were permitted scaffolds, gibbets, whipping-posts—, prisons and other civilizing apparatus. Did the pompous old Baron have either, or did he consider himself safe inside of his massive walls with his fierce hounds ? Who can tell ?

The country seat of the learned Sir James Stuart (he expired in 1853) Baronet, in his lifetime Chief Justice of Lower Canada, is on a plateau on the right of our road and commands a fine view up and down the river. It is a substantial stone building and was much resorted to by the old Baronet in his closing years. The property is now owned by the Sewell Bros., grandsons of the great Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell.

We are now in the parish of Deschambault, and to the left of the road on a long point of land jutting into the river, stands the Manor of Deschambault, with its numerous out-buildings looking not unlike a small village. The house is massive stone building, some ninety feet frontage with a piazza extending around three sides of it. It stands within fifty feet of the St. Lawrence, and as it is but some fifteen feet above high water mark, its proximity to the river lends an additional charm to it. The rooms are low, studded with massive floor beams blackened with age. Open fire places abound in which in y^e olden time vast fires were kept up in winter. Some of the division walls in the house are of heavy masonry with curious little closets let in. The house is full of strange nooks. A valuable fishery is attached to the property, and a small artificial pond near the house is full of living fish taken from the weirs. There are but few finer snipe grounds in Canada than a little higher up the beach, and as for ducks and geese in the spring and fall they are legion.

What an ever changing scene the river presents, as one views it from the piazza ! Now it is an ocean-steamer proudly breasting the current of the Richelieu rapids and leaving behind her a vast trail of smoke and foam, while descending the rapids is a small fleet of lateen-rigged batteaux driving along like race-horses under the influence of favoring wind and current, followed perhaps by a large raft of square timber covered with small sails and *cabanes*, before which burn bright wood-fires, and to our ears comes faintly the sound of a violin. The tide is almost out and quaint weed-covered rocks rear their heads throughout the bay ; the river contracts ; yon distant island, a wee speck at high water, now joins the main land. The scene changes ; the tide rushes up, and meeting head winds and the rapids, a heavy sea rises and the water is covered with white caps. Dark clouds gather in the west and come swiftly forward,

and the thunder, in angry voice, gives warning of a heavy shower and squalls. The water turns dark and threatening and the small craft hasten to shorten sail and make things snug. The storm breaks, and while we sit behind the closed windows, watching it, we see two large waterspouts form and go tearing across the river to break on the opposite bank. It is but a summer shower and soon disappears down the river, and the late afternoon sun breaking out again, bathes the opposite shore in a flood of crimson light reflected from little foamy cascades that break over the cliffs.

Pointe Platon House, Seignor Joly's happy home, shows its roof and chimneytops above the trees. The spire of the Church at Cap Santé is fairly ablaze. The village and beautiful Church of Deschambault, on the high point, are brilliantly outlined against the western sky, the whole forming a *coup d'œil* of surpassing beauty.

Mr. Fairchild (1) intends shortly, 'tis said, to retire from

(1) George M. Fairchild, jr., is indeed quite a voluminous writer on lake, forest and field sports. For years, a copious contributor to the columns of *Forest and Stream* and other sporting magazines, he is an especial favorite with the lover of rod, gun and snow shoe.

Possessed of good descriptive powers, a keen observer, there is an odour of the pine grove pervading his pages, in which you may occasionally detect the murmur of the waterfall and tally-ho of the hunter : let us hope, he will soon set to rescue, from the columns of magazines and periodicals his graceful sketches of forest life in the Laurentian range, north of our city. The following are some of his best effusions, which ere long will be collected in permanent form.

<i>Winter Sports in Canada</i>	1873
<i>Summer Sports in Canada</i>	1874
<i>Quebec to Lake St. John</i>	1874
<i>A snow shoe tramp to the Saguenay River</i>	1875
<i>Winter Life in the Far North</i>	1875
<i>Camp Fires in the Far North</i>	1876
<i>On the Jacques Cartier</i>	1876
<i>Half Hours with Christopher North in his shooting Jacket</i>	1878
<i>Caribou hunting in Canada</i>	1880
<i>Notes of an Angler in the North</i>	1881
<i>Trout tails and snow shoe trails</i>	1888

" Canadian Leaves " that rare volume of good things was brought

active commercial pursuits in New York and take up his permanent residence in the Manor. With his literary tastes and fine library of Canadian works, he is likely to make the old house a Mecca for our *litterateurs* and students of Canadian history, and again shall it rise from out of the past and be known of men.

28th June, 1888.

out under Mr. Fairchild's editorship, as was *Notes on the Jesuits*, a M. S. S., belonging to the Neilson Estate.

Our snow shoe clubs and canadian *litterati* are indebted to the President of the *Oritani Snow Shoe Club* and Vice-President of the *Canadian Club of New-York*, for various courtesies and for the open handed hospitality, extended to them, when visiting the Empire city. Hackensack, Mr. Fairchild's country seat nerr the Hudson recalls to his canadian friends, many pleasant memories.

"Clickety-click, our snowshoes say,
And over the hills and far away
We leave dull care for another day,
And quickly and joyously take our way.

Through the woods, with their mantle deep,
Through the swamps in their winter sleep,
In single file, with cheeks aglow,
We leave our trail in the sparkling snow.
Clickety-click, our snowshoes say."

(*From a Snowshoe Song by G. M. Fairchild, Jr.*)



The President of the Oritanis in his Sporting Jacket.

MEGANTIC.

VII

Megantic — its pioneers — its asbestos mines — its beautiful lakes — Dr. D.-H. Howard's map.

Inverness, 7th March, 1889.

A rapid change has taken place in the weather, it is more than moist ; old Sol went down in tears ; in fact, it has turned to rain. No chance of any outside barbarian invading our little parlor in this snug wayside Inn.

Let us take advantage of the hush of the evening to confide to our trusty diary, our glimpses during the past week, of Megantic, amidst its breezy hills.

How delightful it was during the severe weather of yesterday, warmly clad, to skim briskly in a well equipped cutter, over the Alpine drifts — our only thoroughfares at this season ! Winter too has its sunshine.

To a native in good health, the grating of the “beautiful” crackling under the steel runners, accompanied with the lively tinkle of the sleigh bells, recalls the winter joys of his boyhood, the “trotting” match — the snowshoe tramp — the toboggan slide on the village common.

Here we are comfortably housed for the night in that favored section of our rugged, but fair, land of the north, styled the Eastern townships ; a little kingdom of itself, of bush, pasturage, lake, mountain and valley, watered by several deep or rapid rivers, and by innumerable trout streams : the St. Francis, the Coaticook, the Becancour,

the Nicolet, the Beaurivage, the Chaudiere, the Etchemin, and their tributaries.

In the days when our famous wheat lands of the west were but a howling wilderness, this expanse rejoiced in the proud appellation of the Garden of Lower Canada. Its hardy settlers hailed from England, Scotland, Ireland, the Orkneys—a concrete mass leavened by the sturdy descendants of the United Empire Loyalists from beyond the border and by a sprinkling of French Canadians; they hewed their way, the brave fellows, through the maple and pine groves, at the dawn of the century. (1)

Where stood of yore, the solitary log hut of 1802, now looms out the roomy farm-house, surrounded by orchards, meadows, cattle sheds, with the little Kirk or parish church peeping over the hill close by.

“Stand where'er you will, surrounding you the homesteads are abound-
[ing.
And the curling smoke ascending from the chimneys everywhere;
You may hear the roosters crowing, bleating sheep, and cattle lowing
And the woodman's axe resounding through the forests here and
[there.”

(A. MCKILLOP.)

Several extensive counties have been created : Arthabaska and Drummond, Megantic, Wolfe, Compton, Richmond ;

DATE OF SOME OF THE GOVERNMENT GRANTS.

- (1) Inverness, Sir R.-S. Milnes, Wm. McGilvray, 9th Aug. 1802.
- Wolfestown, Sir R.-S. Milnes, Nicholas Montour, 14th Aug. 1802
- Thetford, Sir R.-S. Milnes, Dr. John Mervin Nooth, 10th Nov. 1802
- Broughton, Sir R.-S. Milnes, Henry Jenkins and W. Hall, 20th Oct. 1800
- Tring, Sir R.-S. Milnes, sundry persons, 20th July 1804.
- Nelson, Sir R.-S. Milnes, officers and privates, Can. Militia, 21st April 1804.
- Halifax, Sir R.-S. Milnes, Benjamin Jobert, 1st Aug. 1802.
- Compton, Sir R.-S. Milnes, Jesse Pennoyer, 13th Aug. 1802.
- Somerset, Sir R.-S. Milnes, officers.
- Frampton, Sir James-Henry Craig, sundry persons, 9th Sept. 1808.
- Leeds, Sir George Prevost, George Hamilton, 7th Dec. 1812?

picturesque villages, mining locations of fabulous wealth : Inverness, Leeds, Coleraine, Thetford, Broughton, Tring, Nelson, Somerset, &c.

Beauce, the adjoining county, has its Pactolus, perhaps two ; its auriferous streams, the Gilbert and the Famine. Megantic is equally proud, and rightly so, of its asbestos and antimony mines, &c.

Forty years have nearly elapsed since the railway breathed here the spirit of life, and lo ! the portals of the honored region were opened to the outer world ; first, the Quebec and Richmond division of the *Grand Trunk* Railway ; next, the *Quebec Central*, forerunners both of other lines to follow, now actively pushed forward. Boston evidently will soon be tapped direct and open out a short rout.

The soil of the Eastern Townships is not however uniformly fertile ; it is in many places rocky and poor. A great portion is suitable for the growth of cereals and root crops ; a still greater tract is well adapted for pasturage and grazing. Sherbrooke, Quebec and Montreal get some of their choicest Easter joints from the Eastern Townships, whilst English and American capital seeks investment in their exhaustless mineral deposits and Canadian merchants export to Britain, the valuable products of their forests.

The exuberant harvests of our western territory has had a disquieting effect on the old country yeomanry of the Eastern Townships ; several, of late years have dreamed of a new Eldorado in the wheat fields of Manitoba—in the ranches of Calgary—even in the sheep walks of British Columbia. “ Go West, young man ” Horace Greely’s stirring advice has also been dinned in the willing ear of the sons of the hardy Megantic farmer of other days.

Jean Baptiste having discovered that his farm on the Lower St. Lawrence, exhausted by two centuries of remorseless and unskilful tillage, threatened to give out, was ready to purchase land in the Eastern Townships for his

heirs, sold with mild regret, his long, narrow strip of worn out soil, where rotary crops and artificial fertilizers were unknown and resigned himself to become a landed proprietor under the free and common soccage tenure of Megantic, Compton, Richmond, &c ; thus, township estates have rapidly changed hands of late years. At present the R. C. Chapel stands side by side with the temple of Protestant worship. It will require their united prayers to dispel some of the clouds gathered by politicians over the soil.

The population of the county of Megantic foots up to 22,000 ; Inverness counts about 360 souls, one quarter of which are of French lineage.

Just as I was preparing to fasten the clasp of my cherished diary, regretting, I had not time to note more about Megantic, I received a very welcome visit. Mr. D.-H. Howard, the active and intelligent young editor of the *Weekly Review*, having heard that I was desirous of learning something about the annals and mining resources of the place, kindly called and submitted for my inspection a map of that section of the country, most carefully prepared by himself, showing the boundaries of the adjoining counties and even, each lot in detail, as laid out and miniaturized on the Township Cadastral plans, of record in the Registry Office, on which he had inscribed every county or parish road ; conspicuous among them, I could follow the old military road, the Craig Road, cut out to the frontier, in 1809, by direction of Sir James-Henry Craig, then Governor-General of Canada. (1)

The two railway lines were also clearly indicated.

(1) Traced out originally, in 1800, by Joseph Kilborne, Deputy Provincial Land Surveyor, at the expense of Joseph Frobisher and other land holders in the townships through which it passes ; in 1809, detachments of troops were employed in clearing and making the road and erecting bridges over the rivers.—(Bouchette, p. 572.)

Let us hope the Province, or the Railway or Mining Companies, will take hold of such a valuable map—assume it and by having it printed, render it available to the public.

Mr. Howard was good enough to furnish me with information of the several mining companies now working the asbestos and antimony Mines in Megantic, Thetford, Coleraine, Broughton, &c. I have pleasure in mentioning the leading companies.

Johnson's Company, Bell's Asbestos Mining Co. (Limited). King Bros., Ward Bros. and Ross, (lately disposed of), Anglo Canadian Asbestos Mining Co., the Megantic Mining Co., Frechette Mining Co., W.-H. Lambly, La Compagnie Minière de Coleraine, Dr. James Reed, Louis Werthiem, Scottish Canadian Asbestos Co., Thetford Mining Co., Johnston and Loomis.

THE MEGANTIC LAKES

"Have you heard of great Megantic, where the sights are so romantic?
That the traveller often lingers on the landscape he admires;
Stands to view the winding river, while the balmy breezes quiver,
On the vast extending vista, where the vision never tires.

There are rough and rugged mountains, there are floods and flowing
[fountains,
There are lovely lakes expanding in the valley to be seen;
There are peaks that cast their shadows over undulating meadows,
But the winter scene is grandest where the woods are ever green.

In the dark'ning distance yonder, there are hills that stood the
[thunder
Of the ages long departed ere this continent was known;
Lofty woodlands most enchanting, sylvan ranges gently slanting
Downward, to the chain of waters that for centuries have flown." (1)

A. McKILLOP.

(1) Suggested during a sleigh ride over the hills that overlook Lake Joseph and the valley of the Thames, to the beautiful estate of the late COL. CHAS. CAMPBELL, near the Village of St. Ferdinand, on the shores of Lake William, Halifax.

“ Truly has the bard said, the landscape of Megantic is most lovely ; but though the hills and dales, mountains and valleys are grandly beautiful, yet they are eclipsed by the charming aspect of the lakes, that run through the county—four in a string, pearls on the “ Thames ” necklace ; the upper one, Black Lake, is situate in a wild region, full of minerals and where now are worked several rich asbestos quarries. A few miles further down runs Trout Lake, well deserving its name, and below that again, its waters emptying themselves into Lake William, one of the most lovely lakes to be seen in the wide universe ; both hidden between high mountains, clothed to their summits, in summer, with the most luxuriant vegetation, where abound the stately elm, the wide spreading black birch, the magnificent maple without a branch for 40 or 50 feet, from the ground and then branching out with enormous limbs that keep other giants of the forest at a distance and make these woods have a park-like appearance. Here and there, the mighty pine, cedar and spruce give variety to the monotony that would otherwise be, if there were but one description of timber. The lake itself is about 5 miles long and from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ broad, having the most lovely points or capes as seamen would call them, jetting out into its waters and which form picturesque bays which present even on stormy days when the outer-water is studded with white caps, a placid and mirror-like appearance, so protected are they by the woods or hills that surround them, from every breeze that otherwise might ruffle their surface. In one of the recesses of these sunny bays, has sprung up within a couple of decades, the large village of St. Ferdinand, with its stately church, seminary, convent and various factories, surrounded with prettily designed houses and cottages, and where “ all save the spirit of man is divine.” When first the traveller catches a glimpse of this romantically situated village, when topping the crest of the hill on the Gosford Road, from which he looks down upon it and the Bay, he becomes lost in bewilderment at the beauty of the scene, and if, at the time when the *Angelus* bell might on a still evening be ringing, his senses become enraptured by the musical chimes which air, water and the eternal hills echo, throw back and assert that an omniscient One reigns, and gives, to us, poor mortals on earth, a faint view of paradise. Truly St. Ferdinand is a favored spot.

“ And lastly comes Lake Joseph or as the Scotch who settled upon it, call it, Loch Lomond ; it vies with Lake William, in its beauty, but lacks its breadth.”

“ One of the most impressive scenes, the writer ever witnessed, happened upon its shore, more than twenty years ago. A revival had taken place in the township among the Baptists on a Sunday, in the month of February, with the thermometer indicating 20° below zero ; a hole about 30 feet by 10 feet was cut in the ice, close to the banks of the lake and there stood around it, a crowd of stern, ascetic looking people, reminding one of those who contended with Claverhouse, in the days of the Covenanters. From this crowd surged out continually candidates for immersion and in this icy bath were they received, and completely immersed, both men and women. The intensity of the cold was such that men were employed with poles to keep the water free of the ice, continually forming and yet though the distance which they had to go to obtain shelter, and a change of clothing was at least 100 yards, so great was the effect of the religious ceremony on their minds that none of them, as far as could be learned, experienced any ill effects from this hyperborean bath.

“ CLAYMORE. ”

BEAUCE. — (STE. MARIE.)

VIII

The Foot-prints of the Invader in 1775.

“ There was much mortality amongst the bullocks, sheep and pigs of Beauce this year (1775) ; our hen roosts suffered equally.”

(From the Diary of a Beauce farmer.)

Much respected reader, hoping you have rallied from the hardships of our recent trip and that you are ready to accompany us in the leafy season through the gorges of Bic, revelling amidst the weird and majestic scenery of the Lower St. Lawrence, as far and farther, than Matane and Metis, “ the land of the Gael,” we will, with your leave, indulge in a short ramble nearer home. Come then and view the picturesque Chaudière Valley, “ following the winding of the river to the parish of St. Mary, straggling through a flat and rich country,” having at present, as it appears to have had in the days of Benedict Arnold, according to Bancroft, “ for its ornament many low, bright, white-washed houses, the comfortable abodes of a cheerful, courteous and hospitable people.”

You are now within the district of La Nouvelle Beauce, not than sunny Beauce of old France, “ the land of corn, wine and oil,” but the Beauce of New France, wheat and gold producing, rich in its alluvial pasturages, mineral deposits, populous ; and though skirting the classic soil of wooden-nutmegs, hickory hams, spiritualism, lynch law, and woman’s rights, as yet untainted with the virus of democracy !

Several parishes : St. Isidore, St. Malachie, Ste. Claire, St. Anselme, St. Elzéar, Ste. Marguerite, St. Edouard, Ste. Henedine, Ste. Marie, St. Joseph, St. François, St. George ; half a score of populous townships, Tring, Broughton, St. Ephrem, Buckland, compose the judicial district of Beauce—a substantially built Court House and jail, looming from the top of the heights, mark out St. Joseph as the judicial centre, *chef-lieu* or county town, as it would be styled amongst our brethren of Ontario.

In this spacious temple of Themis, surrounded by his not overworked judicial officials, Coroner, Sheriff, Prothonotary, &c., His Honor, Mr. Justice Pelletier, — holds forth his quaterly sittings, with that suavity of manner peculiar to the race he sprang from. During term, the lawyers following Circuit, generally put up at one or the other of the two village hotels, close to the Court House. The echoes of Beauce still repeat the practical jokes and good humored chaff, exchanged in winter between the gentlemen of the long robe, at their *petits soupers*, in which *fromage raffiné*, and London stout were constant guests. We all know that lawyers on Circuit understand how to enjoy themselves, even if old Judges Cockburn and Barrington had failed to tell us.

But amidst this gossip, I was forgetting that I intend to make this letter chiefly, if not entirely, historical in its aim. We shall then, you and I, go in for history.

I soon struck a sympathetic cord with the Ancient Canadians, who have “ a habitation and a name ” on the fertile banks of the Chaudiere. It was only necessary to tell them I was curious of hearing all about *la guerre des Bas-tonnais*, of which their forefathers must have known a great deal. Many were the traditions handed down of that eventful period ; thrilling were the *souvenirs* of war and plunder poured in my willing ear.

To satisfy one worthy villager, I had actually to walk a long distance from my hotel at St. Mary, to see the spot where stood the seignorial manor of *Seigneur Gabriel Elzéar Taschereau*, who, for having been true to his allegiance, had his goods and chattells seized and sold at auction by Arnold's soldiery—the men, whom nothing but "love of country," as Bancroft says, had led across our border. "At a farm close by," said one of my cicerones, "on the proprietor coming from church on a fine Sunday in November, 1775, he was surprised to find the fat porker he intended for his Christmas dinner and *jours gras* with his throat cut, and a row of fat chickens and gobblers, who would gobble no more, surrounding the porker, with a squad of *Bastonnais* wearing long knives, looking on." It is now more than one hundred years since the "horsedealer" Arnold came pouring down along the Kennebec, with his shoeless, half-starved bands of "tavern-keepers, blacksmiths, butchers, tanners, hatters," all "pretending to be gentlemen, and whom, every man jack of them, the great historian Bancroft, with a wave of his magic wand, transforms into heroes.

How singular, too, that a very trifling incident—the change of a word—should have added so much to the extraordinary terror which the modern Attila and his iron-clad Huns were spreading in the Chaudiere Valley, "Each man *** bore a rifle-barrelled gun, a tomahawk or small axe, and a long knife, usually called a scalping knife, which served for all purposes in the woods. His under-dress, by no means in a military style, was covered by a deep ash-colored hunting shirt, leggings and mocassins, if the latter could be procured ***" (*Henry's Journal*.)

"The Canadians who first saw these (men) emerge from the woods, said they were *vêtus en toile* — clothed in linen. The word *toile* was changed to *tole* — iron plate. By a mistake of a single word, the fears of the people were greatly increased, for the news spread that the mysterious

army that descended from the wilderness was clad in *sheet-iron*." (Lossing's Field Book I, p. 195."

The several journals of the expedition published by the Rhode Island Historical Society, by our own Literary and Historical Society — the comprehensive work of the Honorable George Bancroft, affords us ample data on this unlucky and desperate venture : — " The detachment (1) which Washington, as he thoughtfully brooded over the future, without hope of a speedy termination of the war, sent against Quebec, consisted of ten companies of New England infantry, one of riflemen, from Virginia, and two from Pennsylvania, in all two battalions of about eleven hundred men. The command was given to Arnold, who, as a trader in years past, had visited Quebec, where he still had correspondents. In person he was short of stature, and of a florid complexion ; his broad, compact frame displayed a strong animal nature and power of endurance ; he was complaisant and persuasive in his manners ; daringly and desperately brave ; avaricious and profuse ; grasping but not sordid ; sanguinely hopeful ; of restless activity ; " intelligent and enterprising." The next in rank, as Lieutenant-Colonels, were Roger Enos, who proved to be a craven, and the brave Christopher Greene, of Rhode Island. The Majors were Return J. Meigs, of Connecticut, and Timothy Bigelow, the early patriot of Worcester, Massachusetts. Morgan, with Humphreys and Heth, led the Virginian riflemen ; Hendricks, a Pennsylvanian company ; Thayer commanded one from Rhode Island ; and like Arnold, Meigs, Dearborn, Henry Senter, Melvin, left a journal of the expedition. Aaron Burr, then but nineteen years old, and his friend Mathias Ogden, carrying muskets and knapsacks, joined as volunteers. Samuel Spring attended as chaplain. Boats and provisions having been collected, the detachment,

(1) Bancroft's History of the United States.

on the evening of the 13th September, marched to Bedford. On the 19th, they sailed from Newburyport, and on the morning of the 20th were borne into the Kennebec. They passed the bay where that river and the Androscoggin hold their "merry meeting;" on the 21st they reached the two block-houses, and one large house, enclosed with pickets, which stood on the east bank of the river, then known as Fort Western, on the site of Augusta. An exploring party of seven men went in advance to discover the shortest carrying place from the Kennebec to the Dead River, one of its branches, along a path which had already been marked, but which they made more distinct by blazing the trees and snagging the bushes. The detachment followed in four divisions in as many successive days. Each division took provisions for forty-five days; on the 25th, Morgan and the riflemen were sent first to clear the path; the following day Greene and Bigelow started with three companies of musketeers; Meigs, with four companies, was next in order; Enos, with three companies, closed the rear.

"They ascended the river slowly, to Fort Halifax, opposite Waterville; daily up to their waists in water, hauling their boats against a very rapid current. On the 4th of October they passed the vestiges of an Indian chapel, a fort and the grave of the missionary, Rasle, (who died in 1724). After they took leave of the settlements and houses at Norridgewach, the fatiguing and hazardous course lay up the swift Kennebec, and they conveyed arms and stores through the thick woods of a rough, uninhabited and almost trackless wild; now rowing, now dragging their boats, now bearing them on their backs round rapids and cataracts, across morasses, over craggy highlands. On the 11th, the party reached the dividing ridge between the Kennebec and the Dead River. Their road now lay through forests of pines, balsam, fir, cedar, cypress, hemlock and yellow birch, and over three ponds that lay hid among the trees, and were filled with trout. After passing these, they had no choice but to bear their boats, baggage, stores and ammunition across a swamp, which was overgrown with bushes

and white moss, often sinking knee-deep in the wet turf and bogs. From Dead River, Arnold, on the 13th, wrote to the commander of the Northern army, announcing his plan of co-operation. Of his friends in Quebec he inquired as to the number of troops at Quebec, what ships were there, and what was the disposition of the Canadians and merchants, and he forwarded his letter by an Indian.

"On the 15th October, the main body were on the banks of the Dead River; following its direction a distance of eighty-three miles, encountering upon it seventeen falls, large enough to make portages necessary, and near its course a series of small ponds choked with fallen trees, in ten or twelve days more they arrived at the great carrying place at the Chaudière. On the way they heard the disheartening news that Enos, the second in command, had deserted the enterprise, leading back three companies to Cambridge. Yet, the diminished party, enfeebled by sickness and desertion, with scanty food, and little ammunition, still persevered in their purpose to appear before a citadel, which was held to be the strongest in North America, and which the English officers in Canada would surely defend to the last.

"The mountains had been clad in snow since September; winter was howling around them, and their course was still to the North. On the night preceding the twenty-eighth of October, some of the party encamped on the height of land that divides the waters of the Saint Lawrence and the Atlantic. Some went barefooted for days together. Their clothes had become so torn they were almost naked, and in their march were lacerated by thorns; at night they had no couch or covering but branches of evergreens. Often for successive days and nights they were exposed to cold, drenching storms, and had to cross streams that were swelling with the torrents of rain. Their provisions failed, so that they ate the faithful dogs that followed them to the wilderness. Many a man, vainly struggling to march on, sank down exhausted, stiffening with cold and death. Here and there a helpless invalid was left behind, with perhaps a soldier to hunt for a red squirrel, a jay, or a hawk, or various roots and plants for his food, and to watch his expiring breath. * * * * The men had hauled up their barges nearly all the way for one hundred and eighty miles, through hideous woods and mountains, often to their knees

in mire, over swamps and bays almost impenetrable, which they were obliged to cross three or four times to fetch their baggage ; and yet, starving, deserted, with an enemy's country and uncertainty ahead, officers and men, inspired with the love of liberty and their country, pushed on with invincible fortitude.

“ The foaming Chaudiere hurries swiftly down its rocky channel. Too eager to descend it quickly, the adventurers had three of their boats upset in the whirls of the stream, losing ammunition and precious stores, which they had brought along with so much toil.”

Let us interrupt for a short time Bancroft's glowing account of these dauntless heroes — “ Officers and men, influenced with the love of liberty and their country, pushed on with invincible fortitude,” in order to hear the opinion of an eye witness, Col. Henry Caldwell, one of Wolfe's veterans, the head of the Canadian Militia :— “ A great part of their army,” says he in his letter to Gen. Murray, “ was also composed of Europeans. * * * Of the prisoners we took, about 100 were Europeans, chiefly from Ireland ; the greater part of them engaged voluntarily in Col. McLean's corps, but about a dozen of them deserting in the course of a month, the rest were again confined, and not released till the arrival of the *Iris*, when they were again taken into the corps. You can have no conception what kind of men composed their officers. Of them we took, one Major was a blacksmith, another a hatter ; of their Captains, there was a butcher, a tanner, a shoemaker, a tavern-keeper, &c., &c. Yet they all pretended to be gentlemen.” Persons who saw the rabble of Pigeon Hill and Ridgeway, will readily understand of what “ illegant gentlemen ” the invading army was composed, Bancroft to the contrary notwithstanding.

April, 1888.

BEAUCE. — (ST. JOSEPH).

IX

St Joseph — Dr. Senter's Diary — The New Englanders cross the border in 1775 — The French Canadians cross the border in 1875 — The Monroe doctrine, as understood in Canada.

St. Joseph, Beauce, 10th Dec., 1888.

Doubtless this cherished land of our birth is a favored spot in God's creation, on this green—pardon, whitened earth, the trouble is that when the mercury sinks to the "thirties," one rapidly fails to discover its superior advantages over milder climes.

Who, all considered, would readily exchange our bright summer skies and our cold, but bracing winter, for the malaria of neighbouring cities, for the chills and fever of many of the grand watering places from Cape Cod to Florida, with the periodical recurrence in the west of blizzards, occasional cyclones and Septennial grasshoppers.

Such the patriotic thoughts uppermost in my mind this day, as I stepped from the light cutter in which a hardy Norman pony had drawn me briskly from the remote, snow-crowned hills and lone land of East Broughton.

Not that I was feeling like the great Victor Hugo, when he visited *les Anglais* across the channel—a prey to spleen. Oh! no, but I winced under the keen mountain air and longed for some heat-generating agent—were it even Pain-Killer.

"Pour me guérir du spleen,
J'entrai dans une Inn
Où je bus du Gin,
God Save the Queen!"

(From *Hugo's last English ballad*.)

I was wondering, whether, like Shenstone, I too could count on a warm welcome at the village inn, when on ascending the lofty (1) steps of Monsieur Groleau's hostelry, I was greeted in French by the urbane landlord as follows : "*Sovez le bienvenu ; vous me semblez gelé ; prenez une petite larme ; la bonne liqueur est presque aussi rare à la Beauce qu'au temps des Bastonnais, il y a cent ans et plus.*" Strangely enough in order to follow the foot-prints of the Bastonnais, I had with me a written proof of the truthfulness of his assertion, in the shape of Dr. Senter's Diary of the Quebec Blockade, in 1775-76.

Taking Mr. G—'s greeting and allusion to the Yankees of '75 as auspicious, I replied : " You are right, *mon ami*, stimulants in Nov., 1775 were indeed scarce, and Dr. Senter, the surgeon of Arnold's army (2) mentions how " a quart of New England rum " cost him a " hard dollar "—the only " agreeable " thing he had yet met with since he had crossed the border " he added.

Tradition, however, has told you, I suppose, that the doctor and his braw men fared better, a little distance further, on enquiring at " an old peasant's house, where was a merry old woman at her loom, and two or three fine young

(1) Dwellings, on the banks of the river Chaudière, have to be raised many feet above the level of the river course on account of the tremendous spring floods. Each year about the 18th April, the river overflows the whole Chaudière valley for miles, lending fertility to the meadows but causing also, occasionally, inevitable loss and devastation. In April, 1885, at three a. m., the flood suddenly rose thirty feet through the obstruction caused by ice and under the action of a warm sun, flooding the parlor floor of the village inn six inches deep ; the jam gave way next day and the water receded. To meet these dire contingencies, every house on the river bank is provided with boats and canoes, so as to be prepared to retire at a moment's notice to the hills with the household gods.

(2) The " Journal of Isaac Senter, " Physician and Surgeon to the troops detailed from the American army, encamped at Cambridge, Mass., on a secret expedition against Quebec, under the command of Colonel Benedict Arnold, in September, 1775, published by the *Historical Society of Pennsylvania*, Philadelphia, 1846.

girls," from whom they purchased eggs, rum, sugar and sweetmeats, &c., a delightful change in their diet which, on some days had consisted in dog's flesh and a "bouillon," made out of mocassins, deer skin breeches and other such tidbits, boiled to a jelly. But let us allow the New England doctor to speak out about this hilarious old dame. "On finding out who were her visitors, immediately she fell to singing and dancing *Yankee Doodle* with the greatest air of good nature." Can any one furnish me the name of this sprightly old dame? After settling the Bill, the famished sons of Bellona took their departure; if the truth were known, possibly without causing any regret; bent, however, on returning.

On the 5th November, 1775, a Sunday, the invading host reached the Church or Chapel of St. Mary, thirty miles from Quebec, where they mention having had "a good entertainment, roast turkey, Spanish wine, &c."

I shrewdly suspect the cellar and larder of loyal Seigneur Gabriel Elzéar Taschereau (then absent), supplied the *menu* for the gargantuan feast of the starving patriots, dying to fetch us, unappreciative Canadians, the boon of liberty; but ere they left for Quebec, Senter's Journal furnishes the particulars of an incident which happened a few miles higher up, at Satigan.

In reply to the oration delivered by the Indians, at Satigan, Beauce, on the 4th November, 1775, to Col. Benedict Arnold on his arrival, the Colonel returned the following artful answer: "Friends and Brethren,—I feel myself very happy in meeting with so many of my brethren from the different quarters of the great country, and more so as we meet as friends, and that we are equally concerned in this expedition. Brethren, we are the children of those people, who have now taken up the hatchet against us. More than one hundred years ago we were all as one family. We then differed in our religion and came over to this great country

by consent of the king ; our fathers bought land of the savages and have grown a great people, even as the stars of the sky. We have planted the ground and by our labor grown rich. Now a new king and his wicked great men want to take our lands and money without our consent. This we think unjust, and all our great men from the river St. Lawrence to the river Mississippi, met together at Philadelphia, where they all talked together and sent a prayer to the king, that they would be brothers and fight for him, but would not give up their lands and money. The king's army at Boston came out into the fields and houses, killed a great many women and children while they were peaceably at work.

The Bostonians sent to their brethren in the country, and they came in, unto their relief, and in six days raised an army of fifty thousand men and drove the king's troops on board their ships, killed and wounded fifteen hundred of their men. Since that they durst not come out of Boston. Now we hear the French and Indians in Canada have sent to us that the king's troops oppress them and make them pay a great price for their rum, &c., press them to take up arms against the Bostonians, their brethren that have done them no hurt. By the desire of the French and Indians, we have come to their assistance, with an intent to drive out the king's soldiers ; when drove off, we will return to our own country, and leave this to the peaceable enjoyment of its proper inhabitants. Now, if the Indians, our brethren, will join us, we will be very much obliged to them, and will give them one Portuguese per month, two dollars bounty, and find them their provisions, and their liberty to *chuse* their own officers."

This insidious address delivered by the double traitor, Benedict Arnold, to the rum-loving Aborigines of the Chaudiere, just one hundred and thirteen years ago, affords at the present juncture ample food for reflexion. Bearing in

mind the way in which the red man has been dispoiled of his hunting grounds and oppressed by faithless officials, under the Stars and Stripes, it would, I wean, require more than one "Portuguese" to make him quit his snug Indian reserves under good Queen Victoria, and seek the protection of Uncle Sam.

There are raids too, across the border, at present, but of a peaceable character ; the raiders bear the olive branch, though it would appear they have serious designs ; they meditate the implanting of a Roman Catholic Nationality, in the old Puritan colony of Massachusetts ! A Boston contributor to a well known New York publication (1). Dr. Pros. Bender, in an elaborate article supported by statistics and the census, points out the constant and ever increasing influx of the French Canadians in New England, showing that this prolific race, has in its own country, without the help of emigration, increased from 65,000 in 1760 to 1,700,000 in 1888, a most incredible result.

"Of late years, says Dr. Bender, a significant movement of these people is that in favor of naturalization. They have not, like the Irish or Germans, shown haste in this matter, one reason being their nearness to their native land, in which the French language is so largely spoken and their religion so widely professed : another being the absence of exciting political or material objects. They have 45 naturalization clubs, with many others in course of formation, in which lectures in French are given on the privileges and duties of citizenship. It is believed that within ten years there will be few if any of them not naturalized, all being of late fully alive to the importance of this step. Many have been successful in business, and several have entered the New England legislatures : one, the Massachusetts ; four, the Maine ; two, the Connecticut ; two, the New Hampshire ; and two, the New York ; and they are found among municipal councillors, aldermen, &c. They support in New

(1) New York Magazine of American History, Nov., 1888, "New France in New England," statistics thereon, &c.

England and New York, 9 newspapers ; have 287 French societies, with a total membership of 43,051. This is a most creditable record, in so brief a period, showing capacity for union and political management."

This New France in the New England of the future, may, like the Monroe Doctrine, be in the womb of time, when the *Coutume de Paris* is expected to supersede the last of the Blue Laws of Massachuseits, and when the Beaver, the Maple Leaf and the Tricolor, replace the Star spangled banner, on Plymouth Rock !

About that time, probably, the coming New Zealander, standing, in London, at the base of the Trafalgar column, will be trying by dint of a native interpreter to decipher Paradise Lost.

BEAUCE. — (ST. FRANÇOIS.)

X

The Bobolink — Le Goglu.

(*Dolichonyx orisyvorus*)

St. François, 7th June, 1883.

Here I am at last safe from railway heat and dust, on this lovely 7th of June, and for lack of else to do, musing and sauntering until tea-time, on the green bank of the murmuring *Chaudière*, following its graceful windings. What a true landscape here of the Canada of, modern, as well as of olden times ! The full tide of spring is on us. Heigho !

How many generations have sought and found rural quiet in these fertile wheatfields spread before me ! How many old Norman or Breton love ballads since the first settlement in 1735, have been hummed by French lad and lassie in these rich pasture-lands of La Nouvelle-Beauce ! Who can portray the ever varying, revolving-seasons, the welcome or unwelcome incidents which have swept over this blithe, pastoral region ; how many April ice-shoves, floods, inundations in the valley of Beauce ! How many glowing spring ripples have furrowed this serene, historic stream, since the day—distant, indeed,—when the Jesuit Gabriel Druillettes, the first European to ascend it to the Kennebec, left his Sillery mission on the 22nd August, 1646, to plant the emblem of his faith amidst the wild glens of New England. Yes, the time was when the winding *Chaudière* resounded to the deadly Indian warwhoop.

History tells of the Penobscot Indians, Sabattis and Eneos, escorting on the 7th October, 1775, to unconquerable Quebec, Arnold's trusted German scout, Jacquith ; history tells likewise of the successful march of Arnold's famished but hardy braves, through trackless wilds, ice-bound streams from Cambridge to cold Canada, in the Autumn of 1775. With the graphic Diary of Arnold's surgeon, Dr. Isaac Senter, open before me, I might almost be tempted to fancy I hear the measured tread of the invading host, recruited in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New-York and distant Virginia, skirting the northern bank of the river, from the Kennebec, all along to St. Mary, where, we are told by Dr. Senter, much needed rest and good cheer, in the shape of " Roast turkey and excellent Spanish wine " awaited them ; though the same may have been contributed, mayhaps grudgingly, from the larder and cellar of the Seigneur of the parish, loyal Gabriel Elzéar Taschereau.

I can conjure in my mind's eye, the good time and hearty meals, which followed these protracted hardships, such a prolonged fast, as marked the course of the invaders through our Canadian wilderness. Lt.-Col. Green, of Rhode Island, Majors Return-J. Meigs, of Connecticut ; Timothy Bigelow, of Massachusetts ; Capts. Humphrey, Hendrick, Morgan, Sethe,—pledging one another in bumpers of Prime Benecarlo, drinking " to the fall of Quebec," to the death of the " Saxon tyrant," whilst young Aaron Burr, a lad of nineteen summers, is thoughtfully conversing with his older friend, Major Mathias Ogden. The hoarse tumult of war then, the shrill word of command of the New England musketeer, or the Rhode Island rifleman echoed across the waters, carrying dread to the heart of the leafiest glen of Beauce ; now, the mellowest of sunsets illumines the emerald, undulating uplands to the North, whilst the spruce and fir-groves on the hills, loom out over the southern shore — turbans of greenery and gold. Far off, softened by distance, the shrill

railway whistle is heard this is the nineteenth century speaking out. Directly across the river *Chaudière*, in a vast level meadow, dotted here and there with a majestic elm as a shade tree, may be seen the lithe form of a sturdy Canadian lad, rejoicing in his *beef* mocassins and *bonnet rouge*, with eye intent on the furrow, guiding a docile pair of oxen, yoked to an antique Norman plough, resting on wheels : —this is the seventeenth century.

What is this wild, gushing, rollicking music high in the air overhead ?

It is the hilarious, "mad music" of the bobolink, the rival of the European lark — as Burroughs has it — "the bird that has no European prototype, and no near relatives anywhere, standing quite alone, unique, and, in the qualities of hilarity and musical tintinnabulation, with a song unequalled." Audubon and Wilson had introduced him to our notice in our most tender years. "He has already a secure place in general literature, having been laureated by a no less poet than Bryant, and invested with a lasting human charm in the sunny page of Irvine,—and is the only one of our songsters, I believe, the Mocking-bird cannot parody or imitate. He offers the most marked example of exuberant pride, and a glad, rollicking holiday spirit that can be seen among our birds. Every note expresses complacency and glee. He is a beau of the first pattern, and unlike any other bird of my acquaintance, pushes his gallantry to the point of wheeling gayly into the train of every female that comes along, even after the season of courtship is over and the matches all settled ; and when she leads him on too wild a chase, he turns lightly about and breaks out with a song that is precisely analogous to a burst of gay and self-satisfied laughter, as much as to say "*Ha ! ha ! ha ! I must have my fun ; Miss Silverthimble, thimble, thimble, if I break every heart in the meadow, see, see, see !*"

At the approach of the breeding season, the bobolink undergoes a complete change ; his form changes, his color changes, his flight changes. From mottled brown or brindle he becomes black and white his small, compact form becomes broad and conspicuous, and his ordinary flight is laid aside for a mincing, affected gait, in which he seems to use only the tips of his wings. It is very noticeable what a contrast he presents to his mate at this season, not only in color but in manners, she being as shy and retiring as he is forward and hilarious. Indeed, she seems disagreeably serious and indisposed to any fun and jollity, skurrying away at his approach, and apparently annoyed at every word and look. It is surprising that all this parade of plumage and tinkling of cymbals should be gone through with and persisted in to please a creature so coldly indifferent as she really seems to be. If Robert O'Lincoln has been stimulated into acquiring this holiday uniform and this musical gift by the approbation of Mrs. Robert, as Darwin, with his sexual selection principle would have us believe, then there must have been a time when the females of this tribe were not so chary of these favors as they are now. Indeed, I never knew a female bird of any kind that did not appear utterly indifferent to the charms of voice and plumage that the male birds are so fond of displaying. But I am inclined to believe that the males think only of themselves and of outshining each other, and not at all of the approbation of their mates, as, in an analogous case in a higher species, it is well known who the females dress for and whom they want to kill with envy ? ”

Such our jolly little friend, with the black and white domino.

QUEBEC TO MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

XI

Levis.—Its martial records of the past—Its first settler.

Next to a summer cruise, on board of one of our commodious yachts, along the green isles, or rocky shores of our noble St. Lawrence, down amidst the rippling surf of the *Baie des Chaleurs*, the land of herring and cod, there is no more attractive trip than a July or August ramble from Quebec to that *ultima thule*, the Magdalen Island group.

Prior, however, to casting anchor, under the lofty and verdant capes of *La Demoiselle*, at Amherst harbor, many hundred miles of sea and land intervene; the whole alive with the memories of a historic past and to which siege, battle, legends, Indian ambush, shipwreck in its direst form, lend a powerful, an unflagging interest.

* * *

Levis, the point of junction of several railways: the Intercolonial, the Grand Trunk, and the Quebec and Central Railway, is a thriving town of 13,000 souls, facing Quebec. It is rather ambitious; not to say jealous of its venerable western neighbor. Tolerably well equipped with temples of worship, for its various congregations, the bulk of which are Roman Catholic, it rejoices in a flourishing *Académie Commerciale*, convents, a public hospital of grand dimensions, a respectable City Hall and markets, a first

class hotel and several minor hotels. Shipbuilding, the timber trade at Indian Cove and other berths for ships, and latterly, its vast iron-workshops, have made it what it is. The two first industries have well nigh departed, but a kind Providence sent the afflicted town a Pactolus, in the shape of a new line of railway, from St. Charles to the Levis Ferry, cutting into valuable river lots ; a solace and comfort to the workingman, no less than to the landowner, should the Courts of Justice uphold the monumental claims for compensation, of some of the latter.

About twenty-eight years ago, the locality was known under the name of St. Joseph of Levis.

Increase of population and the exigencies of trade soon necessitated several sub-divisions and dismemberments of this vast territory, which in the days of one of its late *seigneurs*,—Sir John Caldwell,—represented the seignior of Lauzon.

The eastern portion is still called St. Joseph, but in virtue of successive, legislative and canonical decrees, it grew into the town of Levis ; the villages of Bienville, of Lauzon ; the parishes of Notre-Dame of Levis, that of St. David de l'Aube Rivière, the populous parish of St. Romuald.

Pointe Levi played its part, a not unimportant one, in the deadly struggle of 1759, and in the dark days of 1775.

Brigadier General Monckton, at the head of the 43rd and 15th Regiments, with the aid of some ferocious Rangers, paid Levis an unwelcome visit in June, 1759, having a brush with the natives, and their Indian allies, taking three prisoners and wounding three. On nearing the Church of St. Joseph, the British were met by a brisk fire ; Captain Campbell, of Fraser's Regiment (the 78th) who, with his company, held the church, returned the fire—probably with interest.

Panet's *Journal* makes mention of a fighting Levy seignior, by name, Monsieur Charest, who seconded by one Legris, a brave volunteer, and by thirty bloodthirsty Abenakis savages, lay in ambush on the 3rd July 1759, and succeeded in making a prisoner and carrying away eight British scalps, killing in all, about thirty of the enemy.

Levis, like many other Canadian towns, has its annalist and trusty historian : M. J.-E. Roy, who will enlighten any person desirous of looking up the history of this growing locality.

The Pointe Levi Church (St. Joseph), it seems, according to an entry in the diary of old James Thompson, had been set apart by Wolfe, as an hospital for the wounded, in anticipation of the coming engagement on the Plains of Abraham. Thither the wounded of both armies were conveyed, on that eventful 13th of September, in boats from the shore, at Wolfe's Cove ; on the crest above, the victorious army was encamped.

James Thompson, the brave Highlander, who had volunteered for the campaign, under his friend Capt. David Baillie, and who had lost all hope of a commission, by the death of his protector at Louisbourg, appears on that day to have acted as Hospital Sergeant, after the battle.

He describes very graphically how the wounded prisoners, among the French, reached the hospital. The process of carrying the French down to the boats, crossing them over ; and then conveying them on rude ambulances, or handbarrows on which canvass was stretched, was a very tedious one. James Thompson, a perfect Hercules of physical strength, tells how he lost patience, and how he laid hold of a Frenchman sorely hurt, and carried him in his arms all the distance—some four miles—from the Levis landing to the church of St. Joseph, the hospital, and that without stopping to rest."

"I felt pretty exhausted" says he, "when I reached the hospital, and what was worse, I had with the blood-stains, ruined my uniform. The poor devils of Frenchmen uttered loud cries of pain, when we had to move them, but we could not understand a word of what they said. One had the flesh of his cheek hanging on his shoulder, a blow from a sword, on attempting to escape his captors. When the French surrendered as prisoners, matters went smoothly with them, but woe ! to the prisoner who attempted to outrun a Highlander ! Whack ! a blow from the claymore and all was settled."

On the 5th February, 1760, the ice-bridge took across the St. Lawrence, before the city, Captain Saint Martin, of the French army, made an attempt with 800 men to take possession of the English post in the church of Pointe Levi ; General Murray in person crossed over with the 15th, 28th and 78th (Highlanders) and some light in'antry and two field pieces.

He failed to arrest the French in their flight, and returned that night to the city with fifteen prisoners, and without losing any of his own men.

In November, 1775, Col. Benedict Arnold and followers were delayed a whole week at the landing, at Levis, Cramahé having taken the precaution to have all the canoes and boats removed in time, to the Quebec side. Finally with the help of thirty-five canoes, furnished him by the Abenakis of the Chaudiere, he succeeded in effecting a crossing in the vicinity of Wolfe's cove, despite the presence of two British men-of-war, the "Leopard" and the "Hunter," anchored before the town.

The Levis heights have in our day, been enlisted as auxiliaries, in the defence of our city, by the construction, at a cost of £176,805 of three vast earthworks, with masonry and casemates. These forts, at one mile distance from one another, are intended to be armed with Moncrief

guns of heavy calibre ; they are further, so built, as to be, in case of need, easily breached by artillery, from the Citadel, so as to become untenable by an enemy who might have captured them.

The eastern fort is protected by a lofty bluff — from whence, t'is said, a plunging fire might be brought to bear on the deck of any iron-clad, attempting to ascend beyond the Island of Orleans, which would infallibly sink it. All three forts mutually support and flank each other ; their lines of fire sweep the whole front, and the interval between each fort, 1800 yards. They are connected by a military road and covered-way, which as well as the forts, can be taken in reverse from the Citadel and rendered untenable.

The Point Levi casemates and forts have restored Quebec to the proud position it occupied fifty years ago ; it is still, notwithstanding its changes, the Gibraltar of North America. Levis is the birth place of our melodious bard, Frechette, and the adopted home of a poet and earnest field naturalist, the Revd Duncan Anderson, late pastor of the Levis Presbyterian Church.

In 1850, a singular discovery was made in its Roman Catholic cemetery, an iron cage, with some fragments of human bones, which after perplexing the antiquaries of the old capital, turned out to be the instrument of torture of Marie-Josephte Corriveau, condemned to be hanged, and after death, exposed in this iron cage, where four roads meet, as a warning to erring humanity. Marie-Josephte Corriveau, appears to have been a second Lafarge ; having murdered her two husbands, she was tried and convicted by a military tribunal of the period—1763—presided by Lt.-Col. Morris. The curious will find her history in the *Maple Leaves* for 1863.

Pointe Levi, formerly *Cap de Lévis*, was not called after le Chevalier de Levi, the hero of the battle of Ste. Foy, in 1760, but commemorates the name of one of our first vice-

roys. The historian Ferland gives the family a biblical origin and allows it important privileges. "The Levi family, says he, claims descent from the patriarch Jacob, by his son Levi. It is related, that there was once in the Levi family a picture representing the Virgin Mary, whilst a member of the Levi family stood hat in hand. Two inscriptions threw light on the matter, "*Couvrez-vous, mon cousin,*" says the Virgin "*c'est mon plaisir, ma cousine*" replies the descendant of Levi. — *Cours d'histoire du Canada*, Vol. I, p. 214.

Pointe Levi can claim among her most notable early denizens a hardy pioneer, whom Mr. Jos.-E. Roy, his biographer, styles *The first colonist of Lévis*.

GUILLAUME COUTURE, 1608-1702.

There are several interesting types to be met with among the early settlers on Canadian soil, which, thanks to some painstaking antiquaries, are gradually asserting themselves.

The most recent we know of is Guillaume Couture, the first settler of Lévis, a character strikingly monographed by Mr. Joseph-Edmond Roy, of Lévis, in his late publication : *Le Premier Colon de Lévis*.

It was a happy thought, which prompted this promising young writer, to draw so bountifully from his abundant store of historical lore, in order to place prominently before the general reader, a figure of the dim past, hitherto known to few beyond our antiquarian delvers : Faillon, Ferland, Sulte, Viger, Faribault, Scadding, Sandham, Verreau ; Couture evidently belongs to that sturdy, intelligent class of pioneers — intense lovers of forest adventure and adepts in the knowledge of Indian dialects : the Marsolet, Charles LeMoine, Hertel, Nicolet and other hardy *voyageurs-interpretes* in the days of yore. He now looms out as one of the most remarkable of the class.

More fortunate than many of his compeers, he rose successively to the envied position of a seigniorial judge, a negotiator of treaties, a commander of militia, adding, even to other honors that of recorder of deeds (*notaire*), a very special functionary in those distant times.

Guillaume Couture was born in the famous old Norman town of Rouen, in 1617, according to the antiquary Tanguay ; in 1608, the year of the foundation of Quebec, according to the historian Ferland. We owe to Rouen several other worthies : Nicolet, le Tardif, Marguerie, Hertel, Marsolet, the Godfroy and *alii*.

Couture seems to have landed at Quebec, in the service of the Jesuit Fathers, in 1640. He soon made his mark as an intrepid *voyageur*, an able linguist, employed by missionary labor and Government. Imagination likes to recall the young, adventurous and athletic woodsman, escorting the enthusiastic and youthful surgeon, René Goupil (1) and Father Jogues, through boundless forests, &c., towards the Iroquois country, bearing, as it were, their lives each day in their hands, and prepared to seal their faith with their life blood.

History has handed down the account of their hazardous voyage, with forty followers and twelve canoes, penetrating in the heart of this redoubted land, under the guidance of the Huron brave, Chief Eustache Ahatsistari—of their falling into an Indian ambuscade, in the islets of Lake St. Peter—of the horrible tortures and death inflicted on several of the party—of Couture's marvellous escape, though not without a mutilated hand—of the joy of his friends on his return after his long captivity, and, as it were, from another world. Couture had been employed for twenty years as interpreter

(1) René Goupil was killed by the Iroquois on the 18th October, 1646. Father Jogues was massacred. The youth, Jean de Lalonde, who accompanied them, shared the same fate.

in the Huron and Mohawk missions, where he was invited to accompany, in March 1661, an expedition originated by Governor D'Argenson, to explore the northern portion of Canada, towards Hudson Bay ; this expedition had to turn back on account of Indian hostilities. In 1663, a second expedition was fitted out for Hudson Bay. Governor D'Avaugour placed Couture at the head of it, and the hardy *voyageur* on his arrival claimed possession of this remote land, erected there a cross, and deposited a brass plate, on which the royal arms of France were engraved. It was protected by lead plates, and buried at the foot of a large tree. Later on, we find Couture assisting Father Henri Nouvel, on his missionary labors among the Montagnais, the Papinachois and Esquimaux tribes, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, from Tadoussac to the entry of the gulf.

The indefatigable *voyageur-interprête* left Quebec on the 31st May, 1665, with Father Henri Nouvel, for this distant land ; after suffering shipwreck, near Rimouski, they called the lower point, Father Point, after Father Nouvel, and wintered there.

Mr. Roy's little volume is brimful of antiquarian lore, gleaned at the purest sources. We read among other details : " In 1610, no church had yet been built in the Côte de Lauzon, though eight churches are mentioned as existing that year, in the Quebec settlement : the Quebec parochial church, the Jesuits, Ursulines, Hotel-Dieu churches, the little Sillery church, that of Chateau-Richer, of *Ste. Anne du Petit Cap*, and that of *St. Jean* (near the Coteau Ste. Genieve), at Quebec. The last two were built of wood, with stone foundations, the six others, of stone. Abbé de la Tour (1) states that the church of St. Joseph de Levi was erected in 1677, by the Abbé Morel, its pastor, evidently the first temple of worship opened

(1) Vie de Monseigneur Laval n. 170.

on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, one league below Quebec. A few years back, the ruins of a structure of some magnitude were unearthed, on the beach of St. Joseph, in Charland's shipyard. Were they the remains of the first church? Were they the stone foundations of Bisso's tannery, erected at the suggestion of intendant Talon? or else the mouldering remains of the Manor of brave Seigneur Charest (alluded to in Panet's Diary of the Siege of 1759)?

The church of 1677, Mr. Roy thinks, was the same as that destroyed by fire, on the 14th February, 1830: the present church was erected on the site, the foundations extending but a few feet beyond. The old church was used as a place of worship, by all the settlers from Berthier (en bas) to St. Jean Les Chaillons.

We gradually follow the adventurous career of George Couture. No doubt, the patriotic militia officer, like the bellicose, though sexagenarian Seigneur of Beauport, Juchereau de St. Denis (Duchesnay), kept his powder dry, burnt some in 1690, when Sir William Phips invaded Canada and landed detachments at Riviere-Ouelle, Pointe-de-Levi and Beauport. The patriarchal clan of the Couture, at Levis, now 112 strong, could at present furnish, at least, two companies for such an emergency!!!

Mr. Roy occasionally indulges in some graceful word painting.

Easter Sunday, 1648, when the first mass was celebrated at *Pointe-de-Levy*, appears to have been a red letter day for the swarthy sons of the forest and their trusted ally, Guillaume Couture. Let us hear his industrious biographer: "On the 12th April, 1648, the rare denizens of Quebec who may have stood on Governor Montmagny's veranda (1)

(1) The Dufferin Terrace now occupies the east end of this spot.

to watch the Easter sun rise above the horizon, might have noticed, under the Levy Heights, two canoes impelled by a dozen, vigorous oarsmen. The morning was bright, and the cool atmosphere seemed to call forth all the exertions of the canoemen. Below, some floating ice still flecked the rapid stream. The bows of the canoes were covered with raw sheep hides, as a protection against the inroads of the icy floes.

The canoes after skirting for sometime the solitary beach opposite, all at once obeying a stroke of the paddles, touched ground at an indentation in the shore, since honored with the poetical name of "Joliette's Hole." Scarcely had the strand been reached, when one of the inmates, a vigorous fellow, sprang ashore and offered his arm as a support, to a companion more aged, who carried, strapped to his shoulders, a heavy package. Immediately there issued from beneath the hoary pines, lining the bank, a group of Indians, and a report of musquetry reverberated from the neighboring heights. Where, then, were bound, this little band of *voyageurs*, at early dawn, on a spring morning? Were they a war party of ferocious Iroquois, bent on harrying the isolated settlements, on the Côte de Beaupré, or at the Island of Orleans?

"Were these water conveyances the ordonnance pinnace sent from Quebec to greet His Excellency, Governor d'Ailleboust, returning from France, or were they simply canoes bearing missionaries to the distant missions in the old settlement of Norembega?

The doubt was very soon ended.

The man carrying the package wore a long black cassock; it was Father Bailloquet, conveying his portable altar, and prepared to solemnize on the Easter morning, the first Mass, at Levis; the musquets discharged were a *feu de joie*, on the part of the Red Skins."

We have seen Couture, the *voyageur*, let us see the Judge. A Judge-Seneschal was an important personage under the

old regime. "The duties of a Seigniorial Judge" adds Mr. Roy, "were such that the office was no sinecure. He had to decide every kind of lawsuit, preside at inventories, sequester estates—*apposer les selles*—discharge the duties of a modern coroner." It is well known what a litigious spirit actuated our ancestors, so many of whom were of Norman descent; as such, inclined to perpetuate the love of their forefathers for litigation. (1) What other amusement could they indulge in during their long, idle winters? A searcher of the past furnishes a return for the jurisdiction of Quebec, of 424 suits, originated from 26th September, 1663, to 23rd August, 1664, in a population of about 1,500 souls; nearly one lawsuit to every four persons.

Some of these legal battles, about precedence in the reception of the *pain-béni* and *eau-bénite* by different classes of officials, &c., were fought to the bitter end, before the Judge, or the *officiële*. Couture laid aside his judicial functions to accept the office of *Capitaine de la Côte*, commander of the militia; as such, it was his prerogative to receive first from the Governor the public ordonnances, and proclamations, to have them read at the church door on Sundays, and then enforced. He also was charged with ordering the *corvées* (forced labor), take the census, oversee work on public roads, convoke the meetings of settlers." A worthy man was he, devoted to the service of his religion and his king; companion of the martyr Jogues, comrade of René Goupil and Lalonde, he was the rival of Nicolet, the Indians bestowed upon him that name. If Quebec is proud of the probity, and of the devotion of such good men as Hebert and Couillard, its first inhabitants, one of the oldest

(1). Mr. Roy in a note, recalls the rather profane adjuration with which, according to an old legend, the Normans were in the habit of closing at night, the Lord's Prayer: *Mon Dieu, je ne vous demande pas de bien, mettez-moi seulement à côté de quelqu'un qui en possède.* "I ask not for riches, O Lord, let me merely be located close to any one who possesses some."

parishes of the country, that of Pointe-de-Levis, is happy to be able to bring to the light of day, the name of Guillaume Couture, its first settler, first Judge-Seneschal, first Captain of Militia." The sturdy old colonist closed his useful career, at an advanced age, at Levis, in 1702; doubtless he now sleeps the long sleep somewhere in God's Acre, in his flourishing old settlement.

" *Harlaka*, — *Beaumont*, — *St. Charles*, — *St. Valier*, —
St. Michel, — *St. Thomas*, — *Montmagny*."

Harlaka! such is the name painted on the St. Charles Railway station, at the junction of the *Quebec Central*, and *Intercolonial Railways*. Who can tell what the railway magnate had in his mind, when he ordered this harsh, Indian word to be affixed over the door of the station? A correspondent, signing *Ladioton* in the Levis newspapers, *Le Quotidien*, furnishes the following anent Harlaka:—
"T'is an Abenakis word, he says, and also the name of one of the remote villages in Levis: it means 'he who has succeeded in reaching a place;' this interpretation, we opine, leaves a wide margin to commentators.

In 1682, Governor La Barre, intent on protecting Quebec, against the inroads of the Iroquois, established on the shore of the Chaudiere, near the falls—about six miles from its mouth, an outpost of Abenakis: the *Marquise de Boiche* paid the cost of this Indian mission. It was placed under the charge of the Jesuits, — had its church and a population of 1,000 souls, men, women and children. The Abenakis had named it *Kikoute8aun*, *village of the river of the meadows*; the Jesuits called it after St. François de Sales. It was deserted in 1702, by the Abenakis, who settled at Becancour and Pierreville; no traces of it now remains, but three villages in the back concessions still bear Indian

names : *Toneata*, *Sarasto* and *Harlaka*. *Sarasto* was the ancient name of *Saratoga* in the United States ; *Toneata* was the well remembered cognomen of several islands under the French regime, in the neighborhood of Kingston. The orthography of *Harlaka* and *Sarasto*, is not yet well defined. Some write *Arlaca*, *Orlaca*, *Arlaqua*, *Arlacet*. *Sarasto* is occasionally transformed into *Sorosto*, *Sarasteau*. Pious commentators have of late made it into *Saint Rousteau*. Respecting *Saint Rousteau*, asks *La Patrie*, which came from *Sarasteau*, where is the denizen of *Beauce*, who has not read in old notarial documents, *Saint Igan*, for *Sartigan*, but the most apocrypt canonisation seems to have occurred in the Eastern Townships. There, *Saint Folle* for *Stanford* ; *Sainte Ivrognesse* for *Inverness* ; *Saint Morissette*, for *Somerset*.

* * *

In 1853, there dawned for the Lower St. Lawrence a new era, the railway era : British enterprise, British capital personified, in the grand old Railway Co., Jackson, Peto, Brassey and Betts, our first railway kings.

What an inestimable boon this enterprising firm conferred on this northern region, by the introduction of the iron horse, as a locomotive agent !

What an element of expansion for the whole Province ! Who now cares to revert to the postal service in the old style, to our former mode of winter travel, relays of jaded horses, sweltering in August, under pyramids of mail bags, or plodding laboriously their way in winter through snow drifts from Quebec to Halifax. Instead of that household institution, the telephone, or the electric telegraph, flashing news from one hemisphere to the other, Quebec had first a monthly, — subsequently, a bi-monthly service of sailing ships in summer,

and depended for tidings of the approach of the regular traders, in their ascent up the St. Lawrence, on the appearance of the black balls, dangling each morning from the Citadel flag-staff.

Railways here, as elsewhere, portended a great awakening, welcome harbingers of a new life.

One cherished institution, however, of the past, especially dear to winter travel through the Quebec parishes, disappeared under the new *regime*, the cosy wayside inn. The wayside inn stood generally in the vicinity of the parish church ; a paying monopoly it was, in each village, guaranteed to its proprietor by Royal license, for the benefit of the public. There the fiery *patriots* of 1837-38—assembled to drink in bumpers “ Long life to Papineau ” ; there, the election committees were formed ; there, the noisy *maquignons* met, to test on the Sunday, after vespers, the speed of their Norman trotters, or amblers.

There, the belated traveller was sure to find a kind welcome, a warm bed, ham and eggs *ad libitum*, a foaming tankard of McCallum or Molson’s XX — occasionally on bitter winter days, a refreshing cup of steaming, spiced *sangree*, and such sangree alas ! those prized creature comforts have possibly disappeared for ever ! To the wayside licensed inn of other days, has succeeded, those odious frauds, the *Hotel de Temperance* and the *Repos des Voyageurs*, with their creaking sign boards ; a bastard outcome of our crude temperance legislation. To the unsuspecting wayfarer, a delusion and a snare.

* * *

The belt of land in rear of the river settlements is not to be taken as a criterion of the quality of the soil, in an agricultural district. The railway company in quest of level

country for the construction of a line, naturally gave the preference, in order to save cost, in acquiring the right of way, to poor land provided it were easily graded.

Beaumont is quite an old settlement, a portion was granted, on the 3rd Nov. 1672, by Intendant Talon, to Sieur des Islets de Beaumont ; another portion was conceded, on the 10th April, 1713, to Sieur Couillard de Beaumont, by the Marquis of Vaudreuil. Its church is ancient, and the ruins of the *presbytère* date back to 1722, or thereabout.

The wheat fields of Beaumont had attracted attention early under French rule. Town Major Hughes Pean owned mills and land in this neighborhood in 1758. Beaumont was formerly famous for its eel, shad and sturgeon fisheries ; its proximity to Quebec, gave it the benefit of a daily city market for this important source of revenue.

Saint Charles is a kind of second range, though thickly settled.

Saint Michel, one of the largest parishes of the County of Bellechasse, is seen standing out in bold relief from the deck of passing river craft ; amidst its neat, white dwellings which fringe the elevated river shore, peers its R. C. church, until lately, rich in sacred paintings, the greater part sent out from France, in 1817, by the Abbé Desjardins, of Paris, to his brother, also an abbé and acting then as chaplain of the Hotel-Dieu monastery at Quebec. Several of these pictures were the work of old masters : Murillo, Romanelly, Champagne, Boucher and others ; the church having been struck by the electric fluid, its valuable contents were consumed in less than one hour. A line of steamers touches daily at the St. Michel pier ; many Quebecers take advantage of it to spend the hot season in this cool retreat.

At St. Michel, was born on the 15th October, 1803, the Hon. Antoine Norbert Morin, one of the leading figures in our Parliamentary debates during the stormy days of 1837.

Mr. Morin was also one of the founders of the *Minerve* journal, at Montreal, in 1827, and jointly with the Hon. Louis-Joseph Papineau, was recognised as the father of the famous 92 Resolutions, in 1834, when the first break in the party took place by the secession of the Hon. John Neilson, of the *Quebec Gazette*, and of Messrs. Cuvillier and Quesnel, of Montreal ; two years later, in 1836, another break happened. Mr. Morin, after filling with acceptance the offices of speaker of the House of Assembly, of Provincial Secretary, of Commissioner of Crown Lands, of Codifier of our Laws, expired, an honored Judge of the Superior Court, at Ste. Adele, county of Terrebonne, on the 28th July, 1865. In a neighboring parish the inhabitants still point out with pride, the Maple Grove hut, where the incorruptible patriot, hid, during the winter of 1837, to escape the court martials of the *vieux brulot*.—Sir John Colborne.

The stern old Waterloo warrior had earned that nickname from the French-Canadian peasantry, from his ruthless manner of dealing with the disaffected parishes, on the river Chambly, where the houses and barns were burnt by his troops indiscriminately.

A peasant, each night, brought on snow shoes, food to the *patriote* Morin, in his solitary cabin, in the deep woods ; though a large reward was offered for his capture, there were none base enough to earn it.

But the *Intercolonial Express*, is hurrying us past the green woods, and fertile fields of St. Valier ; we just catch a glimpse of the *Bois de Boulogne*, between Berthier and Montmagny, wherein on 24th June, 1837, the St. Jean-Baptiste Society, or rather the patriots of the adjacent parishes, had met to hear the dictator Papineau discourse on the wrongs of Canada, with entrancing eloquence. This takes us back half a century ; one may find in the *Album du Touriste*, a narrative of the incident by an eye-witness ; let us quote freely from the same : “ A memorable festival was

indeed, says the author, the *fête St. Jean-Baptiste* at St. Thomas ! in 1837, with what flowing periods, did colonial grievances inspire the fiery orators ! the cry, of course, was : “ The grinding tyranny of England towards the French race in Canada, *les enfants du sol* were little better than Russian serfs ! ” How eloquently Papineau expatiated on the subject ? followed by Lafontaine, Taché, Morin, Girouard, Le-tourneau ! such enthusiastic cheering from the smaller fry of *patriotes* : some on horseback, some on foot. After the lapse of half a century and when sober thought asserts its sway, some of the modes proposed to redress the grievances, do seem strange, and of more than doubtful efficacy to reduce to submission stubborn old England. The Canadian Militia armed with wooden cannon, rusty muskets and pitchforks, were to meet in battle array, England’s disciplined regiments led by Waterloo veterans : Sir John Colborne, Sir James MacDonald. The firm resolve to refuse the use of all *imported* goods—the vow to wear nothing but home-spun coats, breeches and straw hats—the promise to abstain from all imported wines and spirits and drink nothing stronger than spruce beer !!! How patriotic all this sounded in 1837 !

Alas ! how we must have degenerated ! The Canadian Demosthenes on his way to Kamouraska to visit a leading patriot, Jean-Baptiste Taché, brother of the late Sir E.-P. Taché, stopped his carriage at the village school to receive an address.

Half a century takes us back to the unregretted feudal tenure of land in Lower Canada, when the *seigneur* alone had the right to own pigeons—when all grain had to be ground and pay tithes to the *banal* mill—when sales of real estate were heavily handicapped by vexatious dues—*droits de quint—de lods et ventes,—de retrait*—all enforced, with the exception of the famous *droit du seigneur*, which does not appear to have ever been exercised. The laird of

the Manor could also order a *corvée*—forced labor—when he thought it proper.

The last *corvée*, ordered at St. Thomas, took place about 1835 ; Mr. J. Oliva, (1) ordered his retainers, to bring horse and sleigh in the woods, to draw the logs for his mill, to the river edge for the spring drive. Seigneur Oliva had for his successor a portly, jovial Englishman, by name William Randall Patton. Seigneur Patton had but a qualified admiration for the seigniorial tenure and vetoed *corvées*. The genial seigneur expired in 1853. Half a century back, there were yet extant in the country-parishes surrounding Quebec, what may be styled off-shoots of the French revolution of 1789, professional men holding the free-thinking doctrines of Voltaire, Diderot, Dalember ; social levellers, haters of kings and priests. The spread of education, new currents of thought, and other causes have rid the country of these gentry.

The leading spirit, at St. Thomas, during the insurrectionary period of 1837, was without doubt the popular village physician, Dr. Etienne-Paschal Taché, born there on the 5th September, 1795.

Dr. Taché was a fiery, eloquent gentleman ; in a measure, a self-made man, who had smelled gunpowder, on more than one Canadian battle-field, during, the war of 1812. As a Lieutenant in the *Chasseurs Canadiens*, he figures advantageously, at the disastrous battle of Plattsburg, where his company alone lost eighteen men. At the union of the Provinces in 1841, Dr. Taché succeeded as member for the county of L'Islet, his late friend Jean-Charles Letourneau,—a type in his way. Notary Letourneau was an educated,

(1) Since these lines were penned, I have learned that the Laird of the old Couillard Manor, at St. Thomas, was not the real *Seigneur*, that the alledged *corvée*, was intended merely to take advantage of the spring flood, in the *Rivière du Sud*, to float down the saw logs for his mill.

professional man of the old school, with a smack of Voltaire, at one time, in his social opinions; very French as to physique, style of dress, oratory. He wore his hair, like his beloved master, Papineau, turned up in front *en toupet*; a white cravat, a faultless, black-coat cut away like a judge's, completed the *recherchée* toilette of this *antique*, sprightly village politician.

Dr. Taché, from his earnest, fervid nature, would doubtless have been dragged into the thick of the bloody *mêlée*, had he been a denizen of St. Eustache, or St. Charles; the extreme views of the *Fils de la liberté*, in the Montreal district, would have carried the day with him; Had lion-hearted Chenier, at the Church of St. Eustache, called out for a volunteer to back him, Dr. Taché, if there, would have been his man and yelled out "*ready*". But distance from the arena of strife, as well as some of his surroundings at St. Thomas, helped to restrain him. The timely secession of the Quebec wing of politicians from the party bent on armed insurrection: John Neilson and his colleagues, Cuvillier, Quesnel, in 1834, followed later on, in 1836, by another batch of patriots, R.-E. Caron, Hector-S. Huot, T.-C. Aylwin, Etienne Parent, Dunbar Ross, Ls. Fiset and others, saved in the end much effusion of blood in the Quebec district.

St. Thomas, in 1837, had a species of club of enthusiastic patriots: Edouard and Stanislas Vallée, Ls. Casault, J.-B. Fournier, Gilbert Lavergne, Prudent Têtu, Ls. Blais and others — under the guidance of Létourneau and Taché, their oracles.

Who could then have foreseen that the fiery Doctor, by accepting, with Baldwin and Lafontaine, the concessions and new constitution, offered by England in 1840, should blossom forth into a belted Knight, H. M's Aide-de-Camp, a Minister of the Crown, the President of the National Sanhedrin, which gave us Confederation,—a pink of loyalty,—the Parliamentary orator, who boldly proclaimed that the

“last gun fired on Canadian soil for the flag of England would be by a French Canadian.”

One thing certain is that he was not thinking of that “gun” in 1837, if he thought at all of firearms, in that disturbed period; that when Police Magistrates Symes and Young sent a posse of police to search the cellar of the Doctor, during the insurrection, they were not in search of that famous gun of the future. However, they did find a gun in this dark abode, the toy cannon of the Doctor’s little son,—now, our worthy Deputy Minister of Crown Lands. They did not, however, boast of their discovery.

History has indeed some strange teachings.

One of the most popular cries in 1837, among the *enfants du sol* was “*Abat les Bureaucrates!*” “Down with the holders of public offices!” then monopolised by the British family compact. This cry would fail to rouse much enthusiasm among the *enfants du sol* to-day *et pour cause!*

Did the English element in 1837 ever really realize the nature of the issues debated in misruled Canada? This is very doubtful. It was not in reality a feud of races a duel between French and English, though to rivet the attention of England, politicians strived to make it so in Lower Canada, whilst in Upper, this was not considered feasible.

The leading changes advocated by Mr. Papineau have not, by any means, a French ring about them; such, for instance, as the liberty of the press, abolishment of imprisonment for debt, trial by jury, the control of public revenue and expenditure, independence of the judiciary, the abolishment of sinecures, of absenteeism, of pluralities of offices.

The first speakers in our national Parliament, Papineau, *père et fils*, knew something of the British constitution, and instead of looking to France for precedents and help they appealed to English precedents, to English liberty, to the Anglo-Saxon neighboring commonwealth for sympathy and allies.

The most noticeable U. E. Loyalists of Quebec, from 1800, had certainly much to do with the aggressive stand taken towards the French majority in Lower Canada, but the head and front, the "Fountain of power" as Robert Christie styles him—of the English party was not a U. E. Loyalist. The Hon. H.-Wistius Ryland, one of the most "level heads" of the times, who had landed at Quebec with his protector Lord Dorchester, in 1795, was the secret guiding spirit for a quarter of a century, in Lower Canadian statecraft. Had the insurrection in Lower Canada, in 1837, been a mere struggle of the French element against the English, it could scarcely have enlisted from an adverse nationality as it did, such devoted partisans as Wolfred and Robert Nelson, Thomas-Storrow Brown, McDonald, W. Scott, Neil Scott, O'Callaghan, Tracy, the fighting men of the period, whose opinions were in advance of those of John Neilson, Cuthbert, De Witt, Leslie and others. Intense and protracted colonial misrule, intolerable abuses, kept up for the benefit of an exclusive party, to the prejudice of men of all nationalities in Canada, such was doubtless one of the moving causes, which stirred up the Canadian Hampdens of 1837, to join the French in the disproportionate struggle of that day.

It is only necessary to refer to the public records of the time, to see that there were more than two parties in Lower Canada, seeking predominance and power.

The *Greville Memoirs*, Vol. III, P. 125, under date of 20th December, 1835, make mention of a rather remarkable letter, addressed to Henry Taylor, of London, by Mr. T. Frederick Elliott, a nephew of Lord Minto, and secretary to the famous Gosford Commission, which letter Greville takes as constituting an excellent *exposé* of the political situation of Lower Canada. This epistle was submitted to the British Cabinet and seems to have attracted much attention on their part.

It runs thus under date of 24th October, 1835, " People have been accustomed in England to hear of only two parties in Canada, the English and the French, but there are in fact three parties, the official, the English and the French, besides some important French classes, altogether distinct from the party which goes by that name.

The official, or as the French term is Bureaucratic party, is composed of a few old men, holding the highest offices. They seem to be fond of privileges, jealous of interference, and ready to take offence at any inquiry into popular allegations....

Very different from this feeble corps, is the real " English party." It is composed of all the merchants, with an admixture of considerable landholders, and some of the younger and more intelligent civil officers. It possesses much intelligence, much wealth and still more credit....

This imposing body, moreover, has great advantage at the present moment in the moderation of tone, which it can assume in contrast to the violence of its adversaries....

It is fully as ambitious of dominion as the French party, and, in my opinion, prepared to seek it by more unscrupulous means....

(Brymner's Report on Canadian archives, 1883, page 160.)

But enough for the present, of the lights and shadows of other days.

Let us, from the railway step into one of these jaunty -- eminently *national* vehicles -- the *buck-board* drawn by a lively *marche-donc* ! Ere the railway whistle shrieks, we have just time to take a peep at the sounding waterfall of the *Rivière du Sud*, in the basin of St. Thomas, past the mossy old Patton Manor, as of yore, enzoned in majestic elms and grand old oaks : thence let us hie back, past convent, past school-houses and Court House, after getting a glimpse of

the turrets of the roomy Taché Mansion, next to the former home of old Notary Létourneau. In rear of the handsome parish church, looms out the little rural cemetery, in which amidst many peaceful slumberers, stands forth the marble tablet, recording the private worth, and public service of Sir Etienne-Paschal Taché, gathered to his fathers, full of years and honors in August, 1865, aged 70 years : the father of the settlement.

THE HON. LOUIS-JOSEPH PAPINEAU.

One of the most conspicuous figures, now and hereafter, in the annals of the Province of Quebec, will doubtless be that of the fiery spirit, who originated the insurrection of 1837. I find inserted in an old Diary of mine, a note recording my first glimpse of this famous agitator and eloquent statesman, Louis-Joseph Papineau ; it dates of my early youth—in 1837.

Far be it from me to attempt to portray *in extenso*, the eminent statesman's parliamentary career—as his historian or biographer. This may be practicable, when a few decades have passed over and the embers of the political cauldron, so lively in 1837, shall have sufficiently cooled to be handled with safety or advantage ; let us wait until the contemporaries of this stormy period have been gathered to their fathers ; let us possess in peace our minds, until the momentous changes, brought about in a great measure by the outbreak of 1837-8, have finally fruited.

To some few, L.-J. Papineau appears in no other light but that of an *ignis fatuus*—a rabid, merciless demagogue, who had raised the whirlwind of popular frenzy, without the power to quell it, not even when his own head was at stake : a madman, who to oppose the mighty power of England,

had nothing stronger at command than 'wooden cannon' served by raw peasants. (1)

To others, his career seems surrounded with the divine halo of patriotism : he was the liberator of an oppressed nationality ;—the unrelenting foe to Colonial misrule. His memory will survive in imperishable lustre.

Let us then be satisfied to wait until time and impartial history have pronounced their final, their irrevocable verdict.

I have stated that the first view I had of the great Speaker of the Canadians' Commons, dated more than forty years back. Why was it so vivid ? Why did it leave such a lasting impress in the "haunted halls" of memory ?

That Mr. Papineau had a remarkable *physique* : that he blended in his person the courteous demeanour, the lofty,

(1) Neilson's *Quebec Gazette* for 31st Nov., 1838, furnishes a fair specimen of these bitter, and undignified revilings, pending this fratricidal conflict.

To the *Editor of the Quebec Gazette*.

SIR.—By letters of the 16th instant from Terrebonne, it is ascertained that all was then quiet there, though the Loyalists from the knowledge of the fickleness of their neighbors, were not without fear of a renewal of the attack on their persons and property. The report that the Honble Mr. McKenzie and the Honble Mr. Masson had been made prisoners by the insurgents, turns out to be incorrect. Those gentlemen having had timely notice of the approach of the Goths and Vandals, to sack their beautiful village, fortified Mr. Masson's house, where they took refuge, accompanied by their families and 14 other loyalists—all determined to spill the last drop of their blood in their own defence.

Thus garrisoned and resolved, this gallant little band was besieged for a day and a night, by a party of upwards of 200 country clowns, decorated with *bonnets rouges*, armed with flails, pitchforks and rusty guns, loaded with marbles and commanded by a cow doctor—a half-starved country notary and a briefless lawyer.

Altogether the scene seemed a burlesque upon warfare, a species of mummery got up to create alarm, in which the smell of tobacco and garlic predominated over that of gunpowder. At last, however, a parley took place between the besieged, and a motley group of the besiegers, who having obtained what they supposed, a redress of some imaginary grievance, dispersed peaceably to their respective homes to boast of their exploit *en mangeant la soupe pour se fortifier l'estomac*.

proud deportment of the ancient French *seigneur*, with the fiery delivery of a modern French *orateur parlementaire*, all who saw him, in the midst of debate, felt inclined to admit. He was scrupulously neat in his dress, even when an octogenarian. He carried his well proportioned head, high ; his hair was cut rather short and terminated in an erect *toupet*, well suited to his grave style of face : his coat, of black cloth with the *petit collet*, resembled in cut, a Judge's coat. It may not be out of place to recall here the leading traits of his parliamentary career.

Louis-Joseph Papineau, born in Montreal, in 1789, was the son of Joseph Papineau, for many years member for Montreal, a notary by profession, and highly distinguished for the simple but very effective style of his forensic oratory.

Joseph was born in Montreal, in 1752.

The young Louis-Joseph was educated at the Quebec Seminary, and had for class-mates, amongst others, the genial and talented author of the *CANADIANS OF OLD*, Philippe A. DeGaspé, Esq. : Mr. DeGaspé, in his *Memoirs*, has recorded several interesting particulars of the studiousness, (1) wit, and eloquence of the budding statesman. Young Mr. Papineau's abilities had so impressed his friends, that he was returned to Parliament whilst yet a law student, in 1809, two years previous to his admission to the Bar : he represented the county of Kent—now the county of

(1) L.-O. David, in an interesting biographical sketch of the great agitator, recalls a trait of his ready repartee, when a mere child. One day, Mr. Papineau, sr., had a numerous dinner party of gentlemen : Joseph-Louis drew near his father and took his seat, as was customary when there was no company present.

His indulgent parent beckoned to him to go and sit at the next table laid out for the juveniles, adding "when you have beard on your chin, my boy, you may be allowed to sit at table with grown up persons."

Crestfallen, Louis-Joseph, accordingly took a back seat. Just then the house cat, drew near his chair : he scared her off "saying" you, pussy, you have a beard, go to the next table : "the joke caused a hearty laugh all round.

Chambly — for twenty consecutive years, he represented in Parliament the west ward of Montreal. In 1812, although no lover of the British Government, true to his allegiance, he served as a captain in the militia, until 1815 : having to escort to Montreal some American prisoners, he left the ranks and refused to take his place, until the band of the escort had ceased playing 'Yankee Doodle', in derision of the captives. Three years after his entrance in his legislative halls, he was chosen as leader of the French Canadian opposition party, a position which he held until the insurrection of 1837. For twenty years, from 1817 to 1837, he was Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. In 1820, (1) he was elevated to a seat in the Legislative Council. In 1822, we find him selected in conjunction with the late Hon. John Neilson, as a delegate to proceed to England to oppose the Imperial plan for the union of Upper and Lower

(1). An intelligent correspondent calls our attention to a speech of the Hon. Louis-J. Papineau during the elections at Montreal, in 1820, and forwards us a valuable extract — valuable because of the source from which it comes. The period at which Mr. Papineau delivered these sentiments was immediately after the death of George the Third; but they are especially pertinent to the present time, when, as our correspondent observes, there exists in this section of the Province a party usually styled "Young Canada," ardent admirers of the Government of France, and who, no doubt, imagine it would be a great blessing if these Provinces were under its paternal care. Having alluded to the generally prevailing sorrow of the people of Canada at the loss of their sovereign, Mr. Papineau continued: "And how could it be otherwise, when each year of his long reign has been marked by new favors bestowed on the country. To enumerate these, and to detail the history of this country for so many years, would occupy more time than can be spared by those whom I have the honor to address. Suffice it then, at a glance, to compare our present happy situation with that of our fathers on the eve of the day, when George III became their legitimate monarch. Suffice it to recollect that under the French Government (internally and externally arbitrary and oppressive) the interests of this country have been more frequently neglected and maladministered than any other part of its dependencies. In its estimation, Canada seems not to have been considered as a country, which, from fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, and extent of territory, might have been the peaceful abode of a numerous and happy population; but as a

Canada : a mission crowned with complete success, the obnoxious measure having been withdrawn. His share in the rebellion of 1837, we all know : he had to fly to the United States : and a price put on his head.

In 1839, he crossed the Atlantic and buried himself in seclusion, in the city of Paris, for eight years, with no other familiars but Lamennais, Béranger, and a few other French master-minds. Through the exertions of his great adversary, — Lafontaine, he was subsequently pardoned ; he received also through the same influence, £4,500 arrears of his pay as late Speaker. His thrilling accents were soon again heard in the legislative halls, but times and politics had changed : many of the reforms previously asked for had been granted : the great tribune found in 1847 the soil yielding under his feet : another master-spirit, (Sir) Louis-Hippolyte Lafontaine, had come to the front.

“ military post, [whose feeble garrison was condemned to live in a
“ state of perpetual warfare and insecurity, frequently suffering from
“ famine, without trade, or with a trade monopolized by privileged
“ companies, public and private property often pillaged, and personal
“ liberty daily violated.”

After going on to speak of the transfer of the Province to George III, and to pay a well deserved compliment to that Monarch at the expense of Louis XV, he proceeds as follows :—

“ From that day the reign of the law succeeded to that of violence—
“ from that day the treasures, the navy and the armies of Great
“ Britain were mustered to afford us an invincible protection against
“ external danger ; from that day the better part of them laws became
“ ours, while our religion, property and the laws by which they were
“ governed remain unaltered ; soon after are granted to us the privi-
“ leges of its free institutions, an infaillible pledge, when acted upon,
“ of our internal prosperity. Now religious toleration ; trial by jury,
“ that wisest of safeguards ever devised for the protection of inno-
“ cence ; security against arbitrary imprisonment by the privileges
“ attached to the writ of *habeas corpus* ; legal and equal security
“ afforded to all in their person, honor and property ; the right to
“ obey no other laws, but those of our own making and choice,
“ expressed through our representatives ; all these advantages have
“ become our birthright, and shall, I hope, be the lasting inheritance
“ of our posterity.”

Such was the view taken of the position of Canada, so far back as 1820, by this celebrated French Canadian.

One of the changes Mr. Papineau had so warmly advocated in 1837, an elective Legislative Council, strange to say, found an echo later on. A brilliant constellation of youthful Montreal lawyers, the Dorion, Doutre, Papin, Labreche-Viger, Laberge, Laflamme and others, made it a plank of their platform in the *Avenir* newspaper. Mr. Papineau was the oracle—the high priest of this ardent, eloquent and patriotic band, who have lived mostly all of them, to see themselves, released from the cold shades of opposition in order to enjoy the highest offices in the gift of the Crown and people. The fiery statesman, withdrew for ever, in 1854, from the arena of politics : he was in the habit of passing the winter season at Montreal, in the society of a few tried friends : the summer months he devoted to his family at his elegant *Chateau*, Montebello, in his seigniorly of *La Petite Nation*, on the green banks of the Ottawa : here, amidst his plantations, his flowers, his birds and books, he found sincere friends, and trusty advisers, in those dear old authors, Montaigne, Seneca, Plutarch, Bacon, &c. ; of their intercourse, he never tired. Here, on one mellow day in September, 1871 (the 28th), at the ripe age of 83 years, death released his noble spirit, not however with the usual accompaniment on his part of a son of Rome. Mr. Papineau, like Sainte Beuve, refused to see, in his last moments, the R. C. pastor, though his remains were placed by loving hands in a tomb in his own *private* chapel at Montebello, which chapel he had had consecrated by the R. C. authorities some years previous.

The power wielded for a quarter of a century over the masses in Lower Canada, by Mr. Papineau, was something marvellous, though the influence his impassioned appeals exerted, may seem incredible to those who never witnessed the display. Mr. Papineau had unquestionably several of the attributes which Quintillian and others assign to the public speaker. His domestic life was spotless : his tastes

elevated — pure ; his education and fortune had opened out to him the choicest stores of learning : *Vir probus dicendi peritus*, he certainly was.

Was it then surprising if, at the peroration of a fiery onslaught on colonial abuses — or at the close of a scathing denunciation of the ostracism of his race, attempted by the grasping bureaucracy which then invaded every avenue to preferment — or even, to justice, was it surprising to hear deafening cheers and frantic spectators, seizing hold of the fearless speaker and carrying him in triumph to his hotel, or his home ? No parliamentary orator in the Province of Quebec ever struck so surely, so powerfully, the popular chord, as did this indefatigable champion of popular rights ? (1)

In June, 1837, when I saw him first, he was in the zenith of his fame, though coming events were already looming out portentously.

A split in the party of the patriots was at hand, the Hon. John Neilson and some others, had refused to abet armed resistance to British rule : in this they differed from the patriots of the Montreal district.

A grand gathering of the *Nationalité Canadienne* was to take place on the 24th June, 1837, in a beautiful maple grove owned by Captain Faucher, at St. Thomas : the festival, dear to all Canadians, the *Fête de la St. Jean Baptiste*, was to be solemnized here by all the “ patriotes ” of ever so

(1) ‘ If,’ says his biographer, L.-O. David, ‘ posterity, oblivious of his genius, ever dare to ask what Papineau had done for his country, let his voice reply from his tomb : “ Je vous ai fait respecter, j’ai appris au monde que dans un coin de l’Amérique quelques milliers de Français, vaincus par les armes après une lutte héroïque, avaient su arracher leurs droits et leurs libertés des griffes de leurs vainqueurs. J’ai, pendant trente ans, guidé mes compatriotes dans des combats qui ont fait l’admiration des nations étrangères, et j’ai appris à mes fiers conquérants qu’ils ne pourraient jamais enchaîner ma patrie.” ’

many counties, not only by the destruction of hundreds of lovely young maple trees as is now the unhallowed custom, but in a much more appropriate manner : by speeches, a banquet with—music—songs—a display of artillery and of cavalry. The Demosthenes of Parliament was to address the people, on their wrongs and the mode of redress, flanked by the *élite* of the House of Assembly, Sir E. P. Taché (then Dr. E.-P. Taché) his friend, Notary Jean-Charles Létourneau, M. P. P., for Islet, Messrs. L.-H. La Fontaine, Girouard, Fortin, A.-N. Morin, *cum multis aliis*. The fire eaters of two or three counties met accordingly, and what with oratory, mild punch, music and songs, the discharge of fowling pieces, and the presence of the best trotting horses of the three counties, mounted by warlike young peasants in neat white and grey uniforms with wreaths of maple leaves, the pageant was a memorable one, and very creditable to the enterprise of the “ patriotes.”

A full account is given by the *Canadien* newspaper of the 3rd July, 1837. Once the *fête* ended, the liberator in a showy carriage, followed by much of the “ rank and fashion ” of the disaffected counties, was to drive all the way to Kamouraska, to visit an important personage of the day : J.-Bte. Taché, brother to Sir E.-P. Taché, whose services to Canada subsequently, invested him with a knighthood and the honorary title of aide-de-camp to the Queen.

It was judged suitable that popular respect and ovations should attend the march of the Hon. Louis-J. Papineau, not only amongst grown up men ready to bleed for their country, but even amongst prattling school-boys. Thus, was brought in, the parish school of St. Thomas. It was so fated that in “ jacket and frills ” I found myself a juvenile inmate of this rustic academy. Our schoolmaster’s name was Mercier. Dominie Mercier was no less celebrated for the zest and vigour with which he wielded the birch rod over the shoulders of his refractory subjects, than for his

demonstrative patriotism amongst their fathers : he was what then was styled “ un bon patriote,” ready to vote down at a moment’s notice, the importation of any dutiable English goods : broadcloth, cutlery, tea, &c. (1) Mr. Mercier was determined his school should offer ocular proof of the glowing patriotism, which, there bubbled up, like, from a fountain. The great statesman, Papiqueau, being pressed for time, could not stop, even to receive addresses : it was then decided by the Dominie, that an address, brief but gushing, should be delivered to the liberator, as the carriage rolled past the school, on its way to Kamouraska. To the tallest boy was allotted the envied honour of acting as spokesman. He, as well as his comrades, for the nonce had been suitably drilled in court etiquette : all the “ hopefuls ” were to stand in line on the road side, and when in presence of the carriage, the tallest was to advance three steps, right foot first, take off his cap, and deliver in a loud, measured voice the patriotic salutation or address :

“ Honneur et gloire au brave et généreux Défenseur de nos droits !

Hourah ! Hourah !! Hourah !!! ”

These three *hourrah's* were to be given with deafening cheers, all hats off ; so it was ordained, and so it was done. The defender of our rights gracefully bowed to us. As the tallest of the boys was your humble servant, the entry in this old diary may be relied on.

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(1) During this stormy period of 1837, some of the more enthusiastic patriots, in order to dry up England’s revenue in the colony, had gone so far as to discard every article of raiment on which duty was levied. A professional man, I knew, wore home spun breeches, coat ditto, a straw hat, a neck-tie of Canadian linen and beef mocassins with the traditional round toes.

The *Rivière du Sud* and its tributary, the *Bras St. Nicolas*, at Montmagny, are both spanned by two solid bridges for passengers and two railway bridges also. The next station is at Cap St. Ignace, a prosperous village of about 1,800 souls, with a point jutting out in the St. Lawrence, opposite Crane Island Manor—known as *Le Petit Cap*. Next comes Islet, an extensive village, facing the west end of Goose Island—renowned sporting grounds, both—the population of Crane and Goose Islands, may tot up to 850; on the first island, a handsome new church is just completed—and the second now belongs to the Hotel-Dieu Nuns of Quebec: to this fertile isle, the Granville legend lends a romantic interest. The hamlet of St. Jean Port-Joli and that of St. Roch-des-Aulnaies, follow: in the pretty village of St. Jean-Port-Joli, is still extant the decayed old manor of its talented seigneur, Philippe-Aubert DeGaspé, who at the age of 77, all at once discovered he could write and that remarkably well—in proof whereof his, exquisite book “*Les Anciens Canadiens*.”

STE. ANNE DE LA POCATIÈRE.

Let us cast a rapid glance on the chief parishes, we shall meet on the lower St. Lawrence, as the iron horse hurries us through. A public spirited pastor, Revd. Charles-F. Painchaud, has left at Ste. Anne de la Pocatière a durable monument of his enlightened interest in this old, now populous settlement, conceded as a seignior, by Intendant Talon, to Demoiselle Marie-Anne Juchereau, widow of sieur de la Combe-Pocatière, on the 29th October, 1672.

In the year 1827, Curé Painchaud devoted his savings to founding a splendid college, for the higher branches of

education. The institution, through successive bequests, has much extended the sphere of its usefulness. A handsome chapel, vast wings, a model school of agriculture and farm have been added by other benefactors : Revd. Messrs. Proulx, Gauvreau, Pelletier, Pilote. An admirable site had been originally selected for this stately pile of buildings facing the St. Lawrence, close to a lofty pine-crowned cape. The college numbers about 230 pupils and 30 professors ; Ste. Anne boasts of a weekly paper devoted to agriculture, *La Gazette des Campagnes*. Revd. Messire Painchaud closed his career on the 9th February, 1838, and was buried at Crane Island, his native parish. I have published elsewhere the touching and eloquent letter received by this earnest missionary of progress, in 1827, from the illustrious Viscount De Chateaubriand, *Vide Album du Touriste*.

Rivière Ouelle, the home of Ex. Governor Letellier and of the Rev. Abbé H.-R. Casgrain, F. R. S. C.—The porpoises of Rivière Ouelle.

Rivière Ouelle, seventy-nine miles from Quebec, is a flourishing village — with a port for schooners — forming part of the populous county of Kamouraska, for a quarter of a century, famous as the arena of most turbulent electioneering campaigns.

Here more than once, met at the hustings two sturdy champions — the Hon. Jean-Charles Chapais, a conservative, and the Hon. Luc Letellier de Saint-Just, a liberal — both Senators, the latter, as Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, well remembered for the *coup d'état* of 1878 ; and truly when they did meet, then began the tug of war.

Governor Letellier's residence may yet be seen at a spot called Les Côteaux, about a mile from the parish church.

There, devoted friends and loving relatives closed his eyes, in the welcome slumber of death on the 28th of January, 1881. One mile and more past the bridge, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, occurs a well-known landmark for mariners — a promontory projecting in the St. Lawrence, styled La Pointe de la Rivière-Ouelle, during more than a century a busy fishing stand for the capture of the lordly porpoise, found there in droves during the summer months.

Before describing this important industry, be it known that Rivière-Ouelle gave birth to one of the most industrious and brilliant members of the group of savants, and *litterati*, selected by the Marquis of Lorne, in 1882, to constitute the Royal Society of Canada — the Rev. Abbé Henri-Raymond Casgrain. Close to the parish church, on the river bank, still stands the antique manor of the respected Seigneur Casgrain, the father of two Abbés, a senator and a member of Dominion Parliament.

Rivière Ouelle, sung in prose and verse by its gifted son, is known far and wide, as much for its weird, Indian legends as it was, until lately, from being the haunt and landing place *par excellence* of the white porpoises of the northern portion of this continent.

A few years back, happening to visit my friend the Abbé, in his ancestral home, at Rivière Ouelle, he gave me a full account of the mode of capture of the porpoise, on the coast and kindly conducted me to the rocky shore, on which are visible to this day, the imprint of a man walking on snow shoes, referring me also to a paper he published on this subject, and a portion of which appeared in a condensed form in that standard Magazine of sport, *Forest and Stream*.

It would appear that this branch of industry dates as far back as the end of the seventeenth century—1680–1699—when King Louis XIV granted M. de Vitry, a member of

the Sovereign Council of Quebec, authority to place nets at this spot for the capture of the porpoise, together with a subsidy, "in rope one or two inches thick, 10,000lbs. of cod line," and what was still more handy, "500 livres" in hard cash.

Though the munificent grant was repeated for M. de Vitry, more than once, the venture failed. In 1705 another attempt was made ; since that date weir fisheries for porpoise have always continued in use at this locality. The first regular grant of the right to fish at the Pointe of Rivière Ouelle, was registered by Intendant Raudot, on the 20th July, 1707, in favor of a co-partnership composed of six inhabitants—all neighbors, who were authorized to catch this unwieldy fish on the river frontage of their lands by the King of France, the seignior of the fief, *le Sieur de Boishebert*, consenting.

The tenth part of the porpoise oil paid over to the seigniors of Rivière Ouelle since 1748, is not a seigniorial due ; of the fishery right, *droit de pêche*, in favor of the first occupants of the soil. It is a voluntary tribute, paid under a special agreement between the tenants and Madame de Boishebert, the widow of the son of the first seigneur, M. de la Boutheillerie, in consideration of services rendered them by the said seignior in a contestation as to territorial limits, which had arisen between themselves, and the inhabitants of Ste. Anne, and also in consideration of a further promise on the seignior's part, to continue to help them.

In June, 1752, Intendant Bigot published a singular ordonnance, imposing heavy fines on any sportsman who would have the audacity to discharge his gun on the Point of Rivière Ouelle, and also on proprietors allowing their cattle to stray anywhere near the beach. The products of these fines was reversible to the church fund of the parish.

On the 25th of January, 1798, Messrs. Lymburner and Crawford, two leading Lower Town (of Quebec) merchants of the day, took a lease of the Rivière-Ouelle porpoise

fishery. Instead of looking after this important undertaking themselves, they intrusted it to careless agents, who, by their profuse expenditure, luxurious, or riotous mode of living, entailed on their employers, losses so great, that Lymburner and Crawford were glad to ask, in 1804, for a cancellation of the lease.

Marvellous and endless were the stories related touching the firm's magnificent mansion, on the wild-wooded, some said haunted, point of Rivière-Ouelle; the spot was also a favorite resting place for the canoes of the numerous Indians then ascending, or descending the St. Lawrence. This, doubtless, gave rise to some of the most sensational legends of the locality; but history also furnished its quota of stirring traditions during the sieges of 1690 and 1759.

The oldest inhabitant could relate how some of the yawls and pinnaces attached to Admiral Phip's fleet, in attempting to land at the point, in October, 1690, had sustained a withering fire from some unseen foes hid by the rocks on the shore—the youthful chasseurs of the parish, led on and placed in ambush by their warlike priest, M. de Francheville!

Who has not also heard of the weird old picture so gushingly described by the Abbé Casgrain, now existing in a lateral chapel of the parish church? Though valueless as a work of art, it is a prized ex-voto, presented to the church by the son of a French officer, charged by the Governor of New France to carry despatches in the depth of winter, to the French posts on the Lower St. Lawrence. This youth had seen his aged parent succumb to the wintry blast after losing, in an encounter with the Iroquois, his pocket compass and viewing his Indian guides shot down before his eyes; the old warrior before expiring had made his son vow to present a picture to the first church he should meet, and he himself had been rescued from a most miserable death—

starvation in the woods—by a traveling missionary, passing by. How graphically all this is told by the abbé ?

“ It was by mere chance,” says Casgrain, “ that the discovery was made how stakes could be utilized to arrest the progress of the gigantic fish—the porpoises.” The apparatus is composed of a weir of stakes from 18 to 20 feet long, planted about one foot apart in the mud, about one mile and a half from high-water mark and which is dry at low water. Each spring 7,200 poles or stakes are used. Formerly these stakes were held together with ropes. The semi-circle forming the fishery is a mile and a third in length and ends in a curve, five acres from the extreme end of the Rivière-Ouelle pointe. There lies the entrance, for the fish to come in, called *raccroc*. The weir is built out between the 5th and 25th April, when the caplin and smelts come to spawn close in shore. The spawning takes place at the flood. The hour of flood for the porpoise is his dinner hour, when he gorges himself on caplin and smelts. A meager, famished creature on his arrival, he becomes, after eight or ten days feasting, bloated with fat even to eight inches thick.

A wonderful guzzler he gets to be, with digestive powers which nothing can appal.

Caplin and smelts are a sleep-producing food ; after a square meal on such, the porpoise naturally feels languid and sleepy, an easy prey to his captor.

In the school of porpoises there occur some cunning veterans, which the fishermen style *savants* or *coureurs de loches*. These sly old sea foxes have escaped from dangers innumerable, and can steer their way fearlessly through the stakes. Occasionally one may be seen stationed at the entrance of the fishery, warning his comrades to shun the treacherous stakes, and when they disregard his note of alarm, barring their passage. Should the giddy youths persist in entering, old reynard will show them how to creep

out of the stakes. These veterans can only be trapped when a long course of over-feeding makes them fat, stolid and stupid.

Nothing more striking than to watch from the point of Rivière Ouelle a drove of porpoises, on a calm summer day, gulping down in myriads the small fish within a stone's throw from the beach, swimming in hundreds close to the surface and spouting from their air holes the briny surf, which falls back, in the sun like a glittering shower of pearls, into the sea.

It is while securing thus their prey, that the porpoises, heavy and sleepy, rush heedlessly into the fishery entrance. Once inside, instinct tells them to seek deep water ; they thus cross the fishery diagonally and meet the lofty stakes which look to them like a wall, whose points, set in motion by the tide, scare them. They then retrace their course and seek to escape in deep water, but the excursion takes them back to what is known as the *raccroc*, where the shallow water warns them of impending danger. They then appear dazed, and do not show themselves at the surface. After a few more attempts to escape, they seek the deepest water within the stakes, and swim round slowly ; this is called sounding. During all this time the tide is running out and the huge creatures — some of them 25ft. long — remain an easy prey to the harpooners.

During the high tides porpoises occasionally drift ashore on the beach, but this does not happen during neap tides. As many as 500 have been formerly caught at one tide, and the catch of a season has reached the figure of 1,800.

In 1867, 100 porpoise were killed in one night, this was considered remarkable ; harpoons and lances are used to despatch them. The harpoon has projections which open out, and the harpooner stands erect in the bow of his canoe or boat ; the fish when struck rushes away, along with the

boat, which is carried through the water with the velocity of an arrow.

For some years past, the white porpoise seems to have deserted its old haunt at Rivière-Ouelle ; by some the frequent noise of the passing steamers is assigned as a cause. They have been pretty plentiful this summer at the entrance of the Saguenay River, and on the north shore of the St. Lawrence—where they are not caught in weirs and harpooned—but shot with a rifle from a boat and harpooned ; a doubtful process.

Abbé Casgrain pointed out the curious human foot-prints on the rock of the point, where also I saw the indenture and marks of snowshoes, in the solid shelving rocks ; another fruitful subject of mysterious surmise for the legend-loving dwellers in Rivière-Ouelle. “ The foot prints of the d—l, said one fisherman. “ But why should Lucifer have left his warm home ? another replied, “ to ramble in winter on snowshoes over the rocky shore. ” Mystery ! mystery ! but all in keeping with the weird and tragical legend of Madame Houel, the widow of M. Houel, a *contrôleur-général*, under the French regime who gave his name to the parish, and furnished Abbé Casgrain the frame work for his fascinating legend “ *La Jongleuse*, ” of which a short notice, from the “ *Maple Leaf*, ” published in New-York, may be acceptable.

KAMOURASKA.

Let us describe this famous old watering place, on the lower St. Lawrence, five miles lower down than this back range, St. Paschal railway station. It was conceded on the 14th July, 1674, to Sieur de la Durantaye. A lineal descendant, seignior of the Kamouraska Isles, Sieur de la Durantaye fell into the clutches of Major Robert Stobo, in the spring of 1759, when this brave but unscrupulous officer,

escaped from a Quebec prison, was on his way to join the English fleet at Louisbourg, and returned with it to capture Quebec.

St. Louis de Kamouraska possesses a handsome church and a convent. An Islet poet, Arthur Casgrain, in a humorous epic, has sang the ineffable charms of this favored land, opened up to the outer world by the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway, in 1855.

Kamouraska its "verdant isles like a handful of emeralds dropped by the angel of the sea,"—its soft, sandy beaches, its "graceful mermaids," its shady groves, have during the leafy months, fired more than one son of Phœbus-Apollo. What an arcadian region from June to September? To me, it recalls the poetie effusions of an esteemed *confrère*, A.-B. Routier, F. R. S. C., whose lyre so tuneful in the hey-day of his youth, is now set aside for the grave ermine of the judge. "Kamouraska, says he, is a modern village. It has its hotels, its restaurants, its shops and its shop-keepers, its notaries, doctors, lawyers, its athletes; alas! its gin palaces and their inmates, its Fausts and Margueritas, its Romeos and Juliets, its Paris, its Menelas, its Helene; it nearly had its Trojan war. A newspaper it has not, but some of its elder dames fill up its place advantageously." And next comes his graphic description of the *Petit Cap*, to the north-east, "on whose base the billows of the St. Lawrence fret and whose spruce-crowned summit, give it the aspect of an old Druid with a thick head of hair. A sacred spot where the warblers of the grove congregate, as well as dreamers and lovers. What weird, romantic tales, could be heard here, had the wind-stirred trees, the gift of utterance?"

Amidst this delightful gossip, I could not help noticing a thoughtful look on the face of a fellow passenger sitting next to me. After a few seconds, he said sententiously: "Do you not think that for an unsophisticated bachelor, seeking health in such a seductive spa as Kamouraska, peril lurks, especially if he should be unfortunate enough

to be classed as to his means or expectations, as *un Milord Anglais*."

" True, " said I ; " harken, however, to the philosophical maxims, recently promulgated by a French Sage of note, for the benefit of tourists in general and in particular for such a Telemachus as you make yourself out, travelling abroad without his mentor."

M. Boucher de Perthes in his letter C X E V I thus admonishes youthful travellers : " As to love making, says he, you must abstain from it entirely. For your life, dare not wink in return to a girl, especially if she is pretty and young. There would of course be less danger, were she ugly, and still less, were she old. But even when possessed of these two advantages, beware of her, unless you have made sure, that she has not a husband, nor a lover, nor a father, nor a mother, nor a brother, nor a sister, nor a niece, nor a cousin, nor ever heirs of whatever degree ; else, the least trouble which might befall you, might be the treatment inflicted on Heloise's lover —(Abelard) —and this might mar your matrimonial schemes ! " One more word anent the elysium of our *jeunesse dorée*, before bidding it adieu.

One of the most striking features in the landscape, is the cluster of green isles, dear to pic-nic parties, facing the village, each having its history or legend : Martinique Island, Providence island, Ile Brûlée, Crow Island, with the largest of the group, Grosse Ile, standing out with its beacon, a luminous sentinel, over its smaller sisters, during the silent watches of night.

" From the river, the white village of Kamouraska might be taken," says a poet, " for a herd of sea gulls or swans, lighted on a point of land, or swimming in the surf, when the mirage lends its illusions to the scene."

Sweet haven of delight during the dog days, adieu !
adieu !

RIVIÈRE DU LOUP.

Rivière du Loup, an important centre of the Intercolonial and Témiscouata Railways, has of late years evolved into the progressive town of Fraserville. Though its seignior is a Fraser and in addition, a public benefactor of the town, he was not The Fraser, on the memorable occasion, in 1868, when it was attempted to reconstruct this ancient and valiant Scottish clan, and to name provincial, county and parish chieftains. In 1868, the head chief The Fraser, was the Hon. John Fraser de Berry, L. C. Saint Marc, near Montreal and not Fraserville, enjoyed the honor of being the head-quarters of this eminent "58th descendant of Jules de Berry, a rich and powerful lord, who gave a sumptuous feast to the Emperor Charlemagne and his numerous suite at his castle in Normandy, in the 8th century." The Saint Marc chieftain maintained that De Berry regaled Charlemagne with strawberries (*fraises*, in the French language), and that the Emperor was so greatly pleased that he ordered that he should henceforth be known as Fraser de Berry and from him the Clan Fraser traces its descent. This pet scheme of the Hon. John Fraser de Berry, naturally called (1) forth

(To the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.)

THE FRASER CLAN.

(1) SIR,—I have been much gratified by your liberal and flattering notice of the late "gathering of the clans" at Mrs. Brown's Restaurant. At the same time, I feel it my duty to supply an omission in your account of the proceedings, and also to bring proof of a fact of which you seem to entertain some doubt.

It was decided at the meeting that the chiefs and others who should attend the gathering, in May next, should be requested to appear in full Highland costume. During the discussion which arose on the subject, a proposal was made to have the kilts of *étouffe du pays*, but this was immediately quashed by our worthy chief, who has ordered a web of the real clan tartan from the "land of the Gael," so that he and the fifty-eighth descendant may make an imposing appearance on the eventful day. At the same time he strongly

a deal of curious and harmless banter in the English and French press. The numerous and very respectable Fraser clan in the Province of Quebec, having branched off into so many, so varied septs, some having quite forgotten the traditions of the land of the Gael — its national costume

recommended the clansmen to learn the name of the several portions of their national costume, such as philibeg, sporan, claymore, skenedhu, &c., and to provide the articles required. All present agreed to follow his advice, with one exception, a modest man, who is ashamed to show his legs, and who swore, with emphatic *sacré* that he would wear his *culottes* on the occasion.

With reference to your implied doubt as to the lineal descent of our chief from Jules de Berry, I am happy to say that, I can bring unquestionable proof of the interesting fact. In a rare work, (which may be found in the circulating library of the "*Cercle littéraire de St. Sauveur*,") entitled : "*Histoire du Clanne Fraiser depuis la création*," par Q. Fraiser. Paris, A. D. 1167. Tome I, page 573, is an account of the identical banquet given to Charlemagne, by the nobleman above referred to. It was on this interesting occasion that the family received its name. The knight, on bended knee, presented a plate of strawberries to his guest, who, surprised at the pleasing incident, —for the fruit was not in season—exclaimed, (the Emperor's knowledge of the French was limited,) *Hallo ! fraises*, Sir de Berry!—and condescended to partake. After enjoying the lucious fruit, he ordered that to commemorate the event, his host should for the future bear the title of *Fraiser* jocularly adding (Charlemagne was fond of *capital* jokes,) that no one could fail to see the derivation of his name, for he had it both in French and English—*Fraiser de Berry*. It will thus be seen that our chief is not descended from a man of *straw*, but from a man of *strawberries*.

The clan, however, existed long before this period. No reasonable doubt can be entertained of their direct descent from one of the sons of Noah, and perhaps they existed even before the deluge. Indeed, the rare work above mentioned gives in tome I, page 125, an affidavit from an eye witness, who deposed that he saw Japhet going into the ark, carrying a large tin box with a brass padlock, (Tubal-Cain's patent, probably,) on which was inscribed in white letters "*Papiers des Friseurs*." These were no doubt, papers relating to the clan, though some critics, (envious of our antiquity) insinuate that they were only Madame Japhet's curl-papers, stored away for use in the ark, and locked up to keep them from her quarrelsome sisters-in-law.

Again I thank your, Sir, and beg to inform you that whenever you call at my house, the bumper of Glenlivet is at your service.

L.-X. FRASER,
Notaire *gillie*.

Quebec, 26th Feb., 1868.

and language, the idea had ultimately to be abandoned as impracticable.

Fraserville, with its handsome new Roman Catholic temple of worship, ornate villas, prosperous store-keepers, numerous hotels, and increasing population, was well worthy of becoming the county town—a distinction, until recently, enjoyed by its rival, St. Louis de Kamouraska.

At the roaring waterfall, close to the extensive Intercolonial Railway station, the stream rushes wildly over a cliff about 80 feet high, then pauses to rest in the deep pool below ere blending its dark waters with the St. Lawrence. Fraserville is the terminus of the Temiscouata Railway, (1) just now opened to traffic; a thriving new line 81 miles long, recently built from Rivière du Loup to Edmunston, N. B., to connect with the New Brunswick Railway, at Edmunston.

It opens out the settlements and lumbering establishments on the Madawaska valley, skirting for twenty odd miles the shore of the picturesque Temiscouata Lake, the home of the *Touladi*, (Great Grey Trout) of the *pointus*, (white fish) and of ordinary lake trout.

The Temiscouata Lake, with its winding headlands, green slopes and deep ravines, bids fair to attract crowds of anglers, though the *Touladi* — which attain as much as 15 lbs in weight — are caught chiefly with bait on night lines, or by trolling, at the mouths of the rivers which discharge in the lake: this fierce denizen of the liquid element is also captured on night lines in winter under the ice, in the lake.

I saw some very fair specimens taken there, on 21st June last—when I visited Edmunston—a lovely village of Acadians on the Madawaska. Monsieur Hébert, the proprietor of the village hostelry, informed me that life had

(1) Temiscouata, in Indian dialect “Winding River.”

not always been so easy at Edmunston ; that his great-grand father, one of Col. Lawrence exiles of Sept. 1755, had settled, here, bringing his family from Acadia, in his birch canoe and grinding the corn daily for its subsistence in a portable hand mill.

On a height which commands the lake, stands old Fort Ingalls—to be fitted up—t'is said, as an hotel for tourists ; until 1850, it was garrisoned by 200 British soldiers.

The principal settlement on the lake shore is *Notre-Dame du Lac*, founded in 1861—population about 300 souls.

St. Modeste, St. François, St. Honoré, St. Louis, Fort Ingalls, Notre-Dame du Lac, Ste. Rose, St. Jacques, Otterburn and Edmunston are the chief railway stations.

Rivière du Loup with its sloping hills, dotted with villas, closed in by *Pointe à Beaulieu*, and by the river pier, in the distance, appears with advantage from the village. Its former name, is said to have originated in the olden times, when the phocæ, *loups-marins*, were in the habit of congregating in large droves at its entrance in the St. Lawrence, making night hideous with their cries ; long since, they have changed their haunts.

CACOUNA.

I can recall Cacouana, in 1854, when it was but an inconsiderable village, and when the want of a railway and a wharf compelled one to land in a small boat, whilst a hay cart and horse were driven in the surf to receive the baggage from the boat. It is now the Brighton and Biarritz of Canada, in much request by our rank and fashion during the hot spell, from tropical June to cool September ; its capacious St. Lawrence Hall can accommodate 600 guests, and the smaller hotels and cottages of the peasantry, receive as many more travellers and pleasure-seekers. A number of Quebec and Montreal merchants and pro-

professional men, have selected for themselves pleasant retreats, on the lofty bank skirting the highway, handy to the beach and sea-bathing. Lake Saint Simon, a few miles in rear, furnishes good sport to the angler, whilst riding, driving and pic-nics, &c., fill in the spare hours of leisure. A good beach, pure, cool air, brilliant northern scenery, grand river views from the heights and excellent railway accommodation : such are the specialities of Cacouna—4½ miles from the railway station.

ILE-VERTE.

-There is nothing very noteworthy about the parish of *Ile Verte*, Green Island, which borrows its name from the verdant isle facing the village.

TROIS PISTOLES.

It leads to the extensive, old village of *Trois Pistoles*, where the Intercolonial Railway passengers stop twenty minutes for lunch. The veterans of the Quebec Bar tell of a famous law suit, originated in this parish by a change having been made in the public road—which was laid out to run on the slope of a hill, instead of in an adjoining valley ; the residents above would have nothing to do with those living below, even in spiritual matters. Each portion had its Roman Catholic church for years. Better counsels at last prevailed, chiefly through the wise and conciliatory action of the Bishop : the lower church was ultimately closed, much to the regret of the Quebec limbs of the law.

What about the name ?

“ About the year 1700, according to a tradition in my family, said to me, Monsieur D’Amour, a descendant of the proud old seigniors, a fisher from France had established his hut on the rocky banks of the river. One day, a hunter

hailed him from the opposite shore, asking how much he would charge to ferry him over.

“ *Trois Pistoles*,” said the disciple of old Isaak, who was also the ferryman.

—“ What name does that river go by?” asked the sportsman.

“ It has none as yet, but will be christened soon ” replied he of the ferry.

—“ Call it *Trois Pistoles*, my friend,” said the hunter.

“ Such is the tradition current for more than a century in my family,” said Monsieur D’Amour, once the active caterer for the railway restaurant.”

Extensive lumber establishments, provided with rich timber limits, lately existed on this river.

The train next stops at two small stations, St. Simon and St. Fabien.

ST. FABIEN.

St. Fabien is a succession of hills, with a very uninteresting landscape, and a frugal, industrious and peaceful population. St. Simon shut out from the river view, between two mountains, is monotonous in the extreme. The road runs at the bottom of a valley, with sloping pasture-lands and farms on each side, a distance of some six miles. Lake St. Simon, very accessible from Cacouna, behind St. Simon, nearly skirts the highway at St. Fabien. We soon reached that picturesque and incomparable Bay of Bic, which made the divine Emily Montague, according to Mrs. Brooke, exclaim in 1767 “ I wish I were Queen of Bic ! ” Amidst these Alpine heights, the Intercolonial Railway runs ; at one spot, near Bic, the train glides along a mountain gorge two hundred feet in the air. Formerly the highway from St. Simon to Bic, lay on the beach, at the base of stupendous cliffs, and was safe at low water only. Occasionally the waves washed over it at a great height ; incautious travellers have found there a watery grave.

BIC.

Instead of a large village here, at the beginning of this century, there was scarcely one house to every nine miles of road. Tradition still points out the spot where a dreaded way side inn existed, kept by a repulsive old crone of the name of Petit. During winter storms, belated travellers seeking the shelter of Madame Petit's roof, in some instances were never heard of again. Dark and fearful were the tales circulated about Madame Petit.

Bic is called, in Jean Alphonse's Routier, *Cap de Marbre*: it went also by the name of Le Pic. Jacques Cartier, in 1535, named the harbor itself—*Islet St. Jean*, having entered it on the anniversary of the day on which John the Baptist was beheaded. Under French rule, the Baron d'Avaugour, in 1663, and the famous engineer Vauban, thirty years later, had planned an important part to be played by Bic in the general system of defences contemplated to consolidate French power, in Canada. Quebec was then to receive most extensive fortifications. Bic was to be a harbor for the French men-of-war to be retained in these waters. It still cherishes fond hopes of becoming a winter harbor of refuge; though the *S.S. Persia*, Capt. Judkins, had a narrow escape from destruction and had to run for Halifax, leaving her boats behind when the remainder of the troops were disembarked at Bic in 1861, on landing English troop there in December, on account of the Trent embroglio. Bic is likely to play a part, in some of the wild and impracticable schemes put forth to navigate the St. Lawrence, during the close season of winter. The seigniorship of Bic was granted by Count de Frontenac, 6th May, 1675, to Charles Denis de Vitré, an ancestor of Denis de Vitré, who was made to accompany the English fleet to Quebec, in 1759, as one of Admiral Saunderson's pilots.

Bic Island, *Biquet*, *Cap Enragé*, *Ile Brûlée*, *Cap à l'Original* and especially the cave of *Islet au Massacre* are familiar names to the coaster or mariner of the lower St. Lawrence, in quest of a haven during our autumnal storms. Mr. J.-C. Taché has rescued, in the *Soirées Canadiennes*, the particulars of the great Indian Massacre, of which the cave was the theatre, in the remote days of New France.

L'ISLET AU MASSACRE.

At the entrance of Bic harbor, there exists a small island. For a couple of centuries back it has been known as *L'Islet au Massacre*, Massacre Island. A deed of blood marks the spot. Tradition supplements several details, unknown to history, of the horrible scene of yore enacted at Bic. Two hundred Micmac Indians were camping there for the night ; the canoes had been beached ; a neighboring recess or cavern in the lofty rocks which bound the coast offered an apparently secure asylum to the warriors, their squaws and papooses. Wrapped in sleep, the redskins quietly awaited the return of day to resume their journey ; they slept, but not their lynx-eyed enemy, the Iroquois ; from afar, he had scented his prey. During the still hours of night, his silent steps had compassed the slumbering foe. Laden with birch-bark fagots and other combustible materials, the Iroquois noiselessly surround the cavern ; the fagots are piled around it ; the torch applied.

Kohe ! Kohe ! ! Hark ! the fiendish well-known war-whoop ! The Micmacs, terror stricken, seize their arms ; they prepare to sell dearly their lives, when the lambent flames and the scorching heat leave them but one alternative, that of rushing from their lurking place. One egress alone remains ; wild despair steels their hearts ; men, women and children crowd through the narrow passage

amidst the flames ; at the same instant a shower of poisoned arrows decimates them ; the human hyena is on his prey. A few flourishes of the tomahawk from the Iroquois and the silence of death soon invades the narrow abode. Now for the trophies ; the scalping, it seems, took some time to be done effectually. History mentions but *five*, out of the two hundred victims, who escaped with their lives. The blanched bones of the Micmac braves strewed the cavern, and could be seen until some years back. This dark deed, still vivid by tradition in the minds of the Ristigouche settlers, is mentioned in detail in Jacques Cartier's narrative.. (1)

I detach the following from a former Diary.

Bic, 28th February, 1883.

FROM MILLE VACHES TO BIC IN MID-WINTER.

“ Chance made me to-day the witness of an occurrence which may, perhaps, be worthy of note. Yesterday a frail boat of only twelve feet keel, manned by two vigorous young Canadians, arrived at Bic, after a successful passage with oars alone from Mille Vaches on the north side. The distance is at least twenty-one miles. It is well known how choked the river is with ice in the month of February. I questioned Mr. Napoléon Blanchet, one of those intrepid adventurers, as to the dangers of such a voyage. He replied as if the undertaking was an ordinary occurrence, and said that in the following week he intended to cross from the south side, at Portneuf to the north side, where the distance from shore to shore is still greater. “ Are you not afraid,” I asked him, “ of a snowstorm or a gale of wind, arising during so long a passage, and that your vessel may founder ? You have no sails, nothing but simple oars to take you across.” He replied : “ We select fair weather and leave the rest to Providence.”

What a true type, I said to myself, of the hardy Canadian of old ! When D'Iberville set out in April two centuries ago for Hudson's Bay, perhaps the forefather of Napoléon Blanchet was one of his party. At any rate, he ought to have been.

ST. GERMAIN DE RIMOUSKI.

Rimouski, one of the largest counties in the Dominion, extends from Bic, inclusive, to Cape Chatte and still further down, on the St. Lawrence, a distance of 150 miles. Seventeen parishes : St. Simon, St. Mathieu, St. Fabien, St. Cecile du Bic, Town of St. Germain, Parish of St. Germain, St. Blandine, St. Anaclet, St. Donat, Ste. Luce, Ste. Flavie, Ste. Angèle de Merici, St. Octave de Metis, L'Assomption, McNider, St. Ulric, of which six or eight on the river banks, and the remainder in the interior, together with seven townships, Township of Matane, St. Jerome de Matane, Ste. Félicité, Townships of Cherbourg, Dalibert, Romieu, constitute this extensive county.

The counties in the province of Quebec, generally comprise from thirteen to fifteen parishes ; it is pleasant to follow here the onward march of progress for the last fifty years.

The abolishing by the Hon. L.-T. Drummond, in 1854, of the feudal tenure, in land ; the public security given to land titles by registry offices, founded in 1842, by Sir L.-H. Lafontaine; the decentralisation of justice, by Sir George, Etienne Cartier, in 1857, who substituted to the five old judicial districts, Quebec, Three Rivers, Montreal, Gaspé and St. Francis, twenty-two new districts, providing each with a court house, a resident judge, a sheriff, prothonotary and local law officers ; but especially, the construction by English capitalists : Messrs. Jackson, Morton, Peto, Brassey and Betts of the Grand Trunk railroad, supplemented

later on by its powerful auxiliary the Intercolonial railway, built with Canadian money, which procured easy and cheap access, for the peasantry to our cities, and to the United States : such have been among the chief factors under our parliamentary leaders which have completed the general awakening of French Canada, inaugurated—it is true and to be regretted—with civic strife, by Louis-Joseph Papi-neau, in 1837,

Later on, came the great constitutional compact and compromise, entered in by our leading statesmen—the confederation of the several provinces into the Dominion of Canada which gave British America, a status among nations, and to each province, a new life.

It were hard now to recognize in the flourishing new town of St. Germain, rejoicing in its district judge, bishop, cathedral, colleges, convents, &c.—accessible by rail in six hours travel from Levis—the puny parish of Rimouski of yore, reached from Quebec, after a laborious week's journey, on miry roads or through January snow drifts. Truly, ought the year 1867, be marked in red letters, for the Rimouskites.

The seigniori of Rimouski and Saint Barnabé was conceded on the 24th April, 1688, by the Marquis de Denonville, to sieur de la Cordonnière. It now belongs to the heirs Drapeau, represented by the Hon. Mr. Justice Ulric Tessier, who occupies the old seigniorial manor during the summer months ; there are several co-seigneurs.

Rimouski, in verity, dates back to 1701 : it was erected as a parish in 1835, and by act of Parliament, it was a year later, incorporated as a town, under the name of St. Germain de Rimouski. On the 16th May, 1867, it was created an episcopal see and Bishop Jean Langevin (previously Principal of the Normal School, at Quebec) its first bishop, took possession of his diocese. It is the capital of the county of the same name, with a population of 2,000 souls : its cathedral cost upwards of \$50,000.

The Rimouski river, which rises in two considerable branches in rear of the seigniory and falls into the St. Lawrence, is a good salmon stream. It is crossed at the west end of the village by a beautiful iron bridge, resting on four piers and two abutments.

The scenery along the river is attractive.

A wharf, three-quarters of a mile long, has been constructed by Government, about half way between Rimouski, and Father Point, so called after Rev. Father Henri Nouvel, who wintered there in 1663 ; there, the English mails are landed or taken on board the ocean steamers. A branch of the Intercolonial runs down to the wharf, so that no time is lost in despatching the mails or passengers, after the arrival of the steamer in the bay.

Facing Rimouski, lies a low, deserted and wooded island, about a mile from the shore, with a channel nearly dry at low water ; it is a most effectual barrier against the swell of the gulf. St. Barnaby still bears the name, under which it was known, in 1629, to the Kirkes, when they rendez-voused there, on their expedition against Quebec. The island is three miles long. For years, it was the quiet home of a mysterious old hermit, Toussaint Cartier, by name, as appears by a notarial deed, executed in 1728, between him and seigneur Lepage, of Rimouski. " Many times," familiarly writes, Mr. Elzear Gauvreau, in a Rimouski journal, "*La Voix du Golfe*, my grand father Charles Lepage, spoke to me about the hermit, whom he had personally known, and who used to relate how he had been shipwrecked on the island in 1723, and made a vow in consequence. He was very religious, and would spend hours in his oratory at prayers. He used to shun the sight of women."

The hermit died aged about sixty years, on 30th January, 1767, as appears by the Rimouski church register, after

spending forty-three years, on this solitary isle. He had not always been a woman hater, if the author of the "History of Emily Montague, (1)" is to be credited. This curious old novel contains an interesting letter, addressed by Col. Rivers to the heroine of Mrs. Brooke's romance, dated 13th Oct. 1766, explanatory of the cause of the seclusion, practised by Toussaint Cartier.

Some of the adjoining parishes, Ste. Luce, Ste. Flavie, Sandy Bay, Metis, Matane, nestle on sunny, deep bays, in which a winding rivulet or rapid river discharges.

At St. Octave de Métis, Sir George Stephens, the C. P. R. millionaire has his sumptuous lodge, close to the Metis river, which he has acquired as a salmon fishing preserve.

At Little Metis a curious spectacle greets the eye. An entire settlement of Scotchmen, imported from the Land O' Cakes, some sixty years ago, by the seignior of Metis, the late Mr. McNider, numbering about 100 families. They have pushed their settlement as far back as the fifth range or concession. I was surprised to find they could support two churches of the Protestant faith, a Presbyterian and a Methodist Church. The children looked well clad, healthy and contented. I asked a wee lassie where she was bound for. "To meet my mither ayount the hills" she readily replied, with charming simplicity. The public road, for more than forty miles, runs level like a bowling green, on the edge of the broad St. Lawrence, so broad here, that the opposite shore cannot be seen, whilst the railway strikes across the lofty ridge towards the Metapedia valley. I have seen the picturesque scenery of Metis under many aspects. Long will I retain, however, the vivid impression it made on me, whilst travelling through, before the era of the

(1) *The History of Emily Montague* — 4 volumes — London, 1783. This curious old novel, the first Canadian novel, was written at Sillery, near Quebec by Mrs. Francis Brooke, whose husband was Chaplain to the imperial forces.

Intercolonial railway, on the 15th November, 1868. With the first winter roads, the sky was bright, and frosty the air; amid the boom of the surf on the beach, the tinkle of our sleigh bells was scarcely audible. Merrily, we bowled along, in the solemn silence of a Sabbath afternoon, to where duty called.

On our right stood the Metis kirk, lit up with the expiring rays of the setting sun, whilst a bevy of rosy-cheeked, youthful worshippers poured out of its portals, homeward bound; and far away in the blue east, a mere speck on the bosom of the great river, a noble ship, the *S. S. Nestorian*, also homeward bound, carrying back our late Governor Lord Monck and his fortunes. One of those radiant sunsets with which autumn occasionally consoles us for the loss of summer, was pouring on the waters its gold and purple light, whilst a pair of hardy fishers were tugging lustily, at their oars to make the entrance of Metis Bay. What a scene for a painter!

OUR SALMON AND SALMON-TROUT RIVERS.

"O! give me a cot in the valley I love
And a trout fly on my summer hook."

What vast progress has been made in the development of our fisheries? how many instructive and entertaining books have been written on our salmon streams, and on pisciculture, since the time, long ago, when a learned physician, Dr. Wm. Henry, Superintendent of Military Hospitals, in this Province, stationed at Quebec and Montreal, in 1828, described in detail in 1839, the trout and salmon fisheries of the rivers Jacques Cartier and Murray, in the county of Charlevoix. Indeed his work in two volumes, "*Trifles from my Portfolio*," stands in the eyes of the faithful disciples of Ausonius and of Columella, as a prized record of our early fishing days.

The sketches gathered together in the learned doctor's portfolio show not only the skilled angler, but also the charming conversationalist, the writer, elegant and even classical, the careful observer of nature, the great traveller, the social man and also the skillful practitioner of his art; one of the sketches exhibits him as one of the anatomists appointed by the English Government to take part in the official autopsy of the body of Napoleon I, at St. Helena.

The writings of Dr. Henrys, delightful volumes which amateurs now dispute over, have carried the fame of the Jacques Cartier as a fishing river to every quarter of the globe. We should not be surprised to learn that the renown of its rocky falls, of its rapids, the reputation of the *Remous St. Jean*, of the *Grands Rets*, were, thanks to him, known to the savage tribes of Central Africa !

The names of Henry and of his genial successor at the Jacques-Cartier, the late Charles Langevin, have been associated for half a century with this raging stream and with the neighborhood of the bridge of Louis D  ry upon this river. Mr. R. Nettle has even taken the trouble to furnish a comparative table of the salmon scores of our excellent fellow-citizen from 1850 to 1856. Mr. Langevin has given his name to an artificial fly, it seems, of wonderful efficacy in causing salmon to rise : the Langevin salmon fly ; and the name of Henry is still borne by one of the descendants of the former proprietors of the old D  ry bridge. I made this discovery in the following way :

In August, 1883, with a youthful (1) Kinsman, I was descending in a bark canoe one of the treacherous rapids of the great outlet of Lake St. John. Mr. Wm. Griffith, the owner of the celebrated fishing station on this rapid, had kindly granted a permit to my companion, who, in

(1) The late Mr. Augustus Maxham, teller, in the Union Bank, Quebec.

less than an hour, had filled the canoe with superb Wa-na-nich, weighing on an average 4 lbs each. The Wa-na-nich, called by the English, land-locked salmon, is extremely lively at this season, and takes any fly. I had the curiosity to ask of the old canoeman who managed our craft, his name and the place of his birth. "I am Henry D  ry ; I was born at D  ry's Bridge on the Jacques-Cartier," he said, pushing up his red tuque and turning his quid. "Honor   or Henri" said I, "which is your name?" "Neither one, nor the other, sir," he replied, "but Henry D  ry. My name is that of a benefactor of my family, Dr. Henry, whom you might have known in Quebec, perhaps, sixty years ago. He used to come salmon-fishing every summer to the Jacques Cartier River."

"I knew him not, I replied, but I know of whom you "speak."

There remains many other things to be said with regard to this facile writer, who, I believe, was the first to draw attention to our salmon streams. I shall confine myself for the present to notice, as I go along, the interesting account found in his book, of a fishing trip which he made from Montreal to Mal Bay, in June, 1830, with a friend, Major Wingfield, of the Sixty-sixth Regiment. They seem both to have partaken very heartily of the hospitality offered under the roof of Mr. Chaperon, which if I remember right, lies a little to the east of the Nairne Manor. Their guide was one Jean Gros ; Jean Gros having lost his paddle in a rapid at the head of the fall in the Mal Bay stream, they were nigh taking a cold bath in the river. A few emphatic oaths from the Doctor attracted the attention of some neighboring people, who threw planks and poles to the distressed mariners. The canoe reached the bank before it was caught by the rapids. The story of the sufferings, which the black fly, midge, and mosquito inflicted upon them is very amusing ; but a luminous ray soon came to brighten the overpowering gloom

This was the taking of five salmon, weighing 105 lbs., and of forty-eight trout, which averaged 3lbs. each. Dr. Henry and his companion sailed next, to Duck River and Black River, twenty miles lower down.

*
* *

Except a few articles in the newspapers and magazines, we meet with no treatises on our salmon and trout rivers between 1839 and 1858, barring a useful work on pisciculture and on the protection of our rivers, entitled *Salmon Fisheries of the St. Lawrence* by a respected teacher of Quebec, Mr. Richard Nettle, now an *employee*, at Ottawa, in the Inland Revenue Department. Mr. Nettle, convinced that his tastes and his special knowledge might be utilized to the profit of his adopted country, put forth a volume which did so much to call public attention to a hitherto ignored source of revenue that the Government of the day, at the special instance, we are told, of His Excellency, Sir Edmund Walker Head, created the post of Superintendent of Fisheries, of which Mr. Nettle became the first incumbent. Here, his labors, his love of angling, and his literary proclivities were of real service in the organization which Parliament, later, adopted. Mr. Nettle was one of the first among us to call attention to the success in pisciculture attained in France by the pioneers in the discovery, two poor fishermen of the Vosges, Gehin and Rémy, which success Mr. Coste later on developed in so lucid a manner. Mr. Nettle enumerated our salmon streams; insisted on the importance of protecting fish and game in the spawning and breeding season; gave plans of fishways to be erected in mill sluices; furnished comparative tables of the yield of the most fruitful rivers of the Old World, protected and unprotected; dilated at length on fishculture, which Mr. Seth Green has so well carried on at his establishment at Mumford, in the State of New York. In short, the writ

ings of Mr. Nettle were very acceptable to all friends of progress. Some obstructionists, it is true—the men of the *nigogue* (1)—in a word, the advocates of destruction of fish at every season, even that of spawning and reproduction, endeavored, but in vain, to trip him up. Nettle was destined to triumph and did.

Later on, his name was enrolled by the side of that of Fortin, Cauchon, Sicotte, Mitchell, the patrons and promoters of our actual fishery organization.

Aside from the excellent annual Reports submitted to the Legislature by the Hon. P. Fortin, during seventeen years commander of the *Canadienne* in the coast service, aside from Judge Routhier's little work "En Canot," apart from some well-written pages in which the elegant pen of our friend A. N. Montpetit is revealed, Canadian literature contains no lengthy work in the French language upon the subject of our fisheries. It is to English writers of Canada and the United States that we owe a series of instructive and amusing works—some elaborately illustrated—upon our salmon rivers ; we propose to pass rapidly in review the most notable.

In 1860, the celebrated English house, Longman, Green, Longman & Roberts, printed in London, *édition de luxe*, the volume *Salmon Fishing in Canada, by a resident with illustrations*, for Sir James-Edward Alexander, Colonel of the 14th Regiment. This officer, known to the literary world by his explorations in America, in Africa and elsewhere, a great lover of angling, had during his sojourn in Canada made the acquaintance of the Rev. Dr. William Agar Adamson, D. C. L. Almoner or Chaplain of the Legislative Assembly. Sir J. E. Alexander took charge of the publication of the journal, or notes on his fishing, which

(1) The *nigogue* is the Indian name of the spear used to kill salmon by torchlight.

had been prepared by Dr. Adamson. It is a work of nearly 400 pages, illustrated by numerous wood cuts, beautified by vignettes representing sporting adventures sometimes burlesque, It comprises twenty-four chapters, descriptive of jolly fishing excursions after salmon and salmon trout, on the eddies, in the rapids of the Saguenay and its tributaries, on the Escoumains, in the Petite Romaine, on the Sault au Mouton, at Portneuf and Bersiamites, on the Sheldrake, Godbout, Matane, Metis, Trinité, Pentecoste, Marguerite and Moisie rivers, without omitting a voyage to Labrador with some of the whalers of Gaspé in search of whales ; the whole seasoned with scraps of poetry, with little poems improvised for the occasion, with anecdotes aglow with keen repartee and Attic salt. In this salmagundi of salmon, we find a little of everything, even of music. Two annotated Canadian songs precede the appendix, Moore's Boat Song of 1804, translated into French and set to music, and the touching *complainte* of the regretted Gerin Lajoie :

“ Un Canadien errant
Loin de ses foyers. ”

The appendix contains documents, reports, and the following pieces, several of them of great importance :

I. The memoir read by Dr. Adamson, before the Canadian Institute of Toronto, in 1858, and on which, later, was founded in great measure our legislation for the protection and artificial propagation of salmon, “ On the Decrease, Restoration and Preservation of Salmon in Canada.”

II. “ Observations on the Habits of the Salmon Family.” By William Henry, Esq., M.D., Inspector-General of Hospitals.

III. “ Fishing in New Brunswick and Canada.” By Colonel Sir J. E. Alexander, F. R. G. S. and R. A. S., 14th Regiment.

IV. Extract of the " Report of Commissioner of Crown Lands, Canada, 1860."

V. " Salmon and Sea Trout Fisheries of Lower Canada."

VI. " Report of Crown Lands Department, Fisheries, 1858." Hon. P.-M. Vankoughnet.

Dr. Adamson's book, after a quarter of a century, continues to delight amateurs, and sends us each season its quota of anglers.

In the spring of 1863, I published, under the title "*Les Pêcheries du Canada*," a summary of certain studies, the work of leisure hours during the long winter evenings. The treatise was divided into two parts. In the first, I described the results obtained in the Old World by the method of fish-culture of Goldstein, already introduced in the Province since 1858, but of which Gehin and Remy, the fishermen of the Vosges, became, without knowing it, the most illustrious apostles in France, and which a learned member of the Institute who was at the same time professor in the College of France, Mr. Coste, had had accepted by the French and several other governments since 1855, in a treatise (1) translated into almost all languages. This new method of propagating, restoring and protecting the fish in lakes and rivers, was followed by several sketches of trout lakes and salmon rivers, which I made known in detail to the amateur-anglers of Canada and the United States, inviting them to share our riches.

The second part presented an historical review of our deep-sea fisheries, and suggested a number of amendments and changes in the organization of our coast service, and in the legislation affecting the Canadian fisheries. Such as bounties, fishways for the salmon, compulsory inspection

(1) Instructions Pratiques sur la Pisciculture. Seconde édition. Paris. Librairie de Victor Masson, 1856

of the herring and fish oil, the fitting out of gunboats to protect our coast against poachers when ever the provisions of the treaty of 1818 should be fallen back on.

I am happy to have seen several of my suggestions incorporated in our statutes, and the cruisers, at the moment at which I write, are the order of the day. My little work procured for me the encouragement of the Prime Minister of the time, Hon. Mr. Sicotte, later known, from the legislation which he procured to be enacted as "the Father of Fisheries." The Hon. Mr. Cauchon, then in his palmy days, dedicated to me an extremely eulogistic article in the *Journal de Québec*. But let us pass on.

In 1862, a member of the New-York Bar, Robert-B. Roosevelt, son of Judge Roosevelt and author, among other works, of "*Game Birds of the North*," published at New York, under the *nom de plume* of "Barnwell," a useful treatise of 324 pages, under the title "*Game Fish of the North*." Mr. Roosevelt, while describing in detail his favorite amusement, has made deep researches as to the different species of sea and river fish which he considers game fish. He discusses their specific characteristics, their habits, classification, the time of spawning and the methods of taking them, the material for, and the manner of preparing, the artificial fly; the whole accompanied by agreeable reminiscences of his fishing in the New England States, in New Brunswick and in the Province of Quebec. His book is a useful and charming *vade mecum* for the anglers for trout and salmon. Mr. Roosevelt is a civilized man on his vacation, sighing for the solitude of the woods, of our lakes and of our salmon reaches. Happy Mr. Roosevelt!

In 1873, Harper Brothers, of New York, printed in an illustrated octavo volume, the numerous articles upon the trout and salmon lakes which the author, Charles Hallock, had scattered through the magazines and periodicals of the United States. This ardent sportsman, for a number of

years editor-in-chief of the weekly journal FOREST AND STREAM, a paper of wide circulation in the United States and Canada, had cast his fly over most of the northern rivers of the continent; no one, therefore, seems better authorized than he to treat of angling *ex cathedrâ*.

By his "Fishing Tourist," Mr. Hallock has done an inexpressible service to the disciples of Izaak Walton. His Guide Book embraces: 1. Long Island. 2. The Adirondacks. 3. The Alleghanies. 4. New England. 5. The Schoodics. 6. Nova Scotia. 7. Cape Breton, 8. New Brunswick. 9. Baie des Chaleurs. 10. The Lower St. Lawrence. 11. The Saguenay. 12. Labrador and Newfoundland. 13. Anticosti. 14. The Ottawa District. 15. The Superior Region. 16. The Michigan Peninsula. 17. The "Big Woods." 18. The Pacific Slope. 19. Blooming Grove Park. 20. "Natural and Artificial Propagation," without taking into account a valuable study of the natural and artificial propagation of fish in the United States and among us. The programme is extensive, is it not? and Canada comes in for a large share of it.

Salmon; trout, red, white, gray; pike, barr, pickerel, whitefish, black bass, maskinonge, everything which breathes, moves, frisks in the liquid element, finds its place in his admirable list.

Charles Hallock, the indefatigable Secretary of the Angling Club—the Blooming [Grove] Park Association—will tell you in what month, at what date, at what hour of the day, be the weather clear or cloudy, the fish ought to bite; what lure, what fly will tempt it; stating beforehand and with precision the fly to be used; the kind of canoe; the guide whom you should choose; without omitting the outfit for the trip; the usefulness of canned provisions: lobster, sardines, ham, chicken; specifics against the bites of the mosquito; even to the necessary stimulants, tea, coffee; prohibiting strictly the use of spirits in camp, and extolling

as a beverage the fresh water of the neighboring spring for he who desires to retain a stout arm, a strong leg, quick wits for a successful struggle with *Salmo salar*, the valiant king of our rivers, rushing fresh from the depths of old ocean.

To Hallock, one might imagine, was revealed his vocation as an angler, a little while after he had escaped from the arms of his nurse. This is how he paints the sunshine of his youth, the happy time when all within us sings :

“ It is now twenty-six years since I cast my first fly among the green hills of Hampshire county, Massachusetts. I was a stripling then, tall and active, with my young blood bounding through every vein, and revelling in the full promise of a hardy manhood. My whole time was passed out of doors. I scorned a bed in the summer months. My home was a tree-embowered shanty apart from the farm house, and crowning a knoll around whose base wound and tumbled a most delectable trout brook. Here was the primary school where I learned the first rudiments of a sportsman's education. In time I came to know every woodchuck hole in the township, and almost every red squirrel and chipmunk by sight ; every log where an old cock partridge drummed ; every crow's nest, and every hollow tree where a coon hid away. I heard Bob White whistle to his mate in June, and knew where to find his family when the young brood hatched out. I had pets of all kinds ; tame squirrels and crows, hawks, owls and coons. All the live stock on the farm were my friends. I rode the cows from pasture, drove a cosset four-in-hand, jumped the donkey off the bridge to the detriment of both our necks, and even trained a heifer so that I could fire my shotgun at rest between her budding horns. I learned where to gather all the berries, roots, barks and ‘yarbs’ that grew in the woods ; and so unconsciously became a naturalist and an earnest student of botany. As to fishing, it was my passion. There were great lakes that reposed in the solitude of the woods, at whose outlets the hum and buzz of busy saw-mills were heard, and whose waters were filled with pickerel ; and, most glorious of all, there were mountain streams, foaming, purling, eddying and rippling with a life and a dash and a joyousness that

made our lives merry, and filled our hearts to overflowing with pleasure."

We need not be surprised if for this *enfant terrible*, a suitable field was required for his devouring energy, nor that he found it in the stirring scenes of angling, as Lacedepede has it :

" Fishing with the line brings back to the child his sports ; to ripe age its leisure hours ; to old age its pleasures ; to the sensitive heart the brook close to the paternal roof ; to the traveller, the busy repose of the people whose sweet quiet he has envied ; to the philosopher, the origin of the art."

Frederick Tolfrey, of England, that dashing young Royal Engineer officer, whose rod and line wipped so many of our lakes and who enriched our sporting annals by his *Sportsman in Canada*, published, in 2 vols. in London, in 1845.

The Pleasures of Angling, by George Dawson. Sheldon & Co., New York, 1876.

This is a charming volume, artistically illustrated, which the historiographer of a famous fishing party on the Cascadia, George Dawson, of Albany, gave to the public ten years ago. Mr. Dawson describes the rudiments of the art, fishing with a worm, &c., which is, in his eyes, the prosaic part of his subject ; then he serves us up a dish in his own style—Ambrosia—the poetic side of this incomparable amusement.

Angling has more than one smiling aspect. Let us not forget it.

Here is one of the delicious 'chromos of angling as he understands it :

" It would be a great mistake, he says, to believe that fishing consists only in catching fish. The taking of the inhabitants of the streams and the rivers is indeed the

basis of the art ; but the soul, the spirit of the recreation, is found elsewhere. —

“ They are greatly in error who suppose that all there is of fishing is to fish, that is but the body of the art. Its soul and spirit is in what the angler sees and feels ; in the murmur of the brook ; in the music of the birds ; in the simple beauty of the wild flowers which peer at him from every nook in the valley, and from every sunny spot on the hillside ; in the moss-covered rock ; in the ever-shifting sunshine and shadow, which give ever-varying beauty to the sides and summits of the mountains ; in the bracing atmosphere which environs him ; in the odor of the pine and hemlock and spruce and cedar forests, which is sweeter to the senses of the true woodsman than all the artificially compounded odors which impregnate the boudoirs of artificial life ; in the spray of the waterfall ; in the grace and curve and dash of the swift-rushing torrent ; in the whirl of the foaming eddy ; in the transparent depths of the shady pool where, in mid-summer, the speckled trout and silver salmon “ most do congregate ; ” in the revived appetite ; in the repose which comes to him while reclining upon his sweet-smelling couch of hemlock boughs ; in the hush of the woods where moon and stars shine in upon him through his open tent or bark-covered shanty ; in the morning-song of the robin ; in the rapid-coursing blood, quickened by the pure, unstinted mountain air which impart to the lungs the freshness and vigor of its own vitality ; in the crackling of the newly kindled camp-fire ; in the restored health, and in the one thousand other indescribable and delightful realities and recollections of the angler's camp life on lake or river during the season when it is right to go a-fishing. It is these, and not alone or chiefly the mere art of catching fish, which render the gentle art a source of ever growing pleasure. ”

For a lover of nature, for a skilled angler like Mr. Dawson, existence in the valley of the Grand Cascapedia must have been passing sweet, very full, surrounded as he was during this first and memorable excursion by choice spirits and sympathetic fellow travellers. The morning call brought together in the same camp the eminent President of our Supreme Court, Chief Justice Ritchie ; the learned Chief

Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, Judge Gray, the friend of Francis Parkman, a profound jurist, of magnificent presence, endowed with social qualities which made him the idol of a numerous circle of friends, as Mr. Dawson likes to repeat ; of Col. D. Archie Pell, of Staten Island, the bard of the trip ; of Mr. R.-G. Dunn, of New York, and finally of General Arthur, who later, was called to fill the functions of President of the United States.

These men of science, study and business had their rendez-vous on the sweetly flowing banks of the Cascapedia, whose fishing privileges they had leased that year. This is only a small portion of the distinguished men, who have passed their vacations in this anglers paradise.

The pen and pencil of Chs. Lanman, has immortalised more than one Canadian Salmon pool and trout stream.

Sport with Gun and Rod in American Woods and Waters, edited by Prof. Alfred-M. Mayer, New York, The Century Co., 1883.

The American Salmon Fisherman, Hy.-P. Wells, 1886.

Geo.-M. Fairchilds, jr., New York, has also contributed some excellent sporting sketches, in *Forest and Stream*, *Outing*, &c., these old favorites of the sporting craft.

* * *

The journey from Quebec to the salmons streams in the Bay of Chaleurs is made with a speed and an amount of comfort which leaves nothing to be desired. One travels from Levis to Dalhousie by the Pullman cars of the Inter colonial R. R. ; from Dalhousie to Paspebiac, New Richmond, Gaspé, &c., in the steamer *Admiral*, commanded by the excellent Captain Dugal, a thorough seaman.

If salmon and trout angling in Canada gives unutterable

delight to amateurs, it has also its utilitarian aspect for the economist. Our salmon rivers must number more than sixty ; Canadian lakes and trout streams— especially since the opening of the new railway leading to Lake St. John—are counted by hundreds. Our rich neighbors of the United States have nothing like it. A kindly Providence seems to have almost given us a monopoly of this wealth. It is for us to use it to the best advantage. Let us protect and make known far and wide our salmon rivers, rich sources indeed of revenue for the public domain.

In 1863 we pointed out to amateur anglers in the little treatise, “ *Les Pêcheries du Canada*,” our salmon streams as follows :

NORTH SHORE OF LOWER ST. LAWRENCE

Esquimau.—A stream which formerly furnished 52,000 salmon annually.

Corkewetpeeche.—Near the preceding, good number of salmon.

St. Augustine.—Equally full of fish.

Sheeps Bay.—Good salmon station.

Little Meccatina.—Fine salmon river.

Netagami.—Deep stream with falls ; trout in abundance ; salmon go up as far as the falls.

Napetiteepe.—Empties into a large bay ; salmon abound there.

Etamami.—Celebrated for its salmon.

Coacoacho.—Empties into a fine basin ; good for salmon.

La Romaine.—Large river, but not deep ; filled with silver trout of an exquisite flavor.

Musquarro.—Rapid stream, steep ; good for fly or nets.

Kegashka.—Salmon abound in the bay ; the rapids prevent their ascent.

Grand Natashquam.—Famous stream, filled with the finest kind of salmon.

Agwanish.—North-east boundary of the Seignior of Mingan; large stream, full of fish.

Pashashieboo.—Of moderate size, and contains some fish.

Mingan.—Good for nets and fly; the basin always contains large salmon.

Le Manitou.—Branch of the river Mingan, equally well known and full of fish.

St. John.—Large river, excellent for salmon,

Le Ruisseau à la Pie.—Small rapid stream well stocked salmon.

Sawbill.—Large stream. Nets are set there.

Le Manitou.—A perpendicular fall obstructs its entrance. Trout and salmon collect at its mouth.

Moisie.—Renowned for its large salmon. Good for fishing with nets or fly,

Lower Ste. Marguerite.—Swarming with salmon and trout.

Pentecoste.—Deep, rapid brook. Its mouth is full of set nets.

Bay of Trinity.—A favorite station for those who fish with fly or net.

Godbout.—A stream whose fame has extended far and wide. The net fisheries in this stream are very profitable.

English River.—Empties into a deep bay. Salmon and trout abound there.

Bersiamites.—A large river with many branches. The scenery is fine. Filled with large trout. They rise to the fly only on the branches.

Nipimewecawnan.—A tributary of the Bersiamites. A fairy-like brook with cascades. An earthly paradise for those who fish with the fly.

La Jeremie.—Small trout are caught here ; fur trading post.

Les Colombiers, as far as Plover and White Rivers,—are good for salmon.

Laval.—Very picturesque water course, interrupted by little rapids and narrow and deep basins.

Portneuf.—Nice fly-fishing for trout as far as the first fall ; the salmon go higher ; nets are set as far up as the tide is felt.

Le Sault au Cochon.—The falls are so high that they prevent the ascent of the salmon. Filled with trout.

Le Grand Escoumain.—Celebrated in the past for its salmon. The milldam has a fishway. The bay is filled with salmon, which are taken with nets.

Les Grandes Bergeronnes.—Pretty good for salmon and trout. The two rivers are but a few miles from Saguenay and Tadousac.

RIVERS WHICH EMPTY INTO THE SAGUENAY.

Ste. Marguerite (Upper).—Principal branch of the Saguenay. Trout and salmon in abundance. They are taken with fly and net.

Little Saguenay.—Quite a considerable river. Fishing with line and net.

St. John (Upper).—The same as last.

RIVERS WHICH EMPTY INTO THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Black or Salmon River.—Formerly full of fish.

Murray.—Waters a superb valley. Salmon are taken.

Du Gouffre.—Much deteriorated.

Ste. Anne.—A pretty stream. Recently the salmon fishing has been below the fall.

Montmorenci.—Has a cataract at its mouth. Toward its source in the basin below the fall, it affords fair trout fishing.

Jacques Cartier.—Celebrated small salmon river.

SOUTH SIDE.

Rivière du Sud.—Montmagny. Promised to become re-stocked with salmon. (A fallacious hope.)

Rivière-Ouelle.—Abundance of salmon. The dam is broken down (1863).

Grand Metis.—A large river with a dam.

Matane.—Beautiful salmon stream.

Ste. Anne.—Formerly abounded in fish.

Mont Louis. — Important stream. Better thought of recently for its sea trout than for its salmon.

Madeleine.—Clear ; good for salmon.

Dartmouth.—A large river which empties into the Basin of Gaspé. Salmon there, in abundance.

York.—The same as above.

St. John (of the South).—Same.

Grand River.—Stocked with salmon. Turns a mill.

Grand Pabos.—Salmon stream.

RIVERS THAT EMPTY INTO THE BAIE DES CHALEURS.

Grande Bonaventure.—A great river with several important tributaries. Salmon abound there.

Cascapedia.—The Great and Little Cascapedia supply a quantity of salmon,—a choice fishing station.

New River. The bay is good for salmon fishing.

Ristigouche.—A noble stream, with magnificent tributaries, situated at the head of the Baie des Chaleurs. Frequented by thousands of salmon.

Matapedia.—Branch of the Ristigouche. The salmon go up it nearly forty miles.

Mistouche.—Branch of the Ristigouche. Salmon river.

Tide is felt in nearly all of these rivers. Those on the north side of the stream (Ristigouche) flow through grand and picturesque rocks. Nearly all are fed by lakes.

The following extracts from the *New-York Herald*, for May last, sums up tolerably well, salmon fishing in the Province of Quebec.

“As salmon is the king of fish, so salmon fishing is the king of sports. The sport bears the stamp of royal approval, for did not the Prince of Wales visit the Metapedia when in America in 1860, and do not the Indian guides point out to-day with patriotic pride the Prince’s pool?”

LORD DUFFERIN’S COTTAGE.

Lord Dufferin, when he arrived in Canada, as soon as his official inauguration was over, repaired to the same spot, and built himself a cottage on Tadoussac Bay, now the property of Sir Roderick Cameron, of New-York. The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, during their stay in Canada, also made it an invariable rule to spend several weeks in this paradise of Nature, and in spite of other engagements always made it a point to fish the vice-regal river, the Grand Cascapedia, for which each Governor-General pays an annual rent to the Province of Quebec of \$500. The

Marquis of Lansdowne and his successor, the present Viceroy, Lord Stanley, have followed the example set them. (1)

It is not, however, the royal and noble patronage of the salmon fisheries that have given them their fame. Rather

(1) I am enabled, thanks to the Hon. H.-J. Anson, A. D. C., to furnish an analysis of the score of fish caught by His Excellency, Lord Lansdowne's party, at the Cascapedia River, during the summer of 1887.

GRAND CASCAPEDIA RIVER

"Fish caught by His Excellency the Marquis of Lansdowne's party, from the 25th June, 1887 :

320 salmon weighing 7,277½ lbs. Averaging 22¾ lbs. 55 salmon over 30 lbs. Largest 41 lbs. Smallest 4 lbs.

Through the kindness of His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston, I am also in a position to furnish an extract from the list of the salmon caught by his party, in the Great Cascapedia, during the season of 1888.

"The Great Cascapedia River was fished in July, 1888, by His Excellency, Lord Stanley of Preston, and party :

Capt. Joceline Bagot

A.-H. McMahon, A. D. C., Grenadiers Guard

The Hon. Victor Stanley, R. N., and also by

Her Excellency.....1 Days fishing.....1 fish

Mrs. Bagot 4 " 6 "

Miss Lyster.....1 " 1 "

Miss Barrett 1 " 1 "

Mr. Campbell.....5 " 6 "

His Excellency, 35 fish—13 days fishing—24.7 lbs

Capt. Bagot, 89 fish and 1 grilse—largest fish, 43 lbs—21 days

A.-H. McMahon, 35 fish.....39 " 15 "

Hon. Victor Stanley, 63 fish.....39 " 17 "

Also

Sir John Rose, July 11th to 28th, 20 fish

Colonel Lane, " 11th to 18th, 13 "

E. Jenkins, Esq " 11th to 28th, 30 "

Total number of fish, 300.—Total weight, 7,692 lbs.—Average, 25.5 lbs

Best Pools—Almond's.....34

Big Camp.....31

Limestone.....28

Ledge.....27

Parson's.....24

Lazy Bogan.....17

Rock.....17

Captain's.....16

Tent.....14

Big Pico.....14 — 29 Pools in all.

has it been the annual influx of American visitors which has caused the opening of the season to be eagerly awaited in New-York and Boston, Chicago and St. Louis. To these anxious watchers the news that the season is unusually well advanced this year, that the fish are numerous and in first class condition, and that the prospects were never better than now will be welcome.

NOTABLE SALMON FISHERS

“ Billy Florence, the actor, is one of the most notable of these visitors. President Arthur, in his lifetime, was another, and the membership rolls of the fishing clubs down below, contain the names of men who are best known as busy workers in busy Gotham.

“ The only way of reaching the salmon country is by the Intercolonial Railway, and from Rimouski, to its entrance to New-Brunswick, the line is dotted with stations, which seem to be especially built for the reception of the fishermen. At Rimouski the sportsmen begin to leave the train, and those who have not been fortunate enough to secure one of the largest rivers, step off to try their luck in the numberless smaller ones. Twenty-five miles travel in a canoe up the Rimouski River brings one, after a more or less heavy portage, to Lake Quatawamkedgick, and thence-forward the fisherman is happy.

“ The Mic-Mac Club have their station on the Rimouski, and although not so lucky as some of the other parties, they have a reputation for big catches. Its membership is composed wholly of Westerners, J.-L. Hugh, of Chicago, and E.-T. Allen and C.-B. Burnham, of St. Louis, being its chief spirits.

“ Further on down the railway is Little Metis, a village of some importance as a signal station for the vessels navigating the St. Lawrence; and here, too, with little trouble, the

salmon angler can obtain his heart's desire. The best spot of all, however, is Metapedia—Ceder Hall is the railway station—and here is the lake of the Metapedia Salmon Club, one of the richest organizations in the whole district. Its membership includes such names as Dr. T. Warden, J.-H. de Mott, J.-L. Cadwallader and John-G. Heckscher, of New York. Metapedia, in Algonquin, means musical waters, and here, in the midst of one of the most romantic regions of Canada, do staid brokers and business men come to recuperate.

WHERE THE BEST FISHING IS FOUND.

“ The Metapedia has over two hundred rapids, now swift and deep, now gently rippling over golden gravel and silver sands. Here and there are deep pools in which are salmon of astonishing size. For early fishing the Metapedia has especial fame, and it was at the junction of the Causapsca that Princess Louise landed a forty pounder in 1879.

Sir George Stephen, the ex-president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, controls three of the best rivers, and again this season will have General Sir John McNeil, V. C., and General Sir Donald Stewart, of the British army, as his guests.

The Ristigouche Salmon Club, whose grounds are at the junction of the Metapedia with the Ristigouche, go in for style.

NEW YORKERS WHO KILL SALMON.

“ They have the finest club house in Lower Canada, and one befitting their members, who include W.-H. DeForest, A.-D. Weeks, G.-E. Pollock. J.-L. Caldwell, H.-H. Robbins. Robert Goslet, Isaac Catlin, jr., Samuel Thorn and James-M. Waterbury, of New York. This is the club of which Chester A. Arthur was for many years president—

Catches of salmon weighing twenty to thirty pounds are common, and it is only when they bring the scales over the latter figure that they are considered worthy of mention. The Ste. Marguerite Salmon Fishing Club lease the west branch of the Ste. Marguerite river, at a yearly rental of \$310. Their return to the government of last year's operations shows that they caught 46 salmon, weighing 310 pounds, the largest being 28 and the smallest 10 pounds. Among the members are James Grant, N.-C. Berney, W.-B. Williams, Henry-S. Williams, W.-B. Wheeler and Obed Wheele of New York ; Gard-T. Lyon, of Oswego, and Dr. Ashton, of Dobbs Ferry, (W. Russell, of Quebec.)

Other rivers are leased by individuals, such as the Escuminac and the Nouvelle by John Maitland, of New-York ; the Bonaventure by Will.-H. Thorne ; the Grand river by Colonel Walker, British Royal Artillery ; the Dartmouth by Will.-H. Lane, of Boston, who has the distinction of paying the heaviest rent of all —\$520—for a catch of 24 salmon, weighing 496 pounds ; the York by Charles-B. Barnes, of Albany ; the Laval by Sir R.-W. Cameron, and the Matane by Sir Alexander-T. Galt.

THE BIGGEST CATCH OF THE YEAR.

“ The St. Anne des Monts River, leased by Henry Hogan, of Montreal, gave the biggest salmon caught last year—a beauty weighing 49 pounds. It was hooked by a New York gentleman, one of Mr. Hogan's party.

The Ristigouche River, on the New Brunswick side of the border, is a prime favorite with visitors.

Here “ Camp Beatrice,” owned by W.-J. Florence ; “ Camp Albany,” belonging to J.-M. Lansing, Dudley Alcott and Dean Sage, of Albany ; “ Camp Harmony,” on the Upsolquitch, started by Charles-F. Laurence, of New York, who had a lease of Brand Brook last year, will have

to miss his salmon this year, as he is on a tour around the world. Dr. Baxter, of Washington, has bought a famous spot on the Metapedia, called " Dan Fraser's, " and has announced his intention of coming along early in June; and R.-G. Dun, of New York, is also expected at an early date.

WHERE THE BOLD FELLOWS GO.

" The more adventurous of the fishermen do not confine themselves to the south side of the St. Lawrence, however. Mr. E.-Pendleton Rogers, of Hyde Park, Dutchess County, N. Y., has a lease of the Little Saguenay River, at a rental of \$345, and will be on hand as usual. He will deviate from the usual track and reach his destination by steamer from Quebec.

Others more adventurous still choose the wild coasts of Labrador for their fishing, and already several parties of Englishmen have announced their intention of crossing the " herring pond " to try their luck in the running waters of that bleak coast. Mr. Collingwood, a wealthy land owner of Tiverton, Devonshire, is the pioneer in these excursions, and is expected this week with a party of friends. He will fish the Natashquan River. It was in order to reach this stream that, some twelve years ago, the Duke of Beaufort, the present Duke of Sutherland, W.-J. Florence, the actor, and poor dead Ned Sothern paid the captain of an Allan steamer £200 sterling to go out of his way a few miles and drop them in a small boat, whence they got to their destination.

DANGEROUS SPORT.

" This Natashquan River—Natashquan means " where the seals laid "—is one of the best salmon rivers in the world but has a dreadful reputation. There it was where, some years ago, Walter Macfarlane, one of Montreal's merchant

princes, lost his life, and numerous other disasters are attached to its name.

The most remarkable of these is the death of a young English guardsman, named Astley, who had been up there with a party of friends and had had remarkable luck. Before starting out, they had been given a chart of the river with the dangerous places marked. Chief among these was the Devil's Whirlpool. They were warned not to go near it, as contact with it meant certain death. However, just as their fishing had ended, and they were on their way back to the seacoast, they began to break up their remaining stores, and offered them as prizes to the Indian guides, who battled for them by races in their canoes. Just as they reached the head of the whirlpool, young Astley, who was of noble birth, related to an English ducal family, offered to make a wager that he could successfully run this whirlpool. Turning to his Indians he asked one of them to accompany him, but without avail. The chief of the tribe had forbidden them to do so and besides the certainty of death was too terrifying. Finally one of the young bucks spoke up, and saying he had no wife or mother to mourn his loss if he died, he volunteered to accompany Astley.

WENT TO HIS DEATH.

“Farewells were said and the two started, notwithstanding the protests of Astley's friends, who watched their every move with feverish anxiety. The little bark canoe sped on into the whirlpool and there were hopes it would pass through. But just as it reached the centre it whirled round and was engulfed. The Indian saw what was coming and jumped, but was barely in the air when a shot from the rifle of one of Astley's friends on shore made him share the fate of the Englishman. Their bodies were recovered about two miles down the river, disfigured beyond recognition. The

man who fired the shot was never known, but the action angered the remaining Indians, and they left the strangers to find their way to the coast as best they could. What the motive of the murderer was, in killing the Indian will probably never be known." — *New York Herald*.

GASPÉ.

Gaspé Basin — Morpheus' Domain — Bobbing for mackerel — Lt. Governor Cox.

25th August, 1887.

Here am I again, after an entire revolution of the circling year, pacing the promenade deck of the staunch steamer "Admiral," in Gaspé Bay. Our ever watchful commander, Capt. Dugal, is giving directions to the wheelsman not to hug too close that treacherous sandy spit on which Commander Orlebar, R. N., ran aground in August, 1860, his big ship "Hero," bearing Albert of Wales and his fortunes, much to the surprise of the old salts. Our alert and courteous purser, Mr. Bogue, by way of fitting himself soon to take the command of a steamer, is amusing himself usefully in casting the lead from the bow of the boat, to acquire a personal knowledge of every foot of ground in this ticklish part of the bay. Now we have shot past the light schooner anchored on the edge of the bank; soon we shall be in the Narrows, abreast of the R. C. church and flag staff. A few minutes more our spring hawser is fast on Veit's wharf. The clank of the engine and wheels has ceased on the captain pulling his bell. The local aristocracy, tourists and a sprinkling of fishermen crowd round the outstretched gangway, to welcome expected friends. Various are the enquiries exchanged. "Has mackerel struck in the bay?" "Any Par-

liamentary elections this fall ? ” “ Any more Yankee pirates caught ? ” “ Any room at the hotel ? ” O’er the lofty fir-groves, casting on the water their dark shadow, the Queen of Night is shedding her mild radiance. It is half-past eight p. m. “ Twenty and a half ” suggests an Intercolonial Railway superintendent ? But what does that signify ? Sanford Fleming and his enlightened, new-fangled scheme be diddled ! The Gaspeians would never know when it is time for them to rise in the morning by his “ thirteen and fourteen hour system.” The last cormorant, poised on his black wings, has gone to rest. The American consul has hauled down the “ stars and stripes ” at sunset.

An impressive silence reigns on the deep, placid, lapsing waters, broken only by the faint tinkle of a cow bell, the bearer of which is browsing over the dewy meadows commanded by Fort Ramsay ready, as of yore, to belch forth a salute should Albert of Wales, or any of his royal brothers again drop anchor in Gaspé’s historic bay ; its cannon, like diminutive beasts of prey crouching in the dim twilight, dot the apex of the hill, which overshadows the busy warehouses, and roomy dwellings of the prosperous, and numerous LeBouthillier clan.

The new arrivals escorted by friends are slowly wending their way up the tolerably steep ascent to Baker’s Hotel, or to Mrs. Dumaresq’s snug quarters further on. The basin is studded with a few coasting crafts ; a trim Yankee man-of-war is anchored close to Commander Wakeham’s saucy steam cruiser ; a boatswain’s shrill whistle floats over the waters, from the “ Hail Columbia ” armed craft, while a Cadiz brigantine is moored at the wharf to exchange her cargo of salt, for “ merchantable codfish ” ; her wet sails are not yet furled, a passing shower having ruffled the bay that afternoon. Let us have our cheroot and Scotch night-cap and then off, to sweet oblivion and the “ balmy restorer ”

in our state room, for Gaspé Basin is the kingdom *par excellence* of the drowsy god.

* * *

At dawn, I was startled by a voice, shouting from a yawl which came alongside, " Mackerel ! Fresh, quite fresh from the bay ! " whilst a flood of purple light streamed through the open window. It was the peerless orb of day, invading my bunk. Dressing hurriedly, I rushed on deck to witness one of the grandest sights Gaspe Bay has in store ; a sunrise on the waters, on a bright summer morning. It was truly superb. To the south-east, the long yellowish spit of Sandy Beach, stretching more than three miles down the bay ; on the opposite side, the shore trending far away, with a back ground of pine and fir clad hills, dim by distance, with here and there a fisherman's hut and boats on the strand, or a farm house, in the centre of a green meadow, or of a waving grain field, awaiting a few more warm touches of Old Sol, to don its golden mantle. Far away I could discern the diminutive black hull of the light-ship, intended to guide the mariner round the edge of the bank. I walked on shore, ascended the heights and took in, to the best of my ability, every feature of the fair landscape, and then looked round, for busy husbandmen at work, in the early morn, but Morpheus, I found, was the king of this happy land ; there were none to be seen.

What a delightful haven of rest, I thought, Gaspé, must be for an overworked, sleepless, heat and malaria tormented New Yorker ! Exertion, commercial activity, seem here out of place, an anomaly, a delusion, a snare.

I recollect once meeting one of those distressed New Yorkers. He was just returning from *bobbing* for mackerel, in a boat, where he had spent the afternoon, with an ample umbrella to intercept the rays of the meridian sun, beating

on his devoted head ; he had caught two mackerel and was happy.

“ What a glorious spot,” said he to me, “ to recuperate exhausted nature ! No noise, no telegrams, no bank troubles, no corporation frauds, no boodlers ! no presidential elections !! sleep, bracing sea air, incomparable landscapes.

“ The natives, I admire hugely ; there indeed you have character, though some may construe it of a negative kind. They rise when it suits ; they do not go about nervously, like us. No feverish haste with them, no rush to catch the train. They look to the sea more than to the land for their daily subsistence. I have made a special study of them. The elder folks seem as if they could sit and smoke all day ; they gossip pleasantly at times about their neighbor’s affairs at noon, take a walk, or crack mild jokes when the sun is down ; above all, they retire early, sleep sound and long. Happy fellows.

Even their dumb animals, I fancy, but perhaps it is only a fancy—catch the pervading influence and get into easy ways. Our house dog barks in a subdued, measured manner ; the fastest gait I have detected in their horses is a quiet shuffle between a trot and an amble ; the cows chime in with the rest and sport in the meadows a diminutive bell, whose metallic tinkle lulls them to sleep ; roosters are objected, to in the settlement, their loud crowing is calculated to awaken the old dowagers at dawn.

“ I should imagine that worthy old Lt.-Governor Cox, in 1774, instead of horses on his carriage, when he travelled from the shire town, New-Carlisle, to Gaspé Basin or Percé, had a span of sturdy, young, sober-minded oxen, like that illustrious *Roi d’Yvetot* :—

“ Quatre bœufs, d’un pas majestueux et lent,
Promenaient dans Paris, le Monarque indolent.”

Uncle Sam's earnest, humorous theory of Gaspesians tickled me, I must confess. It brought back to my mind those dreamy personages so graphically delineated by De Quincey.

I had been told that great travellers had occasionally seen queer sights, in the Kingdom of Cod and Mackerel. The very next day, I learned of a strange *modus operandi* which in times of yore obtained in the treatment of criminals : it happened some time after Confederation and came to light in the following manner.

The Government in order to correct some abuses, which had crept in the administration of justice and especially in the discipline of the prisons, named a commissioner. On his arrival, at one of the jails, he found the jailor, on the Court House steps, smoking a gigantic Dutch meerschaum, seated in an easy chair ; the following dialogue took place : The jailor :—

“ Mr. Commissioner, I am happy, to make your acquaintance ; you are sent by Government, it is said, to straighten up matters generally. Won't you step in and see how we manage here : my turnkey is out, on the banks catching his winter supply of cod. The jail is well patronized ; I have eighteen prisoners to look after, all in capital health. ”

—“ Well, said the Commissioner, let us see them. ”

Are you in a hurry, replied the genial janitor ? Could you not call after sunset ? and I will have them all in attendance, in apple pie order. ”

—“ Well, not easily : in fact I must see the jail and its inmates right off, to make up my report, ” retorted the official.

“ Sorry, your honor should have so little leisure ; the fact is, when the weather is fine, I turn out my captives at eight a. m. sharp, they take a lounge round the country, do up my garden, catch a few fresh trout for my dinner ; at sun down, all return safe to their quarters. I treat them well and they do not mind being deprived of their evening's amusements. I wanted to change this practice when I was appointed, but

the county member interfered, he had a friend to look after. Wait until the evening, they are looking up my two cows which strayed away in the woods and I promise you to trot out every man jack of the eighteen." Tableau!

NEW CARLISLE.

A U. E. SETTLEMENT—THE CALDWELL MANOR.

New Carlisle, 26th August, 1887.

"A place lying out of the way of innovation; therefore it has the pure, sweet air of antiquity about it."—

(Leigh Hunt's "Southgate.")—

After many peregrinations here I am again at the loved old home of King George's faithful adherents, the *United Empire Loyalists* of 1783, New Carlisle, Baie des Chaleurs, on my way from Paspebiac. After wishing success to my excellent Boniface, Mynheer Clemens, whose cosy hostelry crowns the heights which overhang the fishy realm of the warlike, but not over-prosperous Paspyjacks, I have admired the airy position of ex-Lieut.-Governor Robitaille's roomy mansion, as well as the stately structure in process of erection by his brother, the Inspector of Customs. Soon other matters engaged my attention.

"Are you not the gentleman who hunts up old manuscripts, deserted castles, ancient ruins, shipwrecks, histories, legends or every kind?" was one of the first greetings extended to me.

I looked up and found myself confronted by a jolly, round-faced New Carlisian, holding in his arms a bouncing two year-old baby, a credit to the kingdom of herring and cod, and whom he appeared to care for as the apple of his eye.

"Well, I said, go on. Suppose I should, do you know of any law to prevent?"

“ Not by any means, Squire, ” he briskly replied, and the jolly *pater familias* went on to inform me that I was but a few yards from the oldest house in the settlement, the identical log house built more than one hundred years previous by the Land Surveyor Vonden Veldon, who had been employed by the Government to lay out in square lots, the site of the future shiretown, New Carlisle, now the *chef-lieu* of the populous County of Bonaventure. Its dimensions were 30 by 20 feet, with a wing at the east end. The dwelling, he said, originally had but one story, with a mansard roof, on which a diminutive story had been added a species of attic or cock-loft, lit up by two diminutive windows two feet square. The house has quite an historic interest ; here, lived occasionally brave Lt.-Governor Cox, about 1774. In the spacious cellar, which can store 500 bushels of potatoes, may yet be seen a recess, in which he may have kept his wine. A strolling court was held here at times by the Imperial magnate. At the east end of the dwelling, a spot is shown where of yore existed a whipping post ; tradition mentions the whipping there of a blackman for some delinquency or other. Governor Cox, however, sojourned also at another house near by. You may yet see the solid chairs said to have belonged to him at Caldwell Manor. ”

Go on, my friend, I chimed in ; I know something about the defunct Governor. The Lieutenant-Governorship of Gaspé was one of the many sinecures, which roused the patriotic ire of the Papineau party, in the old House of Assembly. In 1821, the House tried to abolish the sinecure, on the grounds that the incumbent was often an absentee from the Province. The salary had been reduced from £1,000 to £300. In 1825, it refused to pass this item in the civil list. In 1831, Lord Aylmer alluded to it in his message to the House, expressing the hope “ that if the place is abolished, the incumbent will be indemnified.” Nicholas Cox, a distinguished British officer at the battle of the Plains of Abraham, under Wolfe, had been conspicuous by his gallantry at the blockade of Quebec in 1775 ; he had served at Louisbourg and commanded a company of the 47th at the siege of Quebec in 1759. Sir Guy Carleton had

named him on his staff. In the Lieutenant-Governorship of Gaspé, he had succeeded a Mr. Elliott. He was pensioned in 1780 on account of his infirmities, and had for his successor Col. Francis LeMaitre, Adjutant General of the Provincial Militia, who resided at Percé and died in Ste. Famille street, Quebec, on the 13th February, 1805.

The old *Quebec Gazette* records the death and military funeral of Lieutenant-Governor Cox, who died 8th January, 1794, at the ripe age of 70.

I feel much interest in what you state ; but do not forget Lt.-Governor Cox was also " Superintendent of the Labrador Fisheries," and spent large sums of Imperial money in building up King George's pet colony at New Carlisle. Mr. C.—(such must be his name), then offered to escort me to the historic house, which after the days of Governor Cox, and the departure of the Land Surveyor Vonden Velden and his successor McDonald, came into the possession of a U. E. Loyalist of the name of Caldwell, a man of note and substance, in the State of New-York, in 1783, whose property was confiscated, and who was glad to avail himself of the royal bounty in wild lands offered to the expatriated loyalists by the Sovereign of Great Britain, George III. I took advantage of the offer of my new cicerone. Soon both of us were ensconced within the sacred precincts of the " oldest house " the Caldwell Manor. We had not long to wait, and were courteously greeted by two very intelligent and active, aged damsels with an unmistakeable Presbyterian air in all their belongings.

They told me that their father was born in New-York, and accompanied his father to New Carlisle, just then laid out for settlers by Government. The house had been but little altered since its construction. On my noticing panels all round the room to a height of about three feet, they informed me that instead of lath and plaster partitions, such as I now

saw above the pannels, there were square pickets with canvass, and paper to cover them in early days. The ceiling had an unmistakeable antique aspect ; the “ wide throated ” chimney-place in the west gable, had been removed, but the pannels hiding its nakedness, still remained.

I saw the historic chairs, and felt like a Lieut.-Governor on seating myself on the highest. Two old hand-painted China tea cups were shown, of a most antique pattern ; one was cracked. I was pleased to see that the pieces had again been knitted together. “ Take great care of these treasures, said I, they are more precious than gold.”

These worthy dames represent the third generation of Caldwells, who had nestled under the roof of the Caldwell Manor ; they seemed quite satisfied with their lot, had never had the curiosity to visit Quebec, did not care to see it, nor Montreal. “ Our father, who died more than 30 years ago, said the eldest, has often told us of his youthful days, at the Manor ; of the excitement caused in the settlement by the arrival at Paspebiac, of the first missionary, a clergyman by the name of Dreep ; of his riding down to Paspebiac, then as now, the port and roadstead for foreign vessels, of his trip back to New Carlisle, with His Reverence mounted on our parent’s horse, whilst our dear father walked at his side, through a bridle-path ; of the eagerness of the youths and maidens, rushing out of the log-huts, to catch a glimpse of what a real live clergyman might look like ; of the first marriage in the settlement—our father being the bridegroom, and his bride our beloved mother.” She could not say whether these clerical visits were annual, but she again appealed to her excellent memory to repeat what her father had told her about subsequent visits of the clergyman when one, when two babies were born ; “ of the hard lot of the unlucky parson, whose room in the second story was on such occasions, invaded by infantile music, to that degree, that His Reverence had to retreat to the cock-loft

already described, and which was shown to me,—to prepare his sermons for the mission." Our father, she added, was a shipbuilder, and built a whole fleet of schooners. In addition to the Caldwell clan, there are yet at New Carlisle several descendants of the first settlers : the Shearers, Bebees Scotts, Munroes. Let us hie away, and say good-bye to the hospitable old home of the U. E. loyalists of 1783, and wish success to ex-Lieut. Governor Robitaille's darling railway scheme, destined to revolutionise the whole county, even if its stock is not snapped up at once as gilt-edged investments.

A GLIMPSE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

" Prince Edward Isle! fit subject for the lays
Of sweeter minstrel ; how shall I aspire—
As best I may—to celebrate thy praise ;
Whose praise might well employ the noblest lyre ?
....nearest to my thoughts, while thoughts remain
Must be thy flowing streams, thy woods and fertile plain.'

THE ISLAND MINSTREL — *John Lepage.*

" Flowing streams, woods and fertile plains," such indeed would be an appropriate motto for this green, sunny and populous little Kingdom.

There it stood, the sea-girt isle, basking in sunshine, fanned by old ocean's cool breezes, from the commencement of days, through that remote age when sighted in 1497, by Sebastian Cabot, discovered, in 1523, by Verazani, down to the happy times, centuries later, in 1797, when its legislature, under the guidance of its speaker, J. Stewart, and Lieut.-Governor Ed. Fanning, passed an Act of Parliament (the Act 39, Geo, III, Cap. I), to substitute for its

old French name of *Ile St. Jean*, Saint John's Island, that of the Commander of the Forces in the Maritime Provinces, Prince Edward, fourth son of His Majesty George III. Though the preamble of the Act avers that it was thus intended "to perpetuate (*in omne volubile ævum*) the grateful remembrance of that peculiarly auspicious, and happy period of this Island having been under the command of Lieutenant-General His Royal Highness Prince Edward, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Forces, in the District of Nova Scotia, Islands of St. John, Cape Breton and Newfoundland, &c., " there was something more than a gush of loyalty to the House of Hanover. A drop of the practical, an atom of utilitarianism permeated the "grateful remembrance." The inmates of this fairy land, no more than less favoured mortals, are free from the taint of utilitarianism. The Act adds that the new name ought also to have for effect to prevent English letters, parcels and merchandize intended for the Island, from miscarrying, and being conveyed by mistake "to St. John, New Brunswick ; St. John, Newfoundland, St. John, on the Labrador Coast, or elsewhere. "

This far-sighted admixture of self-interest into their native, guileless and pastoral ways, has helped, on more emergencies than one, to bring the Islanders to the surface, apart from the grand national scheme of Confederation, so gracefully accepted by them in 1873, at the hands of Sir John MacDonald.

At the moment we write these lines, comfortably seated, facing the rippling waters of the Hillsborough river, in view of Government House, whose Khedive, Sir Rob. Hodgson, is preparing to abdicate on the morrow, and from whence issued, in 1873, the mighty scheme of Confederation, pregnant with a far-reaching future, we are confronted by the Island press, teeming with bitter denunciations and remembrances, this time not "auspicious," which Dominion

Day evokes. For the life of us, we fail to see how the jaunty little Island has suffered by the terms of the co-partnership entered into with her big sister Provinces. That era of Arcadian bliss, of the 10 p. c. tariff, when Dominion Day existed not, has, indeed, passed away. Why then mourn, as if there was no hope, because a blight has fallen on ship-building, because timber should have been manufactured in excess of the market demand, and bank dividends should have shrunk? Is Prince Edward Island worse off than her neighbours? We opine not. Confederation exists as a *fait accompli*. It has opened to our insulated brethren the markets of all British North America; provided funds, some \$800,000, to extinguish vexed proprietary questions, and rights, thereby healing a festering sore of long-standing; completed the line of Island Railway, at an enormous cost, continues to run it at an enormous loss. The Dominion, even, paternally undertook to solve at a heavy outlay the naturally insoluble problem of winter-steam navigation, to connect the Island with *terra firma*; provides for the expense of the civil list, of the fishery and other services; all this in exchange for what? Why, in exchange for a meagre custom, excise and postal revenue. To an unsophisticated outsider, Confederation for the Island means tangible and substantial benefit. Prince Edward Island is, undoubtedly, smarting, though not to the same extent, as the rest of the world, under commercial depression. Shipping may be under a cloud—a dark cloud, &c., but the backbone of the Island, its agricultural resources, is sound; and in spite of bad times and low prices, its industrious and intelligent farmers are hoarding up their spare cash, not in old socks, like our friend *Jean-Baptiste* of the Province of Quebec, but in solid, well-managed savings banks.

In addition to their large returns in oats, potatoes, hay, stall-fed cattle, the farmers, and they are the bone, and sinew of the place, are resuming, and with marked success

the culture of wheat, the raising of which, the weevil had for several years interrupted.

Unlike the bustling communities on *terra firma*, the Islanders, though a little depressed, are not restless, turbulent, steeped in crime and social rebellion. Foreign customs, new-fangled ideas, 'tis true, are not encouraged ; they are quite happy without them ; they luxuriate in their own thoughts. They are progressive, too, but in their own traditional way. They look to legislative action for perfectibility in the human species ; they believe in the efficacy of an Act of Parliament, even beyond the most sanguine hopes of Lord Eldon, or any Chancellor of the Exchequer. Their last and most notable effort is to moralise the people by Act of Parliament. True Patriots have found it, 'tis said, in the Dunkin Temperance Act, and total abstinence is the order of the day in Charlottetown. Summerside, and various other seaports, are crowded, a portion of the year, with jolly tars and old salts, who would as soon give up the ghost as abjure their pipe and their glass of grog. The hotels are run on the cold water, and spruce beer principle, a blissful change, we are told. Let us hope the Draconian edict may flourish more in Charlottetown than it did in Boston and in Ontario.

The omnipotency of an Act of Parliament, however, was believed in, nearly a century back. Thus we find on their statute book, page 90, the Act of George III, Cap. VI, intitled : " An Act for quieting the minds of His Majesty's dissenting Protestant subjects. " This " quieting of the minds of His Majesty's subjects " by Act of Parliament opens out a rich vein of inquiry ; 'tis quaint, if not original ; perhaps it may be both. One should like to be informed whether another legislative decree achieved all it purported to do by its title, viz : the 26 George III, Cap. XIV, "*An Act to prevent the multiplicity of lawsuits.*"

A law sanctioned by the Legislature six years previous, viz : in 1780, places in a curious *juxta*-position objects very

dissimilar. The title runs thus: "An Act for preventing the running at large of stone horses . . . and the killing of partridges at improper seasons." (20 Geo. III, cap. V.) Grouse were likely meant. Is not this making game of the birds? Our readers must forgive us for serving up these airy nothings; the only plea we have to offer in extenuation is a hot wave in the atmosphere, which makes the consideration of serious subjects, a task *ultra vires*. In our next we shall mount the historical horse.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, 3rd July, 1879.

Sea-Side Hotel, Rustico Beach, 6th July, 1879.

Before plunging into historic lore, let us *rusticate* for one day, in the sweet seclusion of green woods, on the shores of the sounding sea, amidst the hamlets of the descendants of the exiled Acadians. Possibly some of them may know something of old Pierre Leblanc, and his dispersed friends, which Longfellow forgot to tell us.

RACICOT, (1) as it is known to the French of the seventeenth century—*Rustico*, to the present inhabitants; such will be our haven of rest; there, shall we *rusticate*. The much vaunted spot, will it come up to our expectations? A few hours will tell.

That almighty Confederation bribe, the Railway, is just now landing us at Hunter River Station, seven miles from Rustico, where Squire Newson, the enterprising proprietor of the Sea Side Hotel, keeps in readiness a line of stages.

(1) This old French fishing post protected of yore, by a fort, which stood on Roland's Point, takes its name from a Frenchman. M. Racicot, who returned to France, when England took possession of the Island.

Why is it called Hunter River Station ? Is there anything there to specially attract the P. E. Island Nimrods ? was one of our first questions to the stage driver, a well-to-do Scotch farmer.

—“ The story is long, sir, but, I shall try and make it as short as I can, ”—retorted our Jehu.

“ Do not mind the length, ” we replied : “ the road to Rustico will be longer than your story.”

Thus discoursed our charioteer :

“ In the reign of good Governor Smith, long before I was born, in fact, at a time when speculators in land flocked to our Island, there came an English officer bent on trying his fortune here. He was good looking and young ; rich, some said. The doors of many of the quality, having marriageable daughters, were opened to him. He won the affections of a young lady, the name I forget. She had beauty, he had wealth ; they were engaged. The wedding was to come off in the ensuing spring. The young laird in the meantime got to be a great sportsman : he was, when not sparking, constantly blazing away at bears, cariboo, *loup-cerviers*, martins and partridges. He organized a great hunt, under the guidance of Micmac Indians, at the extreme end of the island. Illness overtook him in the depth of the woods ; one solitary Indian watched over him. No tidings came to the desponding young lady : wearied at last with hope deferred, she accepted as true a report that her lover had perished from illness and cold. Time rolled on : the charm of a discarded lover slackened. A few months, and another wedding day was fixed on. All was joy, feasting, sunshine in her island home. Bridal dresses were ordered, as well as plum cake ; sprightly maidens and *beaux* clustered at the ball ; the clergyman was preparing to read the marriage service ; the bridegroom longed to slip on the mystic ring, when a loud knock at the parlor door startled even the aged clergyman. The door was thrown open, when who should rush in frantically, but the long absent lover. Taking in at a glance the end of all his fond hopes, he retreated outside rapidly without saying a word. The young lady fainted ; there was no wedding that day ; but, instead, sorrow, confusion, tears all round. Probably illness might have impaired the mind of the English officer ; instead

of claiming his betrothed, he rapidly struck out for the adjoining woods. Search was made for him that day ; the next—and the next ; all in vain. Many weeks after, some trappers descending the river banks, the river you now see, came on the remains of the poor gentleman. Hunger and exposure had probably caused his death. As the coroner was living miles away, a hole was dug in the red clay, and there he has rested, until some years ago, when the island having become more populous, and a survey having been ordered to settle a boundary question, it was debated by one of the party whether the British officer was buried there or not. A search was made. Sure enough, at the place indicated by old people, were found the skull and bones of Mr. Hunter. I could take you now to the very spot, the river has ever since been called Hunter river.”

Such the version given me by my Scotch charioteer. On we jogged over soft, pleasant roads, of porous red soil, like the rest of the island ; drawn by a powerful grey mare, a worthy descendant, we were told, of the famous horse “ Messenger,” who has left a numerous progeny, and an honored name, among the Islanders.

From Hunter River to RUSTICO, lies a fertile rolling country, whose potato and oat fields, and hen roosts, are occasionally inclosed with a solid red stone fence. A clump of fir, spruce or white birch, diversifies the landscape. We rapidly closed in with a mill stream, alive with jumping trout. To the west, a neat green hedge, reminding you of Quebec hedges, showed that a Scotch gardener had tried his hand there. Three churches are here visible, an English, a Presbyterian and a R. C. temple of worship, the latter flanked on one side by the Farmers’ Bank of Rustico ; on the other, by a lofty, handsome structure, to be opened next July as a Roman Catholic convent.

The Rustico Bank discounts for the fishermen and the farmers ; a method of banking requiring, one should imagine, more than one safeguard, to ensure 10 p. c. dividends, such as this favored institution, with a capital of £3,000, has been paying.

10 p. c. dividends out of a capital of £3,000, loaned out probably, @ $7\frac{1}{2}$ p. c., inclusive of manager and clerk's salaries ! this is a *tour de force* which would make the fortune of any Montreal banker, even with issue treble of capital ! Rustico, by the Church Registers which begin, in 1812, was a R. C. Mission, ministered to then by Rev. Louis Beaubien, who left in 1818 and died, at Montmagny, about 1873.

It was the episcopal seat of the late Bishop McDonald, who lived here thirty years, and ultimately died at the College of St. Dunstan, in Charlottetown.

An enlightened R. C. Missionary, Rev. Mr. Belcour, seems to have been the Guardian Angel, and regenerator of the poor Acadians. Instead of encouraging them to isolate themselves from their enterprising Scotch and English neighbors, he bade them imitate their ways of tilling the soil, and housing themselves. The rustic damsels, instead of covering their persons with their uncouth rag petticoats, their *draguet* and coarse cloth, were told that their morals would not be tainted, by wearing dresses and bonnets like the Scotch, and Irish lasses, their neighbors.

Rustico has also its legend ; a pious one, connected with its chapel, in which on special, red letter days, long, long ago, sweet, powerful, mysterious voices blended with the choir, heard by many, unmistakeable by their compass ; "the good angels of heaven," said the descendants of Acadians "encouraging them to persevere to the end, in this vale of sorrow." These sweet voices of other days are now silent. An urbane gentleman, educated in France, drove us to visit the Acadian Patriarch of an adjoining settlement—New Glasgow. The patriarch, by name Mr. Dorion, aged 88, was absent. Alas ! with him departed our hopes of spicy bits of local information about the compatriots of Evangeline, their joys and their sorrows. New Glasgow is a sweetly, pretty pastoral land of oats, and potatoes ; an elyseum for patriotic hens, laying day and night,

here as elsewhere, for the profit and comfort of the Islanders. The export of eggs, as all can see, who cross in the Shediak steamer " St. Lawrence " or " Princess of Wales " is a mine of infinite wealth. The eggs are carefully put up in square boxes—2 feet by 1 foot 3 inches—with paper trays ; each egg fitting in its grove—an ingenious contrivance of their Boston customers : the same boxes, going to and fro all summer : representing a trade of many millions of eggs. Happy Islanders, to own such patriotic hens ; hens of angelic instincts — the saviours of the Island ! May their shadow, feathers and laying qualities never grow less ! Did Evangeline ever own such hens !

Prince Edward Island has some years back, discovered in the black soil, which gathers at the entrance of its creeks and rivers, a compost, which is a fertilizer of wondrous efficacy ; a portion of the winter is devoted to drawing with teams this incomparable manure, which combines marine detritus and shells, and is extracted through the ice, by an ingenious, though simple machine. This black soil, called Mussel Mud, lasts more than twenty years on land, and excels any stable manure.

In New Glasgow, the Scot as usual prospers fabulously, and finds worthy competitors in the English and Irish. Some few Acadians are now following suit, and several own well cultivated and good farms. Land is high in price now all over the Island.

On a sunny green slope, we were shown the paternal roof of Lieut.-Governor Laird. The sons of Scotia have reason to be proud at New Glasgow, P. E. I., as well as in old Glasgow.

MAGDALEN ISLAND GROUP.

It was a welcome change to quit the dusty train, and take possession of even one of the diminutive state rooms on Capt. LeMaistre's staunch little steamer, the *Beaver*, which lay moored to the Pictou wharf, waiting with steam up, for the arrival of the Halifax train. A weird whistle, a pull on the captain's bell, and the *Beaver* was churning the briny deep, *en route*, viâ Georgetown and Souris, for the Magdalen Island group.

I longed to set foot on the land, so considerably handed over on 8th June, 1798, by the British Government, through Lord Dorchester to Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir) Isaac Coffin, in recognition of the services rendered by him to Britain, pending the war of Independence.

Jacques Cartier, had, on the 22nd July, 1534, sighted these solitary isles: then, the undisputed kingdom of the walrus, the seal and the lobster; they were named Ramses, Bryon and Alézay. Thirteen in number they acquired later on, their present names: Amherst, Entry, Grindstone, Alright, Coffin, Wolf, Deadman, Grosse Isle, Bryon, Gannet Rock, Little Bird Rock, Gull Island. They assume the form of a horseshoe, and lie at the entrance of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence; about forty-five miles in length, their greatest width is thirteen miles, and they are connected by double sand bars forming lagoons. In 1663, the Company of New France granted these islands to Sieur François Doublet, a mariner of Honfleur, in France, and on the 1st February, 1664, Sieur Doublet associated himself with François Gon de Quimpe, and Claude de Laudemar in a fishing speculation. In 1719, we find the French King ceding this territory to Lecompte de St. Pierre, at the instance of the Duchesse of Orleans. Later on, in 1757, four Acadian families were located there: the Boudrault,

Chiasson, Lapierre and Cormier ; they had come from St. Peter's Bay, in Prince Edward Island, and found employment under an enterprising Bostonian, a retired English Officer of the name of Gridley, who had opened an establishment to trade in walrus and seal oil.

Poetry, marine disaster, as well as the war of the elements has invested this sea-girt domain with a weird halo. We all remember Tom Moore's harmonious lines, when on a dark September evening in 1804, he sailed past the dreaded shores of Deadman's Island, which derives its name from the fancied resemblance of its contour to that of a corpse laid out for burial ; but our's was not a " shadowy bark ", nor a phantom ship :

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador,
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost
Full many a mariner's bones are tossed,
Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire that lights her deck
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.
To Deadman's Isle in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle she speeds her fast ;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furled
And the hand that steers is not of this world.

The *Beaver* had several stoppages to make, and picturesque headlands to pass, before reaching the anchorage, at Amherst, the port of entry, where I landed in a boat, and made my way to the Custom House on the hill.

Amherst is named after Lord Amherst, so intimately associated with our war of the conquest ; to the Acadians, its chief inhabitants, it is known as *Havre-au-Ber*. It contains about sixty houses ; it is eleven miles in length, and not more than four at its greatest breadth. My attention was directed to Point Gridley, where the worthy English

Officer is said to have concealed a treasure, and soon I noticed the two curious hills called Les Demoiselles ; one of which in Amherst harbor has the shape of a lady reclining, a “ sleeping beauty ” in a flowing robe.

Then there is Cap-de-Meule, exhibiting the profile of a most dignified countenance, along a grim grey ledge of rocks ; one can distinguish the nose and the chin. An imaginative passenger vowed he could see a big, black tear trickling from one of its eyes.

Another Cape rejoices in the name of *Pointe au Pain*, because vessels from sea call here first for bread, *pain*. At break of day I was pacing the deck of the little *Beaver*, watching a moist, but gorgeous, sunrise. At breakfast, Capt. LeMaistre aware of my desire to be acquainted with the history of the Islands, which now loomed out in the hazy distance, introduced me to a well informed Prince Edward Islander, Miss A.-M. Pope, who had come on board, the night previous, when we touched at Georgetown, Prince Edward Island. Miss Pope was full of Island lore and was kind enough to place at my disposal, a New York Magazine article, (1) she had written on the Magdalen Island group, from which, with her leave, I shall make several excerpts.

“ In speaking of the Magdalen Island group visited by Bishop Plessis, in 1811, which he correctly likens to the formation of a horse-shoe, one notices Sandy Hook in Amherst Island. and Cape Alright, at the extremity of the island of that name, which guard the entrance to the beautiful sheet of water known as Pleasant Bay, while between the two, stands Entry Island, a picturesque sentinel. We steam carefully past Sandy Hook with a due respect for that dangerous shoal, pass under the lee of Entry Island, and, making for a crescent-shaped cove, come to anchor about half way between the eastern extremity of Amherst

(1) *In and round the Magdalen Islands*, by Miss A.-M. Pope.

Island, known as Point Gridley, and the curious conical brace of hills called Les Demoiselles.

From the grass-grown pinnacle of Demoiselle Hill the view is superb. At one's feet the quiet gray village edged with light fishing stages, stretches away to Gridley's Point, on the extremity of which stands a tiny Protestant Chapel ; staring defiantly across the bay at the beautifully proportioned church of *Notre-Dame*, on the opposite headland. To the west, lies Basin, the sun setting behind its wooded hills, and lighting up the surface of its placid lagoon, in which are reflected as in a mirror the spire, the house tops, and the boats that dance on its waters. Curving round the bay on the north-west, stretches the horse-shoe of land, now rising into bold headlands, now sinking into low sand-ridges, whilst in all directions on the blue water float the white sail of the fishermen. Beyond Entry Island twenty-one leagues to the south, is the high, blue line of the Cape Breton coast, and to the south lost in the horizon, the low shores of Prince Edward Island."

I was invited by the Captain of the *Beaver* to accompany him in a five miles drive over the smiling meadows, woods, and sandy lagoons of this quaint land. Soon we reached *l'Etang du Nord*, where we visited a thriving lobster canning factory, owned by a Mr. Leslie ; he kindly presented us with some magnificent specimens of the crustacea. During the journey I learned much about the resources of the "KINGDOM OF FISH" as the Magdalen group is styled.

It appears that as many as 20,000 seals have been killed around these shores, in one season ; they pup about 1st March, and disappear during the spring, returning probably to the cool, foggy shores of Alaska ; the small skins raw are worth 50 cents each, the large ones \$1.50. They are salted, and sent to England to be prepared, and the fat, cut up in bits, is rendered down by the action of the sun in huge tanks,

the oil let out by faucets into barrels, and sold, according to its grade, *pale, straw color*, and so forth.

But let us hear Miss Pope describe this Arcadia of the finny tribe. "One beautiful summer morning, she says, we started to drive to Grindstone Island, to visit the pretty little village called L'Etang du Nord, an expedition that perhaps more than any other gives an insight into the peculiarities of the Magdalen Islands. About eight o'clock we left Amherst village, and drove along by the side of a sparkling lagoon, in which the fishing boats were beginning to be astir. At every few yards we met one of the quaint little wooden carts so numerous here. They are several sizes smaller than the usual farm cart, and are perfectly innocent of springs, or paint, or any modern improvements. These *charettes* are drawn by small, sturdy ponies with wonderful powers of endurance, which jog along regarding hills, dales, plains or ditches, with the most stolid indifference. Soon after leaving the shore of the lagoon we pass what looks like a mineral spring, judging from its rusty, oily appearance. Near here is also a pretty little fresh water river, famous for the plentiful trout that lurk in its waters. An attractive feature of the brooks, and ponds here, is that they are frogless. St. Patrick must have taken this place under his special protection as not a frog, toad or snake has ever been found on any part of the Magdalen Islands. Not far from *La Rivière*, we turn into what is called the 'Mountain Road' and here we see for the first time the curious formation of these lofty hills."

"They are for the most part conical in shape, but near the top there is almost always a deep hollow; sometimes four or five peaks surround one of these hollows. Others are on the hill side, their cavernous depths shaded by stunted pine-trees; some are dry, and along their edges delicate Michaelmas daisies and trailing vines grow in profusion; others, again, are full of water, and their sullen fathoms have

never been sounded, around and upon these hills are found fused ironstone, cinders, terfa, lava, and other signs of eruptions.....

The geology of the Magdalen Islands is well worthy of study, furnishing many rich, and varied specimens, not only of stones but of minerals.

After leaving the mountains, the road, which, by the way, is disgraced by some very bad bridges, lies through a level country, where among the short brushwood we gathered an abundance of blueberries, and of the small red berry known in Nova Scotia as fox berry, also another ground fruit, small and hard, of a light grey colour with dark spots, called by the Islanders *Mohoks*. These berries make excellent preserves. The large cranberries grow in great abundance on the dunes, and find a ready market in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Another berry found here in swamp-land is the lake apple, so abundant in Labrador—a small, juicy, white fruit, in appearance resembling a white raspberry ; it is in season in July, as are the wild strawberries that grow here in the greatest profusion. Raspberries also are plentiful, and wild currants. In our search for fox berries, we came across several varieties of ferns, but all such as are commonly found in the adjacent provinces.....

At a distance of about eleven miles from Amherst village we took the shore ; and how is it possible to describe the charms of that wonderful sea-road ? From the deck of the *Beâver*, Amherst and Grindstone had appeared two distinct Islands, but now we saw an immense sheet of sand that connects them, and which at low tide forms a safe and pleasant roadway—safe at least, if one has a pilot ; for deep and dangerous quicksands abound on every side, and woe be to the luckless adventurer whom nightfall should catch on these shoals ! along the chain of high ridges run the posts of the sorely needed, and much-prized telegraph. - Against

the western shore the surf beats in, incessantly chanting its never-ending dirge over those whom its pitiless waters have engulfed. But very calm and beautiful was the sea of St. Lawrence that summer day, and its waves murmured softly and cooingly, as they twined strange wreaths of wild sea-grasses round our horses' feet, and brought us delicate mosses and dainty shells, as if to allure us to venture nearer to their treacherous depths; but ever and anon the gentle waves broke against the wooden wall of some ill-fated wreck that, lodged in the tenacious sand-bar, stood grim testimony to the truth of Mr. Stedman's beautiful poem :

“ Woe, woe to those whom the islands pen !
In vain they shun the double capes ;
Cruel are the reefs of Magdalen ;
The Wolf's white fang what prey escapes ?
The Grindstone grinds the bones of some,
And Coffin Island is craped with foam ;
On Deadman's shore are fearful shapes.”

On the eastern side of the sand-bar, to our right hand, stretches the beautiful lagoon called Havre-aux-Basques, that has quite a deep channel in which a schooner can winter.

It is shut in by a low marsh-land (called here the Bara-chois) (1) rich in cranberries and blueberries, and in the spring time a great receptacle for gannet's eggs. It is after passing the shore of the gulf and the lagoon, that the destructive features of the landscape are seen. All around us for miles stretches a vast unbounded plain of shining sand, crossed here and there by little gullies in which our tired horses cool their weary feet. On one side the telegraph posts stand lean and gaunt, in the sand-hills, interspersed here and there with the broken masts of some ill-fated vessels. These sand-hills produce an abundance of grass of which cattle are very fond, and at this marine harvest some men were

(1) Bar-échouée ?

working heartily. To our right as far as the eye could reach the sands were dotted with women digging clams. These women come from a long distance in their little carts, and their patient horses wait their mistresses' pleasure. Owing to some atmospheric peculiarity every object seemed magnified, and away out on the horizon these little horses, and their industrious drivers assumed giant proportions."

The bird Isles, *Iles aux Oiseaux* described by the Jesuits, as *Les Colombiers*, dove cots, in 1632, are two bare rocks of red sand stone, three-quarters of a mile apart, the largest known as Gannet Rock is 1,300 feet long and 100-140 feet high, lined with vertical cliffs. These isles are haunted by immense numbers of sea fowl, gannets, guillemots, puffins, kittiwakes, and razor-billed auks; immense quantities of eggs are carried thence by the islanders; they are mentioned by Herriot, in 1807. Later on Audubon notices them in his great work, and, in 1860, the late Dr. Henry Bryant, of Boston, on his way from Quebec to Labrador, visited the Magdalen Island group, and gave an excellent history of its avi-fauna which, I reproduced, in the *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*. Charlevoix visited these islands, in 1720, and wondered how in such a multitude of nests every bird immediately finds its own. We fired a gun which gave the alarm thro' all the flying commonwealth, and there was formed above the two islands, a thick cloud of these birds which was at least two or there leagues around. The naturalist Chas.-B. Cory has also described the birds frequenting the Magdalen Islands. Miss Pope thus alludes to her ascent of the rock. "The *Great Bird* rises to a height of 140 feet perpendicularly from the sea. It has four acres of ground on its summit. Here (in 1872). a light house was built where, on a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum, a man is content to live almost alone in the middle of these raging waters. To call upon this gentleman requires more "pluck" than is usually demanded on a visit of ceremony. By the aid of a crane

and windlass, a wooden box was lowered into which we packed ourselves with, it must be confessed, a slight mis-giving. The word was given and this primitive elevator began to ascend ; up we went past countless denizens of the feathered kingdom, gannets, puffins, guillemots and gulls, birds of all sizes, shapes and colours. The air was full of birds, and the air was also very unpleasant by reason of the contents of these birds' larder, being somewhat decomposed ; everywhere, scraps of decaying fish and bits of egg shells, birds tame, fearless almost to stupidity. The ascent took about half an hour. Those who possess the spirit of adventure will find it well worth their while to call on the lighthouse keeper in his "sky-parlors" on Bird Rock. The light on the top is a fixed light visible for twenty-one miles. With the station is connected a telegraph-office to report accidents. The noise made by the birds is something deafening."

(*A naturalist in the Magdalen Islands, by*
CHS.-B. CORY, Boston, 1873.)

During my short stay at Amherst, I learned with satisfaction of the efforts made to improve the breed of cattle—especially horses, on the island : the R. C. pastor, Revd M. Boudreault has gone to considerable expense, in importing from France choice specimens of the Norman and Percheron equine race. One thing I would not have cared to eat was the island pork, which seems fed, chiefly, on fish and lobster offal. I met along the shore several droves of pigs luxuriating on this repulsive offal, which must necessarily give to their flesh a very undesirable flavour. The walrus, common about the year 1800, according to Mr. Cory, is now a thing of the past, though its tusks and bones are often exhumed ; but the lobster, the ubiquitous lobster is still a potent factor in the wealth of these islands, though

he has lost the magic power, he was supposed to wield of yore, over "ladies fair" who love sardines.

THE LAY OF THE LOBSTER.

"It happened when the sun was high,
And the wind blew fresh and free,
When the bottle-nosed whale was lunching on shale,
And washing it down with the sea.

It was close by the side of a lonely stream
That foamed on a desolate strand ;
A lady fair was sitting there,
And a box was in her hand.

She raised the box, and she gave it a shake,
And she smiled when she found it was full ;
Then she played on a fife with the edge of a knife,
Keeping time with a three-foot rule.

And this was the song that the lady sang :
"Just open this box for me ;
I love sardines when they're boiled with beans,
And mixed with the sands of the sea."

The sound of her voice was sweet to hear,
And was wafted o'er many a wave,
Till at last it fell, like a siren's spell,
On the heart of a merman brave.

He listened awhile, then smiled a smile
As he looked at himself in the glass,
Then dressed with speed in an ulster of weed
And trousers of tangle and grass.

He went to the place where the lady sang,
And he heard what she'd got to say ;
She told him the dish was sardine fish,
But he bolted clean away.

For his brother-in-law was of kin to a skate ;
The skate was of high degree ;
And every one knew it was perfectly true
Sardines were the cousins of he.

With a terrible frown he dived straight down
To the depths of the ocean green ;
His trousers he tore and his ulster, and swore
They would never again be seen.

But the lady sang as she sang before :
“ Just open this box for me,
For I love sardines when they're boiled with beans,
And mixed with the sands of the sea.”

She sang this same, but as nobody came,
She thought it as well to try,
So down on the rocks she hammered the box,
And then she began to cry :

“ Oh, I love sardines when they're boiled with beans,
And mixed with the sands of the sea.
I am dying for some. Will nobody come
And open this box for me ? ”

Now all alone, close under a stone,
A lobster was lying asleep ;
At the sound of her cries he rubbed his eyes,
And picked himself up for a peep.

He could open the box without any knocks,
So he went and he offered his claw.
At the sight of the beast her misery ceased,
And she asked for a shake of his paw.

He gave her his claw on the desolate strand,
But he never would let her go.
“ My lady,” says he, “ you'll come with me
To the regions down below.”

He took the lady straight away
To the depths of the ocean blue,
And whatever became of that beautiful dame
There is nobody ever knew.

There are some folks say on the 1st of May
She is seen with a glass in her hand,
And that she was sold to the merman bold
Who came to the desolate strand.

But every night when the moon shines bright
The ghost of the lady is seen,
All dressed at her need in an ulster of weed,
And her hair is a bright sea-green.

(W.-D. Scott-Moncrieff, in *Harper's Magazine*.)

QUEBEC TO LAKE ST. JOHN.

XII

Mistassini Falls — The Birds and Fishes met at Lake St. John, Saguenay District, Province of Quebec.

Having had occasion to visit that fertile, and picturesque valley of Lake St. John, I availed myself of the opportunity to note, *en passant*, the birds and fishes of the place. In a short sojourn of one week, what especially struck me was the presence of several well-known members of the feathered race still in full song, whilst, around Quebec, they had been silent for several weeks : here follow the names of those I actually heard or saw, as copied from my diary.

“ De Chene Hotel, St. Cyriac, township of Kenogami, 2d August, 1883, 5.30 a. m.—Weather overcast, threatening rain this morning ; a perfect concert of birds round me.

ROBINS.—A number singing in the trees surrounding the hotel.

HERMIT THRUSH.—There goes the metallic *tinkle, tinkle* of my melodious friends ; three or four answering one another, from the fir, and spruce trees, and calcined trunks of trees, spared by the great fire of 1870, and standing solitary sentinels on the mountain side.

WILSON'S THRUSH.—Two or three, carolling merrily in the neighborhood, attracted probably by the limpid trout stream, which my companion is preparing to whip for speckled beauties.

SONG-SPARROW.—Once heard. The top of the morning to you, friend *Rossignol* ! Does your wife know you are out ?

SUMMER YELLOW BIRD.—A pair or two flitting round.

CANADIAN GOLDFINCH.—Four or five seen perched on a fence rail.

WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.—How shrill his whistle ! Are you, welcome harbinger of summer, a lineal descendant of the *Sifseux*, the Whistler, which the author of "Wake-Robin, &c.," John Burroughs, tells us he heard, in these very regions long ago, when he was visiting Lake Jacques-Cartier." (1)

VESPER SPARROW. — A few bars of his weird melody wafted by the wind to me from an adjoining pasture. Why I might almost imagine myself, on the St. Louis Road, at Quebec, homeward driving past that broad pasturage at Marchmont—so dear in May to the Vesper Sparrow—"the poet of the plain," as Burroughs styles him.

GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER.—"*Le Pivart crie—signe de pluie*"—"the Rain Bird—shrieks, a true sign of coming rain," says my white haired landlord, old Dechesne. The gaudily dressed Woodpecker, a true ant-eater, known to the French peasant under no other name than "Pivart," did not, as he occasionally does, prophesy in vain. Rain we soon had, in buckets full.

3rd August, 1883, under the hospitable roof of the log-house built by the woodmen of Lake St. John, on Alma Island, near the *Grande Décharge* ; we found few birds here.

CHICADEE.—I heard far off, in the dense woods, the quaint voice of the Canadian Chicadee saying "*Qui es-tu*" ? Who are you ?

RED-THROATED DIVER.—Whilst our bark canoe is swiftly gliding over the rippling lake under the experienced hands of that prince of fishers, Henry Déry, and his trusty friend Gaudreault, of *GrandMont*, we had ample time to make a

(1) LOCUSTS and WILD HONEY, J. Burroughs, page 223.

hasty survey of the innumerable wooded isles, which dot the lower end of the lake not far from its main discharge. On rounding a sandy grass-fringed point, we tumbled unexpectedly on a squad of these graceful denizens of the liquid element—the Red-throated Diver—more than twenty, we thought. “Twenty-four young ones and the old mother” chimed in our genial old friend Déry. “I know them well, and have counted them, what is more; having met them on two recent occasions at this spot, when paddling to Alma Island. See the care the old Dame takes of her chicks—two families, I should say, obeying one mother. Does it not look like a pic-nic of school girls out on a frisk with the demure school mistress?”

We assented.

WILD PIGEONS.—During my stay, I saw but four. Previous to the great bush fire of 1870 the northern mountain ranges were infested with them. Did this dire conflagration, which swept over so many hundreds of miles of this formerly well-wooded district, destroy all the bushes whose berries they so eagerly devour? One thing certain: the Passenger Pigeon, formerly so abundant in this Province, in fact so numerous even in the immediate vicinity of Quebec, that large flocks have been known to light on the Glacis and Ramparts of the city, have quite deserted us. A straggler, perchance, an unmated solitary cock bird, may occasionally be met; at most, a few birds, where thousands congregated twenty-five years ago.

HAWKS.—At *Rivière au Sable*, near Chicoutimi, a diminutive hawk flew over a field; the distance was too great to make out whether he was a sparrow or pigeon hawk. He turned, and lit on the short bough of an isolated, calcined trunk, standing in a field. The tree had a cavity in it, and he seemed in the act of feeding his young, his nest being probably there.

CROWS.—A great scarcity of crows noticeable.

GREAT NORTHERN DIVER—*Le Huart* ; this stately aquatic bird is common on the Lake. Breeds doubtless on some of the secluded islands; strewn all round.

CANADA GOOSE.—“ Large flocks seen last fall. Very numerous formerly.” Has Mr. Price’s steamer on the Lake scared them ?

BRANT.—“ Common in autumn ; ” we saw none.

DUCKS.—“ The Scoter, and Black, and Gray Duck common in the fall.” We saw some ducks in the distance, but could not identify them. Our canoemen, both aged men, told us of the quantities of ducks and geese which formerly sought the retired islands of Lakes St. John and Mistassini as nesting places. The influx of settlers, the steamer’s whistle, the persistent inroads of French Canadian Chasseurs have driven them further north.

FISHES.

Lake St. John is renowned for its land-locked salmon—*wa-na-nish* is the popular name. A Quebec angler would go fairly wild over the excitement, experienced by a couple of hours’ fly fishing in the pools of the *Grande Decharge*—at the eastern outlet of the lake. August seems to be the month selected by this noble fish—the *wa na-nish*—to ascend the roaring rapids of the lake, when the adjoining pools are alive with them. There are three pools at the great discharge. The *remous de la Vache Caille*—so styled on account of its creamy colour, and consisting of the froth which floats in clots on its dark tide—is the best fishing spot of the whole lake. I have since learned that the riparian rights and fishing privilege had been acquired from the Government by Wm. Griffith, Esq., of Quebec ; if so, no doubt, Mr. Griffith will appoint a guardian and prohibit all seine fishing. This done, that pool will be very valuable. Another celebrated *remou* or pool, is that known as *Remou à Caron*.

The fish attain up to 5 lbs.—though some have been known to weigh as many as 9 lbs. An adult *wa-na-nish* is extremely vigorous and when held by good tackle, the sport he affords is rare. Once hooked, then, a rush—then, six to eight lively jumps three feet and more clean out of the water ; then a rush again. It takes about ten minutes to kill your fish and land him. Nothing is more exhilarating than the sight the pool presents on a favorable August day. The *wa-na-nish* comes up to the surface, showing among the froth, the curve of their back, and slightly-forked tail above water, a tiny porpoise, you would say. They take the fly three inches or so under water, and dark flies seem to please their fancy more than very bright ones. When the voracious big pike that infest the lake are all destroyed, the *wa-na-nish* are likely to increase in number very much. Lake St. John contains also Dore, Whitefish—which the natives call *ouiteouch* suckers and a coarse fish known as Cat-fish, with an enormous head. They attain to a great size : three feet and more in length. There seems to be few trout in the lake. Have those ogres, the pike, gobbled them up ?

ASCENT OF THE FIRST STEAMER TO THE MISTASSINI FALLS.

Lake St. John, 17th May, 1889.

I readily accepted the invitation of Mr. B.-A. Scott, manager of the Roberval Lumber Co. to form one of a small party desirous of exploring, in the *Peribonka*, the falls of the Mistassini river, 20 miles from its mouth ; a feat never yet performed by steam. The *Peribonka*, launched last autumn, was subsidized by the provincial government for the promotion of the colonization of the Lake St. John district, by facilitating communication between the different settlements on the lake. It is a handsome and powerful craft—97 feet keel—built expressly to draw, but little water

—so as to adapt herself—to the shallow waters on the lake shore—though there is a depth of 100 feet in the centre.

The present time seemed particularly suitable for exploring the numerous tributaries of Lake St. John, as the spring-overflow of the great lake, eighteen or twenty feet, was at its height. The river Mistassini is two miles broad at its mouth, tolerably deep in some parts, 300 miles long and dotted all through with innumerable, beautifully wooded isles. Its banks are wild and unsettled, except a straggling thatch-covered house, here and there, about eleven miles from its entrance. The *Peribonka* made the ascent to this unexplored region in charge of an experienced old woodsman, a special pilot for the occasion, amidst sunshine and rain accompanied by very vivid lightning and thunder. The little boat would rush through a fog bank, slacken off speed or stop, just as the soundings and fog permitted, always under perfect command.

At 9 P. M., the fog having increased, it was judged prudent to anchor for the night. The stream being deep with a bold shore, the *Peribonka* was moored in front of a woodman's hut, close to the bank. Our party landed without any trouble : the whistle was blown ; we listened in rapt silence to the tremendous echo leaping from one range to the next,—no steamer had ever ventured there before. The woodman and trapper, monsieur Lalancette, jr., surrounded by his numerous progeny, rushed to the beach and discharged his fowling-piece, inviting us to visit his modest roof. The ceremony of shaking hands over, Madame Lalancette gave us most graphic sketches of her forest life—free from the scandal bustle and noise of the outer world.

Few white men, in summer, ascend the Mistassini in their canoes ; in winter, the lumbermen use her house as a camp. She told us of an eccentric professor and two students camping on the shore last summer, professor Julian C. Jaynes, of Hartford, who, she vowed, lived on roasted

frogs and broiled crows, after skinning them ; she added an anecdote about a bull-frog, which much amused us.

Professor Jaynes, according to madame Lalancette must have been no ordinary angler ; he is stated to have caught, at the foot of the Mistassini falls so many Wa-nâ-nish, that his creel full, he deemed right to return the rest to their native element.

Monsieur Lalancette, related with *gusto*, his various experiences as a trapper of otter, minx, even of beaver, though beaver were getting, he said, very scarce. No red deer, and few caribou on the shores of the wild Mistassini, but occasionally, bears on the hills in the blueberry season. During his whole career, he had, he said, trapped in a steel trap set for otter, but one *carcajou* (wolvereen)—but then he was a wopper !—as fierce, with his lacerated paw, as ten thousand wild cats ! !

—“ Any round here ” inquired my sporting friend ?

I do not think so, replied the disciple of fur, fin and feather.

This exciting camp gossip went buzzing through our brain, the live long night, when we retired to our improvised bunks, over one of which floated the Union Jack to scare away the musquitoes, probably ; no other noise, in the pitchy darkness, but the *breck ! breck !* of professor Jaynes friends, the frogs.

About midnight, my sporting friend awoke, sprung up, vowing, he had heard the howls of a *carcajou*, close to where the *Peribonka* was moored : the door of Madame Lalancette's hut opened, to let in her disconsolate pet—the house dog, *Prince*, forgotten in the damp fog outside, whining ; then, all was again wrapped in silence.

At break of day, the *Peribonka* got up steam ; with the loveliest sunshine, we steamed up to the mysterious falls which few white men have seen ; none certainly, from the deck

of a steamer : the patches of froth and soon after, the roar of the falls hidden by three intervening islands were noted. These islands girt with rocks, create strong and dangerous rapids. The *Peribonka* turned back : on a council of the authorities, it was decided to try the rapids again. We shot past the two last islands and came in full view of the roaring cauldron ; but no further could we go, and the descent was made at race-horse speed. An old trapper fired a gun in response to our salute, the steamer's whistle ; the effects in these wild woods were loud, grand, indescribable. One incident much amused us : the terror of the sheep and of some cows, on hearing the boat's whistle ; they retreated at a gallop up a hill—concealing themselves in a thicket.

Such my pleasant experience of a visit, the first ever made by a steamer, to the falls of the Mistassini, where the celebrated French *savant*, André Michaux, was botanising, on the 22nd August, 1792.

Doubtless if the water does not get too low, from the summer drought, the *Peribonka*, will more than once, be put in commission to explore this inaccessible fastness of the north.

THE
CRUISE OF THE YATCH **HIRONDELLE**
IN 1886

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE COMMODORE OF THE YATCH CLUB.....J. U. Gregory.
MAC OF THE ISLES.....Sagaman, Sportsman, Navigator.
JONATHAN OLDBUCK.....Antiquary, Naturalist, Discoverer.
CARLETON.....Sailing Master—Old Mariner.
JEAN LAVOIE..Steward, Chef-de-cuisine, Weather-prophet.
NAPOLÉON MATURIN.....Able-bodied seaman.
FLIBERTY-GIBBET Cabin Boy.
FOX.....A Silly Collie.

SCENE :—*Sometimes on board the HIRONDELLE*
Sometimes on Shore.

VIVE LA CANADIENNE!

THE CRUISE OF THE HIRONDELLE.

XIII

The seal Islands—Their game—Their Legends.

“ On the bosom of a river
Where the sun unloosed his quiver
Sailed a vessel light and free
Morning dew-drops’ hung like Manna
On the bright folds of her banner
And the zephirs rose to fan her
Softly to the radiant sea.”

Basin of St. Thomas, 10th sept., 1886.

“ Just ease her off a point or two, Commodore, don’t hug these muddy flats too close ; they run out nearly three miles from the mouth of the Basin ; I have known them well from my youth. Now, I think we can sail clear of this land-locked harbor. Do you see that group of white dwellings ? There, in 1837-8, used to be one of the strongholds of the Patriots of 1837 ; and in 1759 the ruthless invader of the soil left his indelible mark on these Canadian homes.” Such the words of Jonathan Oldbuck, more generally known as the Antiquary, the respected guest of the Commodore of the Quebec Yacht Club.

—“ *Très bien, Monsieur l’Antiquaire,*” replied the burly Commodore. “ I always thought St. Thomas, or Montmagny, as it is now styled, was rich in historic lore. Dame Nature seems also to have played some strange pranks in scooping out these channels amid the shoals, and in forming this sheltered basin at the foot of the foaming water-fall of *La Rivière du Sud*. Might not the removal of these boulders in the basin, and a little judicious dredging of the mud, make this into a snug harbor for the coasting craft, and even foreign vessels ; that is, provided the neap tides of summer did not choke the harbor with mud ? ”

—“Do you see,” said the Antiquary, “those eel-fishery stakes, nearly covered by the tide, a mile from the shore? There, or close by, stood, at the end of the last century and even later, the Roman Catholic parish church. The river had eaten away the clay soil which clothed the whole area occupied by the old church, and its cemetery, and even beyond. A new church site became necessary. In 1822, the present temple of worship was built two miles inland.

The harbor has also undergone a great change within a hundred years; tradition tells how its entrance was once spanned by a single plank; the shores are now more than a mile apart.”

—“Carleton,” said the Commodore, “shake out two reefs of the mainsail, we have yet plenty of flood, and with such a spanking breeze on our beam, we can yet make *Cap Brûlé*, before the turn of the tide. I shall show our friends as we sail past, the spot of the memorable shipwreck of the French man-of-war *L'Elephant*, stranded there in September, 1729. We will, once there, drop down with the ebb under the dizzy heights of Cape Tourmente, so named by Champlain, and where I have shot in December more than one woodland caribou. They come every fall from the interior, pick their way through some of the pine-clad ravines of the sombre cape, to this abrupt shore below, lap up the salt lick, and return. I recollect shooting one close to the cross you may have noticed on the summit.”

This landmark, erected in 1869 and since enlarged, seems from the river like a white speck amid the blooming shrubbery. The party looked out, as the yacht sailed past, for some of the ravines in the neighborhood of the three diminutive lighthouses perched on the rock high above the St. Lawrence; a few fine old pine trees grow there, which, with the lofty Cap Tourmente, form part of the vast seigniory, ten leagues in front, of the Quebec Seminary. More than two centuries back Bishop Laval selected the *Petit Cap* of St. Joachim—which our excursionists can see to the west—and the reedy meadows, and fertile grain-fields at the base for a settlement, where he, in verity, established in Canada the first model farm. Through a gap

in the waving tree-tops, they also caught a glimpse of the Château Bellevue, where, under the shade of green groves, the Laval University and Quebec Seminary professors each year spend their well-merited August vacation. This is assuredly one of the most picturesque spots in all Canada. During the occupation of the country by the French, inward-bound ships used to follow the north shore of the St. Lawrence as far up as Cape Tourmente, probably because the south channel was narrow ; and then cross over, past Pointe Argentenay, on the eastern end of the island of Orleans, in the direction of the Point of St. Michel, on the south shore, thereby avoiding Beaujeu's bank, and the dangerous St. Thomas shoals ; this channel is now used chiefly by the Richelieu Co. line of steamers, conveying tourists to Murray Bay and the Saguenay.

" Bout ship, let go and haul," sung out the Commodore, and the Hironnelle, flapping her white wings in the breeze, turned from the frowning cape, shot ahead like a sea swallow, and pointed for a low ledge of rocky islands, after passing the *Battures Ilates*, a famous resort for Canada geese, and snow geese, leased by the Quebec Seminary to a Quebec sportsman. The rocky isles, on which the surf rippled, were barely visible in the distance.

" There, gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Oldbuck, " there are the famous Seal Rocks."

Forty-five miles below Quebec, about mid-channel in our noble river, which even here expands in breadth, to twenty-one miles, there rises a bleak, uninhabited island, at low tide, five miles long, by one mile broad. From time immemorial, it has been known to the English as Seal Rocks or Seal Islands ; to the French, as *Battures-aux-Loups-Marins*. Doubtless the seals, for ages as plentiful here as the walrus were on the Magdalen Islands, up to the middle of the last century, have now found a safer and more secluded habitat in the far North, though each winter they still venture to the ice-bound coast. Long after the seals had bidden adieu

to these solitary Canadian downs, the native sportsmen put in an appearance. For many years past, with each autumn, and often in advance, the gunners found their way to this loved sporting ground. A few years ago a club of sportsmen of St-Jean-Port-Joly, purchased this game resort from the Provincial Government. (1) The August high tide, exceptionally high, reduces the seals' old haunts to about one mile in length and seven acres in width. At the north-west point there exists a diminutive mound or knoll, on which are perceptible; among the few other signs of vegetation, a grove of spruce, fir and wild cherry trees. Conspicuous to this day is the ancient apple tree, of which Mr. De Gaspé, in his "Memoirs," records that "one half bears sweet, and the other half, sour apples; though there exists no trace or record of the tree having ever been grafted." This shadowy relic of the past, still endures, and yielded fruit this very summer. Thereto hangs a tale of woe, with which doubtless the Antiquary will favor us.

The other portion of Seal Rocks, bare at high water (though there is an instance on record of a party of sportsmen having once to seek asylum in their boat to escape the rising flood), trending southward, is very properly styled the *Sportsmen's Refuge*. A channel running north-east, and south-west separates the shore, where stands the refuge, or shooting box, from the mound or knoll, known as Chatigny's Knoll, the channel fordable at low tide only.

It is well called the Sportsmen's Refuge, and here only, in a rude hut erected by them, they find shelter against the easterly gales, which sweep over this forlorn shore with great violence.

(1) Seal Islands and Shoals, in River St. Lawrence, opposite River Trois-Saumons, were rented on April 18, 1854, to O.-B. Fournier, of Islet, at an annual rent of \$50.40, rent redeemable by payment of capital at the rate of 6 per cent. to Government of Province of Quebec.

Animal and vegetable life is indeed scanty on this solitary down. Few if any singing birds there; the minstrels of the grove seek the companionship of man. What use, indeed, would be to them the sweet gift of song, without an appreciative audience? Each summer, however, a colony of noisy crows, detached from, and not missed by the black hordes frequenting the adjacent group of islands, and whose headquarters are *Ile-aux-Corneilles*, Crow Island, a few miles to the west—claim possession, doubtless by prescription, of the fir and spruce grove overshadowing Chatigny's Knoll. Here, some nest. Occasionally may be heard overhead and seen, a hoarse old raven, winging his heavy, laborious flight toward the bleak ledges of Cape Tourmente, to the northwest, or mayhap, further north, to his callow brood among the cloud-capped peaks of *Passe-des-Monts*, in the Saguenay district. His funereal, unearthly *kra-ac, kra-ac*, seems in keeping with the dismal aspect of the land. In September, a silvery gull occasionally lights in the mellow sunshine amid the eddies round the shoals, in quest of smelts. Save the report of a gun, or the whistle of a passing steamer, no sound invades this lone, arid beach, quite extensive at low tide.

—"But," asked the Commodore, "why did not the sportsmen build on Chatigny's Knoll, so well protected by trees?"

"For divers cogent and powerful reasons," retorted Mac of the Isles, "which we will allow the Antiquary to expound to us? But before we hear him, let me speak of the game. At Seal Rocks, as elsewhere in the Province of Quebec, the law tolerates no spring or summer shooting. The island is especially famous for ducks, and the 1st of September is the time fixed by the Legislature for the opening of the season. These downs seem to particularly attract the old and young birds, returning at the beginning of September from their breeding grounds at Hudson's Bay, in several islands on the Labrador coast and some of the solitary isles of Lakes St. John and Mistassini. Tired out by storms they congregate in vast flocks on the reedy, muddy, and sandy beaches of Seal Rocks at low tide. At present the locality supplies the

Quebec markets with quantities of game, such as Canada geese, a few snow geese, black and gray ducks, brant, blue and green winged teal, snipe, godwits, golden plover, ring plover, and smaller beach birds. The minor game are ushered in with the high tide of August, about the 21st of that month, and precede duck shooting. The season lasts about three months, August, September and October. Mr. Toussaint, of Quebec, proprietor of the island for the last eleven years, intrusts the care of his preserve to a game keeper who lands at Seal Rocks about Aug. 1, and leaves about beginning of November."

You, seignior Mac of the Isles, said the Commodore, you must know something of this famous island.

— The little I may know, you are welcome to, retorted Mac.

When a young man, said the island chieftain, one August afternoon, whilst returning to Labrador, in my yawl *The Outarde*, I was skirting the green beaches of *Pointe-à-la-Prairie*, on Coudres Island. Our little craft close-hauled, with a fresh breeze of north wind, was rapidly nearing Seal Rocks.

"The sky has an ugly look," remarked my sailing master—by name Carleton—a grim, old salt who prided himself on being weather wise. Had we not better seek a good anchorage for the night, and take advantage of the first flood to-morrow morning. Should this breeze hold out, the Napoléon wharf in the Quebec harbor will see us early."

Carleton, though naturally a taciturn, reserved man, had a knack of getting garrulous, whenever a magnum of Mountain Dew, or prime old Jamaica warmed the cockles of his old heart: that day, being the anniversary of his wedding, he had joyfully drank long life to his *cara sposa*—a demure and elderly personage, residing on an Island close by. I assented and then, that being my first voyage to Labrador, I enquired from him what might be the name of the low isle we were approaching.

— Seal Rocks, he replied : I can recollect it as far back as 1807—when I passed it on a trip to Eng'and, not of my own choice. I was one of Simon Latresse's party, on the 13th September of that year : we had been attending a ball in St. John suburbs, at Quebec : the Press gang followed us : we ran ; poor Latresse was shot, and I was kidnapped and sent on board of H. M. frigate *Blossom*, Capt. Pickett : (1) I was an active cabin boy in those days and soon got to swallow my hard tack, pork, and gill of Jamaica, as merrily as any other jack tar on board.

—It was then, I presume, I added, you got your English historical name of "Carleton" ?

—No, Sir, replied my nautical friend ; no, that name had been bequeathed to me by my father to perpetuate, he said, the extreme kindness shown to him by one of the greatest men England ever sent out to govern Canada — Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester.

Sir Guy Carleton had been instrumental in saving the life of my beloved father, whom he found in 1798, adrift in a dory, opposite Deadman's Island, one of the Magda'en Group, where my father had gone in quest of lobsters, and been blown out to sea. Capt. Coffin, at the special request of Lord Dorchester, had sent one of his boats, in a heavy surf and brought back my father, whom His Excellency sty'ed his waif. Proud I ever was of bearing the name of such a good man, and when I risked my own life to save that of others, opposite to St. Thomas, and received from Sir E.-P. Taché, a medal in consequence, I used to think of dear Governor Carleton's kindness toward my own father.

—Well, said I, shall we try and fetch the anchorage of *Pointe-aux-Pins*, at Crane Island, or else anchor under the

(1) N. B. — The details of the melancholy incident appear in *Le Canadien*, a Quebec news sheet founded in 1806 and still in existence.

lee of *Seal Rocks*—spread our tent, under Chatigny's tree—make a fire, cook our repast, and then sleep like princes in this snug harbour. Never shall I forget the look of dismay, which spread over Carleton's withered, pock-marked face ; “ not for a kingdom, said he in a hollow voice. ”

—Why not ? I retorted.

There are five generations of your family, whom I have, at different times, conveyed in my yawl from their Island Home to Quebec, or to St. Thomas—I hope I may yet be long spared (1) to attend on them ; but I must leave you to your fate, should you persist in your present idea of sleeping on Chatigny's Knoll.

Why, the place is haunted ? — 'tis well known — yes, haunted !

The time was, long ago, when a devil-may-care Gaspé fisherman, I also, laughed at the superstitious awe in which this knoll was held on the coast.

One fall, I had sailed from Percé for home in October, in a fishing barge with a comrade. On *All Saints Day*, we reached *Isle-aux-Coudres* and landed there. I was desirous of attending High Mass, on the spot where Jacques Cartier had had celebrated the first mass said in Canada, on 7th September, 1535. The sermon was all about the dead. My companion a neer-do-weil, managed after mass, to purchase from a trading schooner, a bottle of “ old Jamaica ” *en esprit*, to use his expresison. He swallowed a portion, and took the remainder on board ; we anchored that night at Seal Rocks : he landed, saying he defied all the evil spirits of the place, and would sleep at Chatigny's Knoll. I remained on board, and was reposing quietly under the main-sail, which served as an improvised tent when, about midnight, I was awoke by the loud cries of my comrade on

(1) This nonagenarian sea-dog expired in March 1889, at Crane Island.

shore, he begged to be taken on board, vowed that the place was infested with *revenants*, spirits. In vain I pleaded the difficulty of landing in the dark, and begged of him to wait until morning. The voices he fancied he had heard, were I added, the cries of young seals or of loons, both of which at times resemble much human voices, and the groans were caused doubtless by the grating of the trunks of trees against one another, under the action of the wind.

In fact, he did not even wait until the boat had touched the shore but waded out in the surf. Once on board, he crossed himself devoutly and vowed that no, never would he put his foot on *Seal Rocks* : above all, never would he dare sleep there, on the eve of *All souls Day*. I firmly believe that the powerful sermon about the dead he had heard at *Isle aux Coudres*, the day previous, had worked on his brain during the still hours of night—possibly also, his imagination heated by the potent fumes of the "*Jamaïque en esprit*" had caused him to mistake for the wails of the departed, the discordant cries of young seals, and of the water fowl, which swarm round the island, mingled with the moaning of the night wind among the trees : but, he insisted that he had communed with the *revenants* or spirits of the dead, let loose, as is popularly believed, at mid-night on the eve of *All souls Day*, their annual festival.

Carleton's long yarn was here interrupted by the lively voice of the commodore.

—Come, Seignior antiquary, said he, let us have the history of the remarkable Knoll.

THE STORY OF CHATIGNY'S KNOLL.

—Gentlemen, replied Jonathan Oldbuck, you shall have the dismal tale, as my old friend DeGaspé, narrated it to me ;—mind it is not a *Légend*. " Long before I was born, said DeGaspé, two young men—friends from their youth—lived

in the same parish on the south shore, opposite to *Seal Rocks*, near neighbors. Rarely could one have met two beings, of dispositions so unlike, and still friends. One, named Pierre Jean, was as repulsive, physically, as he was morally; a tall, ill-favored individual, swarthy like an Indian; his mother was a squaw, he was possessed of tremendous bodily strength, which he was proud of exhibiting. His rude dialect, or rather *patois* pointed him out as an Acadian, by birth: a blank his mind seemed to be. His chum, Chatigny, was a handsome, fair-skinned youth of middle height, with soft, expressive eyes. Ever kind and obliging, he had won all hearts; whilst his comrade was detested on every side and rightly so; else how should his pretended friendship for Chatigny turn, all at once, into implacable hatred. One Sunday, after vespers, Pierre Jean, happening to meet his friend, said to him in his broken dialect, with a sarcastic smile: "Chatigny, if you, are a man, return me this rock which I shall hurl at you, and suiting the deed to the word, he threw an immense stone towards his friend, who had retreated about fifteen feet to be out of the reach of the deadly missile.

The rock fell a few inches in front of Chatigny, who stooping seized hold of the boulder, and threw it with such force that it lodged, close to Pierre Jean's feet. The spectators were astounded: none had ever suspected that Chatigny was endowed with such superhuman strength.

Pierre Jean, humbled, concealed his wounded pride, even complimented his friend on his muscle, but, it was remarked that a gloomy scowl contracted his brow.

Soon after, the two chums, apparently as friendly as ever, started for a hunting excursion to Seal Rocks, but strange to say, one only returned in the sail boat in which they had crossed over, Pierre Jean. It is not stated how he accounted for the disappearance of Chatigny: a casual remark,

uttered by him after his return created a dark surmise as to his comrade's fate.

Once, whilst taking his evening meal, he remarked " If Chatigny had a plate of this soup to night, he would relish it exceedingly ! "

These words spoken with a sarcastic air, coupled with the unaccountable absence of Chatigny, induced the distressed relatives of the latter to cross over to Seal Rocks, in search of him ; there, awaited them a melancholy spectacle. Chatigny, lay under the shade of a spruce tree, nearly dead. He was made to swallow a few drops of cordial, when he seemed to rally enough to speak and said : " If Pierre Jean had heard my moans of anguish, he never would have had the inhumanity to allow the friend of his childhood to die of hunger. Great God ! what were my feelings of despair, when on returning from shooting, I found that he alone had dragged over to the water, the boat, which his efforts, and mine combined, had scarcely sufficed to draw on the shore. I then took in at once his cruel scheme. But tell him, I forgive him," and Chatigny expired.

Such is the outline of the weird narrative embodied in the DeGaspé's Memoirs anent Chatigny's Knoll.

SOREL.

Its Game. — Lieut.-Governor Letellier.

The yacht was careening over under a stiff westerly breeze ; the flood tide had just turned ; an experienced old yachtsman, Mac of the Isles, held the helm. The low rocky shores of Seal Rock were fast disappearing as the Hiron-delle, close reefed, plowed merrily through the surf in the

direction of St-Jean-Port-Joly Church. To the north a flock of silvery gulls were disporting themselves in the shallows, while the descending orb of day shed his mild radiance on the leaping waters.

—“ Pass around the Garcias,” sung out the Commodore to the cabin boy. “ Let us have a glorious smoke before casting anchor at McPherson’s House, Crane Island.”

—“ We have plenty of time before reaching there, replied the Antiquary, “ suppose, most illustrious Commodore, you give us one of your jolly hunting stories, an account of the *grande chasse d’automne* you made with the lamented Luc Letellier at Sorel.”

—“ Well, gentlemen, be it so, light your cigars and give me your attention.

“ The famed hunting resorts,” said the Commodore, “ about fifty-five miles lower than Montreal, on the St. Lawrence, and one hundred and twenty-five above Quebec, are known to Quebec and Montreal *chasseurs* as the Iles de Sorel. These islands and surroundings are the favorite feeding grounds of the snipe and various kinds of plover, curlew, woodcock and other beach birds, as well as several varieties of ducks, the black or dusky duck, redhead, divers or fall ducks, blue and green-winged teal, in fact all the aquatic birds frequenting the fresh waters of the Province of Quebec. Sorel Islands consist of Ile du Moine, Ile des Barques, Ile à la Pierre, Ile de Grâce, Ile du Pads, Ile St. Jean, Ile aux Grues, Ile aux Ours and many others less noted, the Commune de Yamaska, la Baie du Febvre, les Baies de Maskinongé et de Yamachiche, with the miles of reeds which skirt Lake St. Peter, on both shores, as well as the islands, some of which are covered with soft maples and other deciduous trees, while the others are simply reedy islands, when the water is very low, and at other times completely flooded. On the higher lands, which are commons under the control of the municipalitiés, the farmers of the vicinity allow their young cattle, horses and hogs to run wild. The latter, being much given to feed upon the bulb of a variety of reeds, root them up, making bare patches, which are capital feeding grounds for snipe. One, however, needs a quick eye to mark a bird down, should he drop into the high reeds or wild hay near by ; or the service of a

first-class retriever, else one is sure to lose many more birds than are brought to bag.

“ On the sandy point of some of these islands, such as Pointe au Pécaud or Ile au Sable, flocks of golden plover, curlew or beach birds may be often found, and late in the fall numbers of Canada geese on their journey to the south, light and feed in the bays and even in the fields backs on the higher lands. When the ice breaks up in the spring, thousands of muskrats are slaughtered by the inhabitants. Some have been known to kill in one season 200, with a simple weapon—an iron spike fastened to a pole—to pry the rodents out of their winter quarters,—disturbed by the motion of the ice, lifted from its winter bed by the rush of the waters during spring freshets.

“ In October, 1866, I visited the Islands of Sorel, accompanied by Lieut. Montgomery and Ensign Lane of the Rifle Brigade, one of H. M.’s crack regiments, then quartered in the favorite garrison town, Quebec. Just twenty years later, one of the party, now Lieut.-Col. Lane, on his return from British Columbia to Halifax, where he is now stationed as military secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Alexander Russell, burst into my sanctum where I was enjoying a quiet smoke, and related to me his sporting adventures, since the capital sport he and I, had enjoyed on that memorable occasion when we tramped through the marshes at Sorel, bagging one hundred and fifty snipe in two days to our three guns, and bringing back a champagne basket full of birds. We had listened to the stories of the French Canadian guides anent the marvellous bags of snipe, woodcock and duck got by the late Colonel Alphonse De Salaberry, Judge Coursol, W.-H. Kerr, Harry King, Fred. Austin and hosts of others who flocked each season to these islands. Well do I remember the snug quarters on one of these beautifully wooded spots, for many years the favorite hunting box of Judge Coursol and his friends, with its rows of nails all around well under the eaves of the roof, hanging from which could be seen bunches of snipe, woodcock, duck and plover, placed there in the shade and cool air for preservation, and my own pleasant quarters in a room of the Ile au Raisin or Ile à la Pierre lighthouse.

"Of the old guides of those days one is still hale and hearty and happy to lead a party to the haunts of game. Maxime Monjeau, of Ile du Moine, although now near his 70th year, covered with silvery locks, can yet handle a paddle and bring down a duck when it comes to his decoys in La Baie du Moine (opposite his little shooting cabin annually set up on the edge of the island, and where he happily passes his days, having handed over to his sons, his home, further west on the Ile du Moine). He continues to enjoy the sports to which he is so devotedly attached. Another, poor old Baptiste Martel, of La Baie du Febvre, now fully eighty years of age, still talks and dreams of the day when he tracked the grizzly bear in the Rocky Mountains, where he spent twenty-five years of his earlier life in the employ of the American Fur Company as a *voyageur*. Upon his giving up this occupation, with his hard earned savings, he purchased a home and a few acres of land near his native village, and tried to settle down to the toils of a small farmer's life, but he could never thoroughly do so. He would cheerfully drop the spade or hoe, and conduct the sportsmen from Quebec or Montreal to the woodcock coverts on the uplands, or snipe marshes of the renowned Baie du Febvre. He is now very feeble. I was recently told by a neighbor of his that last summer the poor old man begged his son to drive him to the old duck grounds bordering the lake that he might once more feast his eyes on the beloved haunts of other days. He was carefully seated in a cart well filled with straw, and slowly driven down to the lake shore, which cheered him up wonderfully. He asked his son to stop the horse, and stretching out his withered arm, pointed out the many spots so dear to his memory, rapidly relating his exploits with the many gentlemen he had guided over the spot, and the big bags of game they had shot. Feeling weak and tired the poor old *chasseur* completely broke down; in sobbing words he bade farewell to the loved spot, and was conveyed home, as he said, to prepare himself for another world. Poor old Baptiste, how often have I followed him over the coverts and what glorious sporting hours we have spent together!

"Of the other guides of twenty years ago, one was a remarkable character called Charlo Paul, a capital fellow when not given too much spirits. He has now joined the 'great majority,' doubtless in better hunting grounds, gathered

to his fathers. Charlo did not live to the ripe old age of Maxime or Baptiste, no doubt owing to his love for strong waters to which they were not so much addicted, and evidently live the longer in consequence.

"Twenty years ago among the islands and bays below Sorel, large and varied bags of game could be made. On more than one occasion a brother sportsman and myself have been the fortunate possessors, after three or four days of shooting, of as many as 40 to 50 ducks, 60 to 70 English snipe, and 30 to 40 golden and other plover, and have come home thoroughly revived in health and spirits.

"On one occasion, I had the honor of having the lamented Hon. Luc Letellier de St. Just, then Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec, as my guest, our quarters being in the lighthouse at the east end of L'Île à la Pierre. It was during a week's living in one small room with this renowned politician, that one learned to love him as few men have been loved by their own sex. On this occasion, our bags of ducks numbered among us, namely: the Governor, his Aide-de-camp, Capt. F.-E. Gauthier; his cousin, P.-B. Casgrain, M. P., and myself, from 40 to 50 ducks per day, and some snipe shot by me. It was on this memorable occasion that the Governor of the Province of Quebec and companions narrowly escaped with their lives. The popular and always obliging Captain Labelle, then in command of the steamer Quebec, plying between Montreal and the city of Quebec, had offered to stop his boat and take us off the island on his way down when we would desire it. We despatched a messenger early one day to Sorel, about seven miles off, to notify him that we would be all ready when he would pass that evening, and to request him to please stop his boat to take us on board. By some means the message was not delivered to Captain Labelle. We, however, not knowing this, made our preparations, got all our baggage, game, dogs and ourselves with the lighthouse-keeper and one man, in a small boat, very much overloaded, but as we only intended going out a short distance in the shallow water to meet the steamer's boat which we expected would draw too much water to come near the shore, we did not fear any danger from swamping. We saw the steamer about 9 o'clock at night coming full speed, evidently paying no attention to us, when we actively swung a lighted lantern to and fro to draw attention.

"After the steamer had passed us the captain was evidently informed of our attempts to stop her; knowing the Governor was of the party, he ordered the boat to stop and reverse, the channel being too narrow to turn her. The Governor, with his usual anxiety to give as little trouble as possible when he was personally concerned, insisted upon our attempting to reach the steamer by the man sculling our boat out to her. This, against our advice, was done. The current being very strong, and the huge wheels of the steamer churning the water against it, created a strong eddy, which drew us under the guards of the steamer. Being in the forepart of the boat, I caught hold of one of the paddles of the wheel and with difficulty hung on to its slimy surface. The Governor received a very severe blow on the head from one of the stays which nearly stunned him, and we greatly feared our boat would swamp as it filled with water. One man completely lost his presence of mind and dropped the oar overboard; to the great strength and coolness of the Governor we owed our lives. He called for a ladder. This being let down, we rapidly mounted it just in time to escape from being crushed by the great wheel, which was immediately after set in motion; fortunately the boat containing the lighthouse keeper and our luggage had drifted away from danger, and eventually was propelled ashore. When we reached the cabin, we found we were much bruised but not seriously hurt; our clothing was covered with slime; we presented a sad appearance. Means were taken to give as little publicity as possible to this incident. This was the last shooting expedition of Governor Letellier de St. Just. Some months after his health broke down; he soon after died, sincerely regretted by all who intimately knew him. His gun, an excellent 10-bore, was sold by me to Judge G.-P. Hawes, of New York, who, I believe, still retains it.

"I fear I have digressed very much from the subject of describing the shooting grounds of Sorel. I can only say that occasionally fine bags of snipe, woodcock and ducks are still made there, but I find that the number of the disciples of the gun, since the past twenty years, have wonderfully increased, as well among the amateur sportsmen who shoot for the pleasure of an outing, as the pot-hunter who slaughters game night and day for the market.

" Snipe are such capricious birds that one can occasionally make as large bags as formerly, but not so often. Woodcock are very much more scarce. As to black or dusky ducks, mallard and wood ducks and teal, the great number destroyed at night on their feeding grounds has been the cause of driving these valuable birds to other and safer quarters. The pot-hunter chooses a favorite spot among the reeds which extend out on the shallows for nearly a mile from shore ; with a sickle he cuts off the heads of the reeds, well under water, in a space large enough to make an open water basin of about 30 to 40 yards diameter. On the edge of this basin he plants a number of trees in front and on each side of his logcanoe or dug-out, which he carefully conceals, and then sets out in the most natural order from ten to twelve live ducks fastened by a string, with a soft leather loop to a leg and anchored with a stone or half a brick in about 3 feet of water. These ducks, which are a cross between a wild black duck and an equally black domestic one, make perfect decoys, and call any passing birds to them and to sure destruction.

" On both sides of Lake St. Peter such *caches* may be found occupied by one or two pot hunters every three or four acres apart, night after night, before and after the 1st of September, notwithstanding the game laws being strictly against it. You may well imagine such work has greatly interfered with the pleasures of being quietly paddled through the reeds and getting a true sportsman's shot at a rising bird, for the ducks now shun those dangerous feeding grounds. This, however, only applies to the species of duck visiting the shallow waters near shore. The bluebills and other fall ducks, called by some, the divers, still frequent the lake in enormous numbers ; in fact I have seen this fall as large flocks as I ever saw on the waters in Florida, where, from their number covering such great space, they are called raft ducks.

" For the lover of shooting, possessed of a good dog for snipe, and another for woodcock, and who can spare the time, I know of no more delightful spot to camp on than some of the beautiful islands of Sorel. The scenery is charming ; the channels among the many islands most intricate and interesting ; the different fresh-water fish, from the maslinongé to the perch, plentiful ; and intelligent and reliable guides with canoes may be had at the usual charges. But

he who possesses a light draft sail boat, with fair accommodation for a genial companion and self, and who can sail away with his quarters to new spots made bare by the falling of the waters, which often occurs to the extent of from 5 to 8 in. in one night, especially if the weather is dry and the wind blows strong from the west, such a one will find snipe, when others on the old ground are wondering if there are any birds left in the country. My experience shows that snipe have a strong liking for new ground, and he who can follow them or take advantage of being on some new, known spot where the waters uncover, is sure to be rewarded for his pains."

—"Commodore, we have enjoyed our sea voyage, shall I say, enormously : one day's duck shooting on those rocky isles would have capped the climax to our felicity—but Seal Rocks are a game preserve. We hold no permit from Monsieur Toussaint, the proprietor, to scatter death and destruction among the winged denizens of his blessed isle, which would merely need the presence of some of Calypso's nymphes to render, its sojourn dangerous to the *jeunesse dorée* of Quebec."

—How stands the enemy, Carleton? what is the state of the tide? and with those castellated clouds banked up in the west, what wind can you promise us, Mr. weather-prophet Lavoie? enquired Mac of the Isles.

—Well, *mon capitaine*, retorted gruff old Carleton, with a curious wink in his eye, I think that unless the sun soon shows his face, we are in for a blow of north-west wind : the yatch will pitch and toss like a pea on a hot stove. I hope no one here has forgotten his sea legs in Quebec : The flood wont set in for an hour yet however. Jean Lavoie, once a splendid specimen of the hardy and genial canadian mariner—able to handle a yatch in the ugliest sea, a good type of the "peuple gentilhomme," as the gifted late Andrew Stuart, once styled the French Canadians, a favorite of Mac of the Isles, but now too old to navigate the craft, had been shipped as steward. He was a capital *raconteur* and his Islands friends used to say he could "talk like a *Curé*." Mac of the Isles, who knew of old Lavoie's special

talents, addressing the Commodore, and the antiquary said :
“ We are bound to wait here yet a full hour for the turn of the tide, suppose we ask that old sea dog, who is brimful of canadian stories, to give us one of his best yarns, picked up when he was an old “ voyageur ”— his story of *Ile des Serpents* is a capital one.

—We readily assented and asked the steward to draw near.

—Monsieur Lavoie, making us one of his politest bows, appeared flattered by our request, and resting his athletic frame on the mast, he opened thus :

—What shall it be, gentlemen ? the story of the *Ile-au-Massacre*, at Bic ; of the Micmacs of the Kapsouk ; of Mademoiselle de Granville’s prisoner, at Goose Island, or that of the Witch of the St. Lawrence ?

None of us had heard this weird, melancholy tale related or if some of us had read it, in abbé Casgrain’s volume of Canadian legends, we felt curious to see, what now was the popular version, bearing in mind, the strange transformations, popular legends occasionally assume. One and all we replied :
The Witch ! The Witch ! ! The Witch.

Gentlemen, gravely retorted the aged mariner, I can merely pretend to give a brief outline of a legend which occupies, more than eighty pages in abbé Casgrain’s volume : to which you can with advantage refer.

Of all the legends, I picked up in my youth and in mature years, none took my fancy more than *La Jongleuse*. I prevailed on my grand son, just now finishing his course of *Belles-Lettres*, at the Quebec Seminary to write it out for me, from my dictation ; you will perceive how cleverly he has done it. I have since committed the story to memory. Here goes my version, aided by abbé Casgrain’s narrative.

Suppose we start about midnight from the shore, just below the old Lower Town church, with *Le Canotier*, for such is the name of the expert canoeman went under : he was an Indian :

Among his tribe he was known as *Misti Tchinipek*, that is, the Great Snake, either on account of his rapid movements, or else perhaps, from the circumstance of his having the likeness of a snake tatooed on his brawny chest.

The canoe also contains two other figures : a young woman of stately carriage and elegantly attired, but with a sad, anxious face, and a boy of eight or ten years of age, her son, who was resting on her lap his uncovered head. This was Madame Houel, whose husband was an important personage in the colony, as an associate of the *Company of Hundred Partners*. He had met with a serious accident ; hence, his wife had undertaken this hazardous night voyage, at a time when all Canada rang with reports of the sanguinary raids of the tireless and remorseless Iroquois.

One after the other had the city lights disappeared ; the last visible from the receding shore being the solitary ray of the lamp burning in the sanctuary of the old church. Carried on the night wind came the faint roar of the Montmorenci Falls ; through a rift in the clouds, banked up in the north-east, floated the new moon.

The boy, suddenly starting from his sleep, asked his anxious mother whether she did not see, far away, walking on the water, a *woman in white*, and then, nestling closer, he shuddered and begged of her to protect him against this dreadful apparition.

" Sleep on, my darling, " she softly replied, with a sigh, sleep on ; I shall awake you in time to see the beautiful sun rise. " *Le Canotier*, in a smothered voice, whispered to Madame Houel what he thought of the apparition which had alarmed her son, adding that childhood was chosen

of God, and that children saw revealed, things hidden from older mortals ; that, doubtless, the vision of her boy presaged the neighborhood of the *Matschi Skoueou*, whose diabolical incantations among the Indian tribes had been attested to by the missionaries ; that probably, at this very moment, the *Matshi Skoueou* was leading the dreaded Iroquois to some fresh murderous onslaught.

La Dame aux Glaieuls, the *Matshi Skoueou*, in the eyes of the Pale Faces, is a powerful enchantress. The glances of her sea-green pupils in the dark are like burning coals, and throw a spell round her helpless victims ; her bushy hair, black as a loon's wing, festoons her reed-crowned head like a cascade of running water. Her bronzed features, her scaly skin, her sardonic laugh, her violet-blue lips, cause a shudder to all beholders. She raises, as she goes, a cloud of bluish sparks, to which darkness lends the weirdest forms ; a veritable salamander, whose very vestments are proof against fire and flame, is the *Matshi Skoueou*.

Evening is the time she selects for her fearful mysteries, when the zephir dies in the tree-tops ; when all nature slumbers, when the erratic *Will-o'-the-Wisp* capers over the green meadows in the forest clearings, or on the greenish waters of the reeking swamp ; when the bats noiselessly skim the pond with their transparent wings, or hang on by their prehensile claws to the angles of walls ; when the pipe of the frog, the note of the red-eyed toad, tho *hou-hou* of the bird of night, supersede all other sounds, then is the time when *La Dame aux Glaieuls* lights among the rushes on the river banks, in the vicinity of swamps, to cull rushes — a fitting wreath for her head, previous to invoking the *Manitou*, or Great Spirit. All at once the rushes and alders are seen to bend and rustle, even on a calm night, yielding before her, as she plunges in the liquid element ; her head, amidst the wild rushes and rank grass, assuming the brightness of a meteor.

Beware, oh ! beware, at such times especially with a new moon, to venture close to the river shore. Danger lurks all round you, on land, on sea ; horrible is the fate of the innocent victims who then become her prey.

She invents tortures worse than heated collars, worse than scalping, worse than the agony of a slow fire.

When the helpless native's heart throbs with pain, when his hair is erect with horror, his eyes staring with fright ; when his livid lips are blanched with terror, when anguish racks his whole frame—the near harbinger of death—then is the time for exultation of the fearful witch, intent in catching the secret voice and revelations of the foul fiend who inspires her.

The canoe was gliding noiselessly on, when all at once, after some mysterious, distant mutterings, two loud reports from fire-arms proclaimed the presence of the dreaded Iroquois.

“ Seven savages in that canoe,” said *Tchinipek*. “ We are between two fires ; on our right the Iroquois, on our left, the *Matshi Skoueou*. Let us back water ! Madame, your boy must stop crying, else we will surely be captured. Lie down both of you in the canoe.”

Tchinipek, fearing that if he fired, the flash of the gun would indicate their whereabouts in the darkness, strung his bow and shot an arrow, with unerring aim, right to the spot, from which the Iroquois had fired, killing one of their warriors ; but the same instant an Iroquois bullet struck *Le canotier's* paddle, splitting it in twain. The struggle looked hopeless—two against six—when Tchinipek, full of resource, decided to let himself drop silently in the water, and, after a few vigorous strokes, swam unperceived to the other canoe and, with a sudden jerk, upset it, launching the inmates in the water, and, in the confusion, striking two or three of them with his tomahawk.

Madame Houel imagined having seen in the water the dark form of a woman, stretching over her arm to seize hold of her boy. Was it *La Jongleuse* ?

This gave Madame Houel's canoe a respite. It reached the shore. *Le canotier* and his friends camped there until morning. At sunrise, *Le canotier* took his gun, and sought the woods to kill some game for their breakfast.

A horrible scene awaited his return. A pool of blood and three corpse. He very soon recognized the livid remains of Tchinipek, who evidently had dearly sold his life ; two dead Iroquois lay there to prove it, but no trace on the sand of the beach indicated what had been the fate of Madame Houel and of her son.

On scanning the horizon, *Le Canotier* noticed in the distance two canoes crowded with Indians.

Having given vent to his sorrow in loud ejaculations, which the mountain echo seemed to repeat, on the shore he dug a grave, in which he deposited the remains of his beloved friend. Removing from a sapling, its green leaves, he placed the trunk at the head of the grave, with a transversal branch—a rude cross. Then removing the scalps from the two dead Iroquois, he planted Tchinipek's knife in the centre of the post, and hung to it the reeking scalps, a fearful but suitable trophy for an Indian warrior.



The second act of this appalling drama opens with the landing, many years subsequently, at the Pointe, at Rivière Ouelle, of two men, one advanced in years ; his companion an athletic and handsome youth—*Le Canotier* and the son of Madame Houel.

They are made welcome at the solitary dwelling of the Pointe, and being questioned as to the object of their visit,

young Houel relates, for the information of his hospitable entertainers, the narrative of his sufferings, and of those of his mother, when they were captured by the savages ; how the diabolical old witch—the Matshi Skoueou—the adviser of the tribe, ever intent on devising new modes of torture for prisoners, compelled Madame Houel's son to aid in the hanging to a tree of his beloved and devoted parent ; how, after tracking the Iroquois along the coast, *Le Canotier* lay in ambush and managed to secure the fire arms of the savages, while engaged in one of their orgies, and succeeded in shooting down, or disabling nearly all the party. *Le Canotier* was too late to save the life of Madame Houel, whose body was still hanging to the tree, but succeeded in rescuing her tortured son, just as his eyes were ready to close in death.

CRANE ISLAND.

Governor De Montmagny's Game Preserve.

Now Mr. Oldbuck, let us have, if you please, the sketch you have prepared of Governor Montmagny's enchanted Isle.

The antiquarian, taking a seat near the helmsman, held forth as follows :

That quaint old repository of historical lore, the “ Relations des Jésuites,” makes mention, among others, of two picturesque islands in the St. Lawrence, thirty-six miles lower than Quebec. Père Le Jeune alludes to them at an early date as the inviolate sanctum and breeding ground of millions of ducks and teal, whose loud voices made the whole place vocal in the summer season. We are told, however, that in that *année terrible*, 1663, as memorable as

the present (1886) is likely to be for Charleston, South Carolina, owing to frightful and continuous earthquakes, the soil rolled and quaked, some added, "to that degree that church steeples would bend and kiss the earth and then rise again." This last feat, from its novelty, would doubtless have been particularly attractive to witness from a balloon, for instance, or from the deck of a ship; from anywhere, in fact, except from old mother earth. Such are some of the notices our early annals furnish. Governor de Montmagny seems to have set his mind at procuring these islands as a game preserve for himself and friends. In May, 1646, Louis XIV made a grant of these islands to his trusty lieutenant holding court at the Chateau Saint Louis, at Quebec. A famous Nimrod, one would fain believe, was this Knight Grand Cross of Jerusalem and Governor of Quebec, Charles Huault de Montmagny. He left his name of the flourishing county of Montmagny, which includes his cherished shooting box. Of the bags of game he annually made up on the verdant and swampy beaches of his isles, of the roasted black duck, teal and snipe he had served up to his merry little court within the sacred precincts of Castle of St. Louis, we have no record save the faint tracings of tradition.

Nature itself seemed to have predestined this group of green, solitary isles as the home of the aquatic tribe. It afforded it more than a pleasant haunt during the spring and fall; a breeding place in summer, it contained an hospital for the infirm and wounded birds of the neighborhood. Mère Juchereau, of the Hotel Dieu Convent, at Quebec, in her diary, under date of July 8, 1714, when with eight of the saintly sisterhood and the Almoner, Rev. Messire Thibault (with the sanction of the Bishop, she adds), was visiting by water conveyance Big Goose Island, then recently purchased by the monastery and held by it to this day, will describe *con amore* this singular rock, still known as *rocher*

de l'Hôpital : " We returned," says she, " from our excursion, which had lasted eight days, perfectly delighted with the beauty and fertility of the spot. Among the most striking objects," she adds, " there is a large rock, which from time immemorial goes by the name of the Hospital, because any Canada goose (*outarde*) or other sea fowl wounded by fowlers, hurries to this rock, like unto an asylum, where relief is at hand. The feathered tribe have here delicate appliances, in which art would seem to play a greater part than nature. A number of holes of various sizes are scooped out of the solid rock. The tide flows into them, the sun warms the tidal water remaining therein. The invalid birds bathe and luxuriate in these tepid reservoirs. When shallow water is required, they resort to one of the smaller cavities, or else plunge into a larger one, as they may fancy. They repose on the heated stone or else lie imbedded in the moss to cool themselves. In hospital we noticed sick or wounded *outardes* (Canada geese). They apparently recognized us as Hospitalieres nuns. We were careful not to scare them, and ascended to the summit of the Hospital rock, from which the eye took in a wide expanse of water—a sea." Such is the bright picture drawn by good Mother Juchereau de St. Ignace, the annalist of the monastery.

Whence the name of Crane Island? That erratic wanderer, sung by Hora, *Gruem advenam*, the wary crane having also sought the island as a trysting place during the spring and fall migrations from Florida to the far countries and Hudson Bay, the place was called after it, Crane Island. Under French rule the law lent its protection to the game it contained. Special *ordonnances de chasse* were passed to that effect and some legislation to protect the ducks, &c., at the period of incubation also took place under the early English Governors; at one time several varieties of aquatic fowl resorted for food or incubation to its vast meadows, clothed in luxuriant, coarse grass called *rouche*—a substan-

tial fodder for cattle. Pot-hunters having undertaken to hunt with dogs the fledglings, in July, before they could fly, the parent birds resented such unsportsmanlike practices and sought other breeding places in the more secluded isles, on the Labrador coast or in the neighborhood of Lake St. John. They still return in the fall.

Among the early proprietors of these islands, figure the names of some of the officers of the dashing Carignan-Salières Regiment, subsequently to whom we find the name of a descendant of Baron Charles Le Moyne de Longueuil. In 1775, the Seigneur was M. de Beaujeu, brother of the famous de Beaujeu, who, in 1755, took part in the memorable battle of the Monongahela. In 1759, he had been intrusted with the command of an important post, that of Michilimakinac in the west, for his services and devotion to the cause of His Most Christian Majesty, he was decorated. De Beaujeu, at the head of his *censitaires*, was a sturdy chieftain; nor did he hesitate during the winter of 1775-6 to cross over and join the succor, which De Gaspé, Seigneur of St. Jean-Port-Joly, Couillard, Seigneur of St. Thomas, and an old Highland officer, Thomas Ross, of Beaumont, made a noble effort to pour into Quebec. The skirmish with the Continentals and their Canadian allies took place at St. Pierre, Rivière du Sud, and is known in Canadian annals as *l'affaire de Michel Blais*. It was a rout for the Loyalists.

It is curious to follow the warlike Seigneur de Beaujeu upholding the standard of England in 1775-6—the same standard he had successfully opposed before the desertion of the colony by France. De Beaujeu's name still survives on Bayfield's old charts—in that of the shifting sand bank, in the St. Lawrence opposite the Manor House. It is proper to state that his winter expedition of 1775-6, to relieve His Excellency, Guy Carleton, blockaded in Quebec, ended in a disaster, nearly costing him and his followers their lives

Capt. de Beaujeu expired at Crane Island in June, 1802, and was buried at Cap St. Ignace, opposite.

In our early sporting days we recollect hearing from the oldest inhabitants of the islands, quaint anecdotes, relating to their aged and warlike Seigneur de Beaujeu. It would seem that on great holy days the Chevalier de St. Louis took particular pride in wearing in his button-hole the red ribbon of the order sent out to him by the King of France, Louis XIV. Age and infirmities creeping on, the old lion used to remain in his den the greater part of the day, and when the tenants brought the rents and seigniorial capons at Michaelmas, more than once, they had to kindle the fire on the very spacious hearth, inclosed by an antique "wide-throated chimney," which to this day is a subject of curiosity to all visitors, so as to render the hall tenantable.

Recently there were lying on the shore at Crane Island, near the church, an antiquated rusty cannon, brought from Cape Brûlé on the north shore, opposite to Crane Island. In 1859, a similar cannon, measuring in length 5ft 8in. and 12in. in diameter, was presented by a resident of Crane Island, Capt. Lavoie, to the Quebec Seminary; at that period some of the timbers of this old wreck were still visible. History furnishes full details of the wreck, at Cape Brûlé of the French man-of-war *Elephant*, on Sept. 1, 1729, carrying to Quebec some of the most noted men in the colony, Bishop Dosquet, Intendant Hocquart and others; the cannon we saw at present forms part of the antiques and curios, gathered together in the Museum of Herbert Molesworth Price, esquire, at Montmorency Falls, near Quebec, the antiquary is very proud of this relic of the past. With the exception of the de Beaujeu seigniorial manor on the lower end of Crane Island, rebuilt and enlarged by McPherson Le Moyne, esquire, of Boston, the new seigneur, who occupies it during the summer months, all the dwellings stand on the northern side of the island; a thick belt of

forest trees hides them from view, except when the steamer takes the north channel — the old French route — when they are faintly seen in the distance. The locality ranked as a parish, under the name of St. Antoine de l'Ile-aux-Grues, as early as 1683, when it comprised but three families, in all fifteen souls. In 1678, Pierre de Becart, Sieur de Granville, was the seigneur.

Crane Island—six miles in length — during the “ leafy months ” is noted for its salubrity and attractiveness. A highway, as level as a bowling green, runs from one end to the other, and umbrageous woods, descending to the shores, intersect the portion of the island which is not under culture. A dense grove of graceful maple and oak trees, some thirty acres long, fringes the crest of this plateau at the west point facing the anchorage, well known to every river pilot, La Pointe aux Pins. The Marine and Fishing Department in 1866 erected a lighthouse on a pier which now connects with the shore, also a number of beacons on the land and recently, gas buoys in the channel, near de Beaujeu's shoal. In the rear of the lighthouse the ground rises in successive terraces, studded with dwarf parasol pines of singular beauty, and leads through natural avenues to the wooded and umbrageous plateau above, known as “ Le Domaine du Seigneur, ” a cool, delightful spot for a picnic or *fête champêtre*, of which Quebecers seem fully disposed to avail themselves with the permission of the owner. These picturesque highlands have also their heather, a fuzzy, graceful carpet of juniper bushes, weighted down each fall with fruit. When September crimsons the adjoining maple groves, a visit to this elysium is a thing to be remembered. Few sites in our gorgeous Canadian scenery, can surpass its river views, extending to Cape Tourmente, Cape Maillard, and over the innumerable islets on the north side basking in sunshine at your feet.

The old manor, with its green groves, orchard, ample veranda, flagstaff and numerous outhouses, is in full view from the steamers ascending the south channel. Some distance in rear are two antiquated wind mills—the head quarters of the snipe shooters ;—to grind the island wheat, beyond this a string of pretty, white cottages extending to the west end of the island ; the parish church of course, as in all Canadian scenery, looms up in the center. As a river view, nothing can surpass in grandeur the panorama which the lovely St. Lawrence here unfolds on a radiant summer morning, when with the rising tide a fleet of swan-winged merchant men emerge from the Traverse far below, in the direction of the church of St. Roch des Aulnets : at first dim, white specks on the horizon, gradually growing larger and larger, on the bosom of the glad waters ; each in succession, crowding on your gaze, top sails, top gallant sails and royals all set, a moving tower of canvas advancing toward the island shore—at times so close that you can hear the voices of all on board.

It was at one time contemplated to divide in lots the west end of the island for sportsmen wishing to build their shooting lodges in proximity to the several fishing and shooting grounds in the neighborhood, such as Ile St. Marguerite, Battures-aux-loups marins (Seal Rocks), Roches Plates and St. Joachim beaches. Such is Governor Montmagny's game preserve of 1646.

ON SOME HISTORICAL DOGS.

XIV

Matelot — Pilot — Ste. Ursula's Dogs. — Baron Robineau's Hounds — Niagara — Vingt sols, His father — Le Chien D'or — Montgomery — Niger — Cerberus — Citron — Cabot — Vaillant — Wolfe.

Many dogs have had their day, in the New as well as the Old World, though so far few, chroniclers have told their tale. Could not America boast of a pre-historic dog—as well as of a pre-historic man? Whence came those dogs noticed by Jacques Cartier and the early explorers, at Stadacona and Hochelaga, and how did they come there? Can they trace back to the Aryan era?—is their origin Chinese, Tartar, or Mongolian? or what were they before *evoluting* into Canadian dogs?

Alcibiades' friend, was doubtless a great dog. We read in history of that remarkable swimming feat of Xantippus' dog which cost him his life. Parkman mentions the victory gained over a wolf, on the shores of Lake Ontario, in 1751, by Abbé Piquet's dog "Cerberus" (Montcalm and Wolfe, 1 Vol. p. 69).

Racine in his *Plaideurs*, introduces us to that theivish mastiff "Citron" tried before Judge Dandin for having abstracted a Maine capon. (*Les Plaideurs*, Act II. Scene XIV). Our own annals record the names and feats of more than one eminent *Chien de qualité*.

The name of one of our most ancient streets in Quebec, brings up the subject for discussion : *Sault-au-Matelot Street*,

in the Lower Town. Was it thus called, as Father Du Creux has it, on account of a dog, bearing the name of "Matelot" leaping from the cape, in the street one hundred feet below. *Saltem Nauti, vulgo vocant ab cane hujus nominis qui alias ex eo-loco se præcipitem dedit.*" (1) I have been asked whether the dog belonged to Champlain? Another version indicates a merry tar as having taken this desperate leap, under the effects of the "ardent." *Grammatici certant.*

Then there is that fierce mastiff slut "Pilot" described by Father Lalemant, in 1647, as leading each morning to the woods her litter of savage pups, taking with them a ramble round the Fort, at Montreal; scouring the underbrush and scanning carefully every bush to discover a skulking Mohawk. Woe betide the unlucky whelp who shirked his work! "Pilot," would worry, snap at him—baying fiercely if a lurking foe was in the neighborhood. "Pilot" meant business, she evidently had little in common with Sir Leoline's dog, described by Samuel Taylor Coleridge,

"a toothless mastiff,
Which from her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock
Four for the quarters and twelve for the hours!
Ever and aye by shine and shower
Sixteen short howls, not over loud!"

A few years later, in 1660, one comes across the noisy pack of hounds, *une douzaine de grands chiens*, used by the Ursuline Nuns, at Quebec, says *Marie de l'Incarnation*, as sentinels at the Convent Gate, to herald the approach of the merciless Iroquois whom they hated and hunted relentlessly as the Cuban bloodhounds hunt the blacks, whereas the Indian dogs loved Redskins. Whence came these French dogs?

(1) Creuxius. *Historia Canadensis*, p. 204.

It would seem that some of the *Seigneurs* of that day freely used this mode of protection, too freely, we are occasionally reminded. Thus the Robineau, Barons of Portneuf, became quite obnoxious, on account of the ferocious hounds they kept at their mannor, on the river Portneuf; these animals, when at a loss for marauding savages to worry,—attacked the *centsitaires* and travellers as well. (1)

No entry occurs in the journals of the great siege, of any dog having scaled with Wolfe, the Sillery precipice, on that fatidical 13rd day of September, 1759. The only mention we can recollect of any dog in Knox's voluminous Journal is that of the Golden Dog — *le Chien d'Or*, — bearing the mysterious inscription :

“ Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os
Ce faisant, je prends mon repos.”

which now again is visible on the frontispiece of the City Post Office, over the door. Capt. Knox, of the 43rd, on entering the city after the capitulation, on the 18th September of that year, took a note of this yet unexplained inscription and inserted it in full in his Journal of the Siege, Vol. II.

Our poets and novelists have frequently made it do duty since that date ; in 1871, when the old building was razed to make room for the new, a lead plate was discovered under the corner stone with the date of the building “ 1735” and the name of the owner

“ Nicholas Jaquin dit Philiber
m a posée 3 août 1735.”

Who then will unravel the mystery of the *Chien d'Or* which defied all the archæological lore of Jacques Viger ? It gave birth to one of our most thrilling novels : “ LE CHIEN

(1) Histoire de la paroisse du Cap Santé.

D'OR," by William Kirby, of Niagara, F. R. S. C., which has since been translated into french (1). The canine species has found warm friends among the poets in all ages; "Boatswain" and "Maida" as typical and honored dogs, will live in story so long as the works of Byron and Scott are read; so will the "Peppers" and "Mustards," "Bran" and "Bevis." Lockhart tells how much Scott felt the loss of one of his faithful companions, sending on the day of his death an apology to an acquaintance who had asked him out to dine, alleging that he could not go having just learned of the death of an old friend. Our own Laureate, L.-H. Fréchette, in one of his best effusions, has a kind word for his dog "Vaillant." (2)

History also mentions two warlike dogs, *Niagara* and his father *Vingt sols*, who played a part in our early campaigns 1688-1704. (3)

The charming old *raconteur* De Gaspé, in his *Memoirs*, (4) describes a handsome large spaniel which the luckless Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery had owned, and which followed his remains to the grave, at the foot of our citadel, remaining there for three days without taking any food, howling in anguish and tearing up the frozen sod. Charles de la Naudière, an uncle of this writer and aide-de-camp

(1) The Montreal journal *L'Étendard* contains M. P. LeMay's translation.

(2) Pêle-Mêle—Fréchette—p. 79.

(3) Une petite note que nous adresse notre ami, M. Pierre Margry : Voici pour votre journal, *Paris-Canada*, un souvenir qui vous permettra dans un moment où l'armée s'applique à tirer partie des chiens pour divers usages, de montrer l'emploi qu'on en faisait au Canada à la fin du XVII^e siècle.

Il y avait de 1688 à 1704 un chien établi pour courrier de Chambly à la Prairie de la Madeleine. Ce chien avait obtenu une ration et était incorporé sur le rôle des soldats sous le nom de "Monsieur de Niagara." Il était fils d'un autre qui s'appelait "Vingt-Sols" et avait servi de sentinelle à Niagara au temps de M. Des Bergères.

—(*Le Canadien*, 24 déc. 1887.)

(4) *Memoires de DeGaspé*, pp. 40-44.

to Lord Dorchester, then Governor-General, by dint of kindness coaxed the faithful animal to his own house, where he at last got reconciled to his fate ; he was thought much of by his new master. " Montgomery," such was his name, fared better than a fat Newfoundland dog which had followed to Quebec, through the Kennebec route, one of the Brigadier's comrades, Capt. Dearborn : the pangs of hunger at one time were such that the Newfoundland dog was killed and cooked for the brave New Englanders, so determined to provide us Canadians with the sweets of republican liberty ; the only excuse for thus dispatching the " friend of man " was gaunt famine ; one day a barber's powder bag and a pair of old moose hide breeches (1) were boiled and then broiled for the sons of Liberty and the next, Capt. Dearborn's companion, was made into broth and served as a substitute for bear's meat, alas ! (2)

Mr. DeGaspé further describes at page 52 of his memoirs a superb collie dog which His Excellency Lord Dorchester, in leaving Quebec, in 1796, had presented to his father, the loyal old seigneur of St. Jean Port Joli, who, twenty years or more previously, had risked his life in an expedition he and the *Seigneurs* de Beaujeu, of Crane Island, and Couillard, of St. Thomas, aided by a warlike French priest, Rev. Messire Chs.-François Bailly, of St. Pierre, Rivière du Sud (afterward Bishop of Gaspé), had organized to go to the relief of the sorely beset capital during the winter of 1775-6. " Niger " was the name of this live token of friendship ; a cherished and intelligent dog, " Niger " ever was. History tells of another eminent individual of the canine race : by

(1) " Old Moose hide breeches were boiled, and then broiled on the coals and eaten ; a barber's powder bag made a soup in the course of the last three or four days before we reached the first settlement in Canada."

(2) Ware's Journal.

name "Cabot," thus called after the discoverer of Newfoundland, Sebastian Cabot, and presented with "a massive silver collar and steel chain," on the 25th of July, 1860, by the Newfoundlanders, to the Prince of Wales, on his visit to our shores : "Cabot" was indeed a beauty ; a shaggy, brave and grand dog.

About the time "Cabot" became a prince's dog, a magnificent St. Bernard mastiff answering to the name of "Wolfe," was presented by a Montreal friend to the writer or these lines, on his taking possession, in 1860, of his present homestead, a lineal descendant, he liked to believe him of "Barry," or Mr. MocJona's favorite St. Bernard, "Tell."

"Wolfe" was indeed a noble fellow and reliable friend. He proved a most efficient guardian of the grounds. His stature, strength, majestic demeanor and deep loud baying, attracted wide attention and inspired visitors with respect not unmixed with awe : such was the opinion entertained of him by the urchins of Bergerville, that, with the aid of a few legends about his ferocity adroitly dropped by the gardener, none had the hardihood to cross the frontier after nightfall ; and though "Wolfe" has some time ago joined the great majority, the terror of his name still lasts ; he is supposed still to stand sentinel at night.

In perusing Dr. Kane's interesting Journal of Arctic explorations, I have at times been inclined to doubt whether his dog stories are all exact. I have nothing to say against "Old Grim." I am also prepared to accept the doctor's authority for the lunacy overtaking his team, under the effect of intense cold and prolonged darkness, but I really am inclined to think the alleged "voracity" of the canine individuals overdrawn, when he depicts them as ready to gulp down a whole feather bed. (Vol. I, page 64.) However from time immemorial dogs been voracious, witness those

dogs seen by Queen *Athalie* in her dream, crunching up the flesh and bones of her mother.

*Des lambeaux pleins de sang et des membres affreux,
" Que des chiens dévorants se disputaient entre eux."*

Who has forgotten Burns' "Twa dogs," "Cæsar," the Newfoundland "o'high degree" like "Cabot."

..... "keepit for his honour's pleasure ;
..... whalpit some place far abroad
Where sailors gang to fish for cod,
His locked, batter'd, braw brass collar
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar ;

The t'other was a ploughman's collie
A rhyming, ranting, roving billie,
Wha' for his friend and comrade had him
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him.

MY DOG.

I love my dog—a beautiful dog,
Brave and alert for a race ;
Ready to frolic with baby or man ;
Dignified, too, in his place.

I like his bark,—a resonant bark,
Musical, honest, and deep ;
And his swirling tail and his shaggy coat
And his sudden, powerful leap.

Oh, never a corpulent pug for me,
Nor a Spitz with treacherous snap !
Never a trembling pattering hound,
Nor a poodle to live on my lap !

No soft-lined basket for bed has Jack,
Nor bib, nor luxurious plate ;
But the doorstep brow, that he guards so well,
And the lawn are his royal state.

No dainty leading-ribbon of silk
My grand, good dog shall fret :
No golden collar needs he, to show
He's a very expensive pet ;

But just my loving voice for a chain,
His bound at my slightest sign,
And the faith when we look in each other's eyes
Proclaim that my dog is mine.

He'll never be carried in arms like a babe,
Nor be dragged like a toy, all a-curl ;
For he proudly known he's a dog, does Jack,
And I'm not that sort of a girl.

—*Bessie Hill, in St. Nicholas.*

A good time, I trust, is yet in store for this most interesting portion of the brute creation, and if this sketch of some celebrated dogs can help in stimulating still further the praiseworthy efforts of our leading citizens in organizing dog shows and offering prizes, to promote purity in the various breeds of these faithful friends of man, my object will have been attained, ample my reward.

Spencer Grange, April, 1885.

APPENDICE.

THE EARLY MODE OF TRAVEL.

Note for page 64.

STEAM NAVIGATION — THE TURF — SIR JAMES-H. CRAIG, 1810.

A student of Canadian history has recently enclosed me the following epistle, from an aide-de-camp of Lieut.-Governor Gore, "Upper Canada," to Colonel Claus. I crave leave to add a few comments.

Among other pleasant gossip, it affords a curious glimpse of the mode of travel from York (now Toronto) to Quebec, at the dawn of the century, and from the number of exalted personages alluded to in the letter, the document seems to possess more than the passing interest of the hour.

Of course, we all know that navigation by steam had existed from Quebec to Montreal, six months previous to the 1st July, 1810,—date of letter.

Crowds had hurried down Mountain Hill on the 6th and 7th November, 1809, to see to Hon. John Molson's wonderful craft, "which no wind nor tide could, stop,"—the steamer "Accommodation," measuring seventy-five feet keel. We have made progress since then, the old "John Munn" steamer, measured 312 feet, if we recollect well. The Quebec *Mercury*, after fully describing the first nautical phenomenon, adds—"A mast was to be fixed in her for the purpose of using a sail when the wind is favorable, which will occasionally accelerate her headway." Her speed was not much to boast of, she having taken sixty hours, including fifteen hours at anchor, to perform the passage which now occupies ten.

Lady Gore, the wife of the Lt.-Governor of Upper Canada, seems to have found a considerate friend in Lady Johnston, at LaChine. One would have liked to see the historic house of *Robert de LaSalle*, at LaChine 79 years ago. Let us hope its remains won't disappear from the Fraser homestead. The distinguished travellers met with good cheer at the *Chateau St. Louis* from that sturly but hospitable old soldier, Sir James-H. Craig, the Governor-General of Canada, in the midst, of the turmoil and excitement, which the seizure of the

Canadien newspaper and the jailing of the M. Ps., Blanchette, Tacheau, Bedard, had caused a few weeks previous. Little King Craig, though in ill-health, was the kindest of hosts and readily gave up his own quarters to the Lieut.-Governor. We are next brought in presence of the Quebec Turf Club, and on referring to the *Quebec Gazette* for July, 1810, we find that the races lasted three days, the 5th, 6th and 7th July. A large sprinkling of the military as usual among the patrons of this exciting sport; we notice the name of a well remembered Lower Town merchant, W. Coleman, Lt.-Col. Thornton, Lt.-Col. Pye, Major Heriot, J. Ritchie, &c. The Quebec cup was given by His Excellency the Governor-General, Sir James-Henry Craig, the ladies' cup by Lady Gore, wife of the Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada. We are next reminded of the presence in the Ancient Capital of that brave soldier, General Sir Isaac Brock. General Brock had been a denizen of Quebec, since 1802, and left us in 1810 to go to Western Canada as commander of the forces. In 1811, he was administrator of that Province; he fell nobly at Queenston Heights on the 10th October, 1812. One of the officers who served under him in the 49th, the late Lt.-Col. John Sewell, stated to us that in the latter years of his residence, he lived in a house in Garden street still existing and fronting the site in rear of which now stands Cumming's farrier shop." Every one then knew and loved the tall old bachelor, as he was styled.

J.-M. L.

COPY of letter from Major Halton, Aid-de-Camp to Lieut.-Governor Gore, to Col. Claus.

Quebec, 1st July, 1810.

MY DEAR CLAUS,—While I rest *five* minutes from my usual hurries, I shall indulge myself with giving you a *brief notice* of our journey. We had a very pleasant voyage to Kingston of eight and forty hours, and Mrs. Gore most luckily was not the least sick. She did not go ashore there, but set off for Montreal in three hours in a batteau prepared by Major Trotter and finished by Major Halton. With a little hurrying and a *few* of the usual inconveniences we landed at LaChine the fourth day, where we found Lady Johnson very kind but looking very ill.

She insisted on our making her house in Montreal our quarters, which the Governor and Mrs. Gore did.

Jim and myself first encamped before the house and afterwards went to Esther's.

Various plans having been canvassed for our route here, we determined at last upon the steamboat, which McGillveray and the Governor took to themselves.

We left Montreal on Thursday last at 12 and arrived very pleasantly on Friday evening within about thirty miles of Quebec, when a squall came on and a head wind which obliged us to anchor for eight or ten hours, but we got under weigh on Saturday early and landed at Quebec about one o'clock. While the wind was fair we did very well, but when not so, we were most terribly smoked.

Mrs. Gore was sick during the squall and most dreadfully bitten by mosquitoes, who boarded us in a calm, from the Islands near Lake St. Pierre. Mrs. McGillveray is in better spirits than we expected; she sails for England on Tuesday with old Tod.

Sir James has received us not only with the greatest attention but really with the greatest kindness. The instant we arrived, he sent down Colonel Thornton in a boat and his carriage in great state to convey Mrs. Gore to the Chateau, where he has given up his own bed-room and suite of apartments to Mrs. Gore and the Governor.

I am at Kempt's and Jim at General Brock's. Mrs. Gore has gone under a great deal of fatigue, but her tuneful tongue was running until eleven last night and she is gone to church with Sir James to-day.

The races begin on Thursday, and I presume we must stay to them. How we return I don't know yet.

The "Spitfire" arrived from England a day or two ago. I do not hear she has brought any particular news. If I can regret anything it is not having you to plague, and away from Dawney.

Believe me ever yours,

WM. HALTON.

SCALPING NOT ALWAYS FATAL.

Note for page 69.

Jean Chicot, a Montrealer, says Abbé Faillon, was scalped by the Iroquois, near Montreal, on the 6th May 1651. Survived fourteen years.—(*Histoire de la Colonie Française en Canada*, Vol. II, p. 121.)

Note for page 212.

Mr. Griffith has now several Guardians on his pools.



HUNTING & FISHING.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

CLOSE SEASONS—HUNTING.

1. Moose and caribou..... From 1st Feb. to 1st Sept.
2. Deer “ 1st Jan. to 1st Octob.

N. B.—The hunting of moose, caribou or deer with dogs or by means of snares, traps, &c., is prohibited.

No person (whiteman or Indian) has a right, during one season's hunting, to kill or take alive—unless he has previously obtained a permit from the Commissioner or Crown Lands for that purpose—more than 2 moose, 3 caribou and 4 deer.

After the first ten days of the close season, all railways and steam-boat companies and public carriers are forbidden to carry the whole or any part (except the skin) of any moose, caribou or deer, without being authorized thereto by the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

3. Beaver, mink, otter, marten, pekan. From 1st April to 1st Nov.
4. Hare “ 1st Feb. to 1st Nov.
5. Musk-rat (only in the counties of Maskinongé, Yamaska, Richelieu and Berthier) “ 1st May to 1st April following
6. Woodcock, snipe, partridge of any kind “ 1st Feb. to 1st Sept.
7. Black duck, teal, wild duck of any kind “ 15th April to 1st Sept.

N. B.—Nevertheless in that part of the Province to the East and North of the counties of Bellechasse and Montmorency, the inhabitants may, at all seasons of the year, but only for the purpose of procuring food, &c., shoot any of the birds mentioned in No. 7.

And at anytime of the year, between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise, it is also forbidden to keep exposed, during such prohibited hours, lures or decoys, &c.

8. Birds known as perchers, such as swallows, king birds, warblers, flycatchers, woodpeckers, whipporwills, finches, (song-sparrows, red-birds, indigo birds, &c.,) cow-buntings, titmice, goldfinches, grives, (robin, woodthrushes, &c.,) kinglets, bobolinks, grakles, grosbeaks, humming birds, cuckoos, owls, &c., except eagles, falcons, hawks and other birds of the falconidæ, wild pigeons, king-fishers, crows, ravens, waxwings (*récollets*), shrikes, jays, magpies, sparrows and starlings. . .
- From 1st March to 1st Sep.

9. To take nets or eggs of wild birds. . . At any time of the year.

N. B.—Fine of \$2 to \$100, or imprisonment in default of payment.

No person who is not domiciled in the Province of Quebec, nor in that of Ontario can, at any time, hunt in this Province without having previously obtained a license to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Such permit is not transferable.

Fee : \$20.00.

“ \$10.00 for members of a “ fish and game Club ” duly incorporated in the Province of Quebec.

1. Salmon (angling).....	From 15th Aug. to 1st Feb.
2. Speckled trout, (<i>salvenilus fontinalis</i>).	“ 1st Oct. to 1st January
3. Large grey trout, lunge and winninish.	“ 15th Oct. to 1st Dec.
4. Pickerel.....	“ 15th April to 15th May
5. Bass and Maskinongé	“ 15th April to 15th June
6. Whitefish	“ 19th Nov. to 1st Dec.

Fine of \$5 to \$20, or imprisonment in default of payment.

N. B.—Angling by hand, (with hook and line), is the **ONLY** means permitted to be used for taking fish in the lakes and rivers under control of the Government of the Province of Quebec.

No person, who is not domiciled in the Province of Quebec, can, at any time, fish in the lakes or rivers under control of the Government of this Province, not actually under lease, without having previously obtained a permit to that effect from the Commissioner of Crown Lands. Such permit is only for the time, place and persons therein indicated.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.

Quebec, 8th May, 1889.

E. E. TACHE,

Assistant-Commissioner of
Crown Lands.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGES
I.—QUEBEC TO MONTMORENCI.	
Beauport — Its history — Scenery — Warlike Chronicles — Its Cataract — Duke of Kent's Lodge....	5-32
II.—LA BONNE SAINTE-ANNE.	
Its miracles — Baie St. Paul — Kalm's mining explorations, in 1749 — Earthquakes and siege anecdotes.....	33-52
III.—DUFFERIN TERRACE.	
The Chateau promenade as seen by the Swedish savant Peter Kalm, in August 1749. Dufferin Terrace, described by Adirondack Murray, in August, 1887.	52-60
IV.—QUEBEC TO FORT JACQUES-CARTIER.	
Montcalm before the battle — The retreat — Fort Jacques-Cartier — Its relics.....	60-64
V.—QUEBEC TO PORTNEUF.	
Winter travel in the Olden Time between Quebec and Montreal — Wayside Inns — The Grand Barons of Portneuf and their Ferocious Dogs — Perrot, the Bald	64-71
VI.—QUEBEC TO DESCHAMBAULT.	
The Deschambault Manor — Its Past and Present....	71-77

VII.—MEGANTIC.

- Its pioneers—Its railways—Its asbestos mines—Its beautiful lakes—Dr. D.-H. Howard's map..... 77-84

VIII.—BEAUCE.—(Ste. Marie.)

- The Foot-prints of the Invader in 1775—Lt. Col. Caldwell's opinion of them 84-91

IX.—BEAUCE.—(St. Joseph.)

- Dr. Senter's Diary of the siege—The New Englanders cross the border in 1775—The French Canadians cross the border in 1875.—The Monroe doctrine, as understood in Canada..... 91-97

X.—BEAUCE.—(St. François.)

- Bird Chapter—The Bobolink—*Le Goglu*..... 97-100

XI.—QUEBEC TO MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

- Levis—Its martial records of the past—Its first settler—Harlaka—Beaumont—St Charles—St. Valier—St Michel—St Thomas—Papineau—Cap St. Ignace—Islet—St. Jean, Port-Joly—Ste. Anne de la Pocatière—Rivière-Ouelle—Its Porpoise Fisheries—Its Legends—Kamouraska—Fraserville—Cacouna—Ile Verte—Trois Pistoles—St. Fabien—St. Simon—Bic—Its Hermit—Rimouski—Metis—Sir George Stephens—Our Salmon and Salmon trout rivers—Writers on Salmon and trout rivers—Dr. Henry—Richard Nettle—Dr. W. A. Adamson—Robert B. Roosevelt—Charles Lanman—Charles Hallock—G. M. Fairchild, jr.—Gaspé Bassin—Morpheus' Domain—New Carlisle: A. U. E. Loyalist settlement—The Caldwell Manor—A Glimpse of Prince Edward Island—Charlottetown—Rustico—Magdalen Island Group..... 100-209

XII.—QUEBEC TO LAKE ST. JOHN.

Mistassini Falls — The Birds and Fishes met at Lake
St. John, Saguenay District, Province of Quebec,—
Ascent of the first steamer to the Mistassini Falls. 209-217

XIII.—THE CRUISE OF THE HIRONDELLE.

The seal Islands — Their Game — Their Legends —
Sorel and its Game — Lieut. Governor Letellier—
Crane Island, Montmagny's Game Preserve..... 217-248

XIV.—ON SOME HISTORICAL DOGS.

Matelot — Pilote — Ste. Ursula's Dogs — Baron Robi-
neau's Hounds — Niagara — Vingt-sols, his father
— Le Chien D'Or — Montgomery — Niger — Cer-
berus — Citron -- Cabot — Vaillant — Wolfe.... 248-256

APPENDICE.

The Early mode of Travel — Scalping not always fatal 257-259

